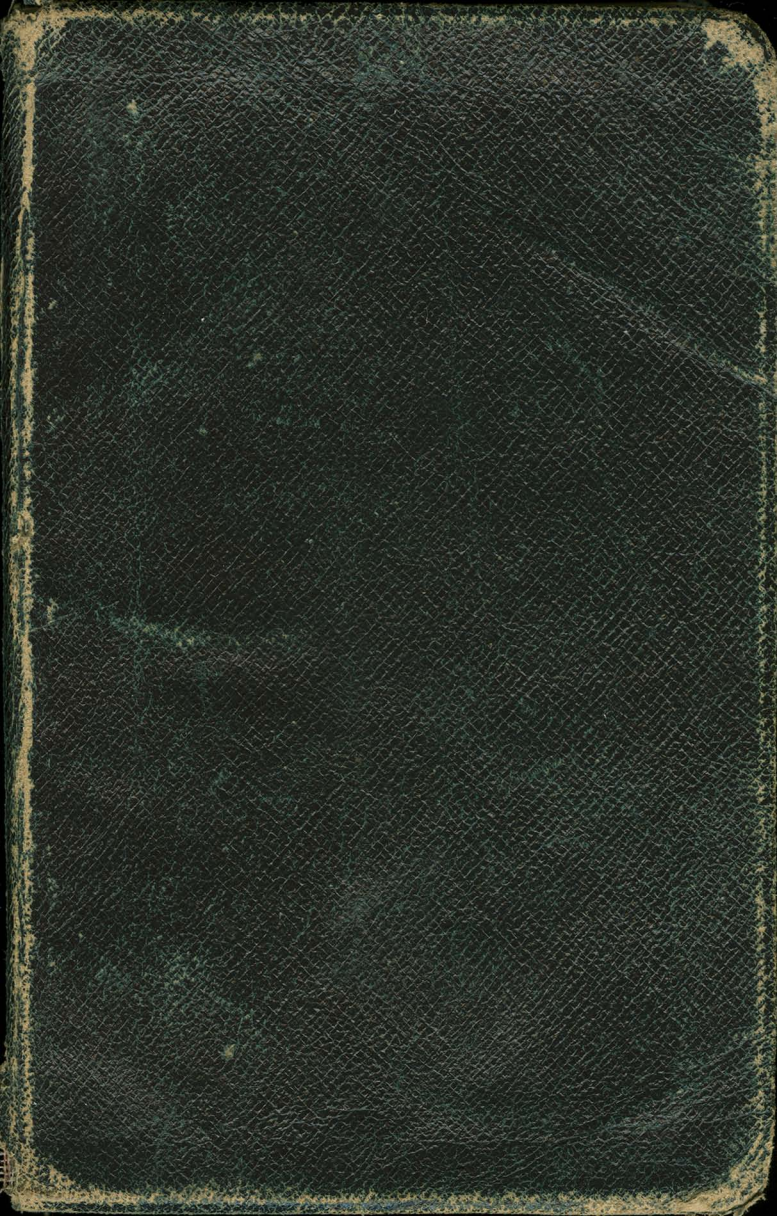
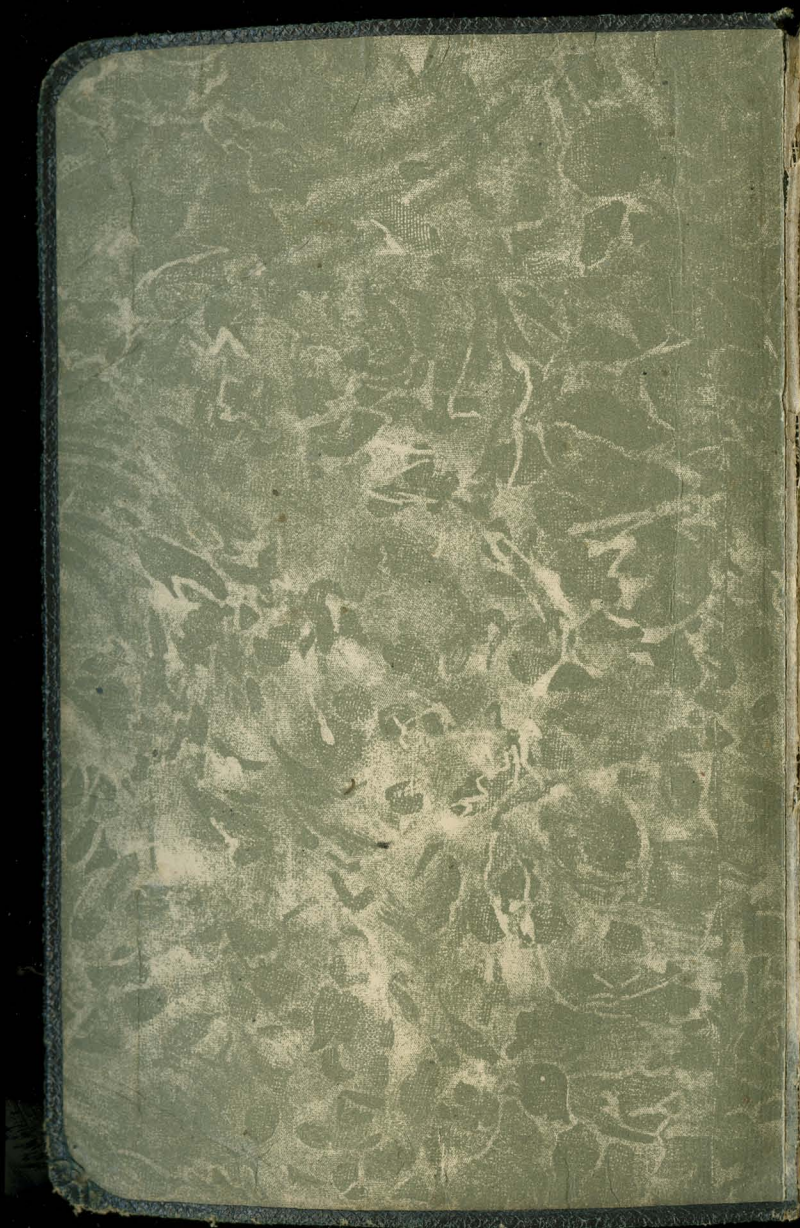






S238

Ronald Fraser

Donald T. Fraser

Diary Nov 11, 1915. - 12 Jan 1918

In Hosp. Aldershot

S238. 1

Nov. 11.

Welly came in to see me this afternoon;
the one man at camp who would think of
calling on me and take the trouble
to call too. Of course I'm not thinking
of Ray, Hould or Vic - they certainly might
drop in anytime. It seems strange
that this poor lonely devil, an
odd-fish at best, a foreigner
and a good deal very senior
should have struck up such
a friendship with me. He
hasn't many friends, that's certain.
At first I spoke to him merely
out of curiosity; because he
was a Russian. Then I found
him very amusing and more or
less tolerated him on that account.
Without doubt his English is amusing -
there are endless possibilities when
a man says "pull yourself together" when
he wants to say "pull yourself
together". Soon I began to know
him better and to learn some

about his history, his knowledge of
medicine, where he had
studied - and all that and best
of all his way of looking at
things, his ideas and ideals,
his passion for Russia and
his "Social Revolution" panacea.

He was in great form to day - "His
is de las time you are eatink at de mess
to-night - I mos buy you some dring. I
ventured to suggest that she shouldn't
get Ray drunk. No chance, not on the
drings I buy him." He's a jew by
birth, not by religion. I am overbrink
laughts (lots) and laughts on de ent
of the most ven I am makin
out a thousand of bills, buyin
a thousand of stamps, and dem
gen nodink for it - only per hope
dirty or rocky dawlars.

Dec. 24, 15.

What a different Keizer a head this year!
 Here I am some where in the Bay of
 Biscay, the ship rolling like a barrel
 and the wind blowing like ^{off} Billy-o.
 I have at least two tangible remembrances
 from home; from Mary and Lois. I
 have kept these two presents un-
 opened till to-night; the night of
 nights at home, when all petty-
 squabbles and disagreements
 are completely forgotten and the
 family each feels nothing
 but love for the other. I always
 wonder, and the others too I suppose,
 whether next year we will be
 all together again. And then
 I vaguely look ahead to the
 time when one or more has
 dropped out, to the time when
 that must happen and my
 eyes fill with tears and I
 gulp down a sob. And this year,
 there seems more chance

If the gaps coming than usual
But I hope and pray it may
not happen. There is something
pathetic in our family relation-
ship - nobody will express or show
any affection yet it is there.
I tried to do it in my last letters
home and partially succeeded
I think, but it's hard. I don't
think father ever succeeds, mother
only in part, Kaspar seldom and
Lidaa not very often. One
mimes a great deal but then you
are safe from this sham and
show stuff which is worse
than nothing.

The wind has freshened
into a gale ~~now~~ now. I am up
in the Hospital with a sick S. M.
on one side of me and another
sick soldier with Hunt on the
next room, and an automatic
under my pillow. One
might well ask is this Christmas

5

Eve. But then, I forget all this,
close my eyes and see the
family around the Weinaachtbaum,
with its soft lights, the little
old man with his white beard, his
yellow coat and his hands into
his sleeves like a muff, then father
reading over the same old Christ-
mas chapter from ^{the worn} leather-
bound Bible, hear them sing
Stille Nacht, Alle ja he wieder
and soon. Frieda will be on his
knee and they'll all try to be
cheerful. After singing "Lass
uns sehen was der Weinachts-
man uns gebracht hat." I can
see it all so plainly. I am
going to sleep now. In four
hours will be Christmas Eve
at home.

Jan. 1

Unfortunately I have left till
now the expression of my thoughts
and feelings when I first came aboard

this cargo boat, Malakuta. [It seems that
in Hindustani the translation would mean
^{Dirty} Black-dog] The Freshmen Jones
impressions soon wears off and
consequently it is difficult not only
to express the truth but to express it
vividly. I go back to the entraining
depot at Lalit pur. My orders were
quite definite but not too lucid. What
puzzled me was that there might
be ~~two~~ trains leaving at the same
time, 9.20 and that they might not
be both bound for the same
destination. It seemed that the entraining
officer had been on duty for twenty-four
hours and was so fed up that he
chucked the job. Consequently I got Hunt
aboard and took chances on the
train being the right one.

There was only one other officer, Mr. At-
kinson, 12 yrs., not a bad fellow on the whole.
He was a bit older than the average
subaltern, not so almighty English
and as a matter of fact he was born

in B. A. and proud of the fact. The trip to
 Davenport was quite pleasant on the whole.
 At Exeter the troops were supplied with hot
 tea and a ham sandwich, the kindness
 of the Lady Mayors of Exeter. This is a kind
 of "working for soldiers" that is
 appreciated a great worth while.

We arrived at Davenport at about
 3 am. A burly, bumpstonous flat-brained
 Major greeted us with "Come on get your
 men out, get your men out. What the hell
 are you doing!" There was little cordiality
 lost between us and him.

Then I went aboard. My heart sank
 very low and continued to go down. I didn't
 expect much but somehow I wasn't pre-
 pared for this. I walked up the chicken-
 walk bow into a series of horse stalls,
 along a deck of iron plates with
 winches into a narrow passage and
 then more stalls. The mess room was
 very small and quite crowded with
 two tables. At one of these sat a
 weary Major who wanted to know

who I was. It's wonderful how these fellows fail to understand plain English but perhaps the late hour had something to do with it. Then he asked me to sign and gave me my room.

The other Major, the one that met us on the platform, came in and then began one of the most disgusting wrangles I have heard for a long time. "Will you take your orders from me, Sir. No I won't. These are my orders." and so on. To make it worse neither knew beans about his job. Apparently each had the same authority as the other and each wanted to use it over the other. They wouldn't work together and yet they had to agree before the ship left port. The real difficulty was that the accommodation of the boat was insufficient for the numbers that were sent to embark. Finally one of the Officers told his men to another ship, the Doctor

which was due to sail a few hours before the Malakuta. I shall find it hard to continue my services after the 26th of May in this army. I should not mind the Canadian army and I don't think there could be so much bungling in it. The Officers may be inefficient through lack of experience but they're not like bound old goats. Of course, they're not all like that by any means, but there is a fair proportion of them in the more responsible positions. The experience at Harbourside has not increased my respect for the administrative ability of Army Officials.

I began to be anxious about my medical equipment, whether it was aboard or not. I asked the Embarkation Officer but he couldn't give me a direct answer. By this time I had pretty well sized him up and in not the best of tempers

on account of my treatment
I told him flatly that if my
equipment were not on board
I would refuse to embark.
Finally the Medical Embarkation
Officer came with his papers.
He was a Colonel, a dug
out certainly - one of those
scrupulously polite English
men who talk to you
while looking at some-
thing over your shoulder
and saying each thing
at least two or three times
before you are done with
him. He ended up by
shaking hands in the most
cordially effusive fashion
imaginable.

There was some hitch in the
loading of fodder and on that
account we did not leave
port till Wednesday though we
came on board Monday night.

I found myself in the same cabin with Sam. Bright, Kel. S. from a small town in Ont. I knew I could stick out for a ~~be~~ room to myself but the accommodation was very limited and I thought it better not to raise a row. As a matter of fact Bright wasn't a bad sort though hopelessly ignorant and common and knowing absolutely nothing about his job.

War spirit

One of the latest war ships lay close to the Malakuta. The size of the guns she carries is extraordinary - 15 or 14.1. That means a cylinder of metal forty feet long or so. Our own little gun asterix is only a 4.7 but it's startling enough to see that go off, throwing as it does 50 lbs of metal. We carry two naval gunners. I must confess I felt very much

relieved and infinitely safer with
this aboard. After we had been
out a few days we tried it out.
A common orange crate was
lowered astern with a carbide
flare attached. Even close to the
ship this was a very small
target but when it was fired
at it was long out of sight.
Two minutes elapsed from
the time it was dropped over-
till fired at - about 700 to
800 yds. distant. The first shot
fell short but the second hit, so
they say. The demonstration was
highly convincing. No submarine
could stand off and throw
shells into us with impunity,
that's certain. They say the
newest subs. carry 4.7 guns
but that's incredible, to me
at least. Practically nothing
but a torpedo can do us any
harm and in decent light

The ship's Officers seem to think they can dodge that. But when you get their honest opinion they're not very keen to see a submarine.

The other day I got a bit of a start when the submarine warning was blown - short blast on the ship's whistle. It was of course only a false alarm but I don't think I would lose my head if a real one sounded. As it happens there are not enough boats or life belts to go around and I with eighteen others have had a raft about 5x6 assigned to me. That means hanging on to the side and as the water is about ~~to~~ 60° I don't quite fancy that. Yes

Yesterday or the day before the wireless operator picked up an SOS signal. A boat reported that she ~~she~~ saw a ship sunk

by a submarine and was being chased and shelled herself, giving the position and of course asking for help. Some silly operator sent out the message "Do you want help." Reply from shelled ship - Shut - do we want what. [That reminds me of the stupidity of the harbour officials at Malta. After coming alongside the Captain sings out, who are you? are you carrying troops or cargo? when the whole side of the boat was filled with soldiers gapping at him.] Later a message came through that the ship being shelled got away and that all but one boat of the sunk vessel had been found. The chief engineer wonders if the unfortunate ship belonged to this line - Anchor-Brookbank - as it was reported about this

locality and was not carrying wireless. News of this sort is not very assuring but it didn't worry me much for after all one expects things like this to happen. We passed this spot about 10 hours later but saw nothing.

The Captain's a careful chap, I think, a bit yellow they say. He takes the dangerous points by night. As it is, we are travelling by admiralty course which means a long way round. The idea is to send transports so that they will not be beached rather than to attempt to dodge the submarines. Just now we're bound off Crete which is away off our shortest course.

Since getting aboard I have learned to respect the Malakuta if not to like her. At worst she's nothing but a floating stable, dirty, smelly and all that. She

rolls like a barrel and there's no
deck space. However, one soon
gets used to dodging under-
horses and keeping one's shins
from striking winches. At best
she's a new cargo boat of 15,000 tons
displacement, 4000 h. p. engines, with
a really good gun and a wire-
less apparatus. We might be
infinitely worse off. I wonder
if Walker fared as well he'd
be sore if he didn't. He might
even have got been on that torpedored
ship.

On the whole I have felt rotten
on the trip. I haven't been in
such poor shape for a long
time, if ever. Consequently,
I am rather apprehensive of
the coming campaign in
a hot country like Egypt or
Mesopotamia. There's little
use in anticipating, however,
and who knows we may be

doing nothing but garrison duty.
 That's not very likely if there's
 any truth in the report that came
 through the other day that 400,000
 Germans, Bulgars and Arabs
 were making for Egypt and the
 Suez canal. After seeing how
 slowly a division moves sea-ward
 I can't imagine that we'll have any-
 thing like the numbers they have. I
 wonder too, if there is any advantage
 of sea transport over that of land
 transport. It's very slow at any rate
 and certainly very costly as far as
 horses are concerned - we're lost
 15 up to date. pneumonia, septic
 pneumonia, and pleuropneumonia.
 Of course, we have had
 bad weather to start with - but
 on an Australian voyage forty
 went overboard in a day and
 about 140 were lost altogether
 out of 400. When things began
 After the first few days of rough

weather the horses began to die. The Vet. had been sitting quietly doing nothing and telling his Sgts. doing what there was to do. Then suddenly the horses began to drop fast.

That did stir him up but was completely bewildered and hadn't the least idea what to do. He knew enough to take temperatures but beyond that nothing. And these temperatures were startling enough.

106 - 107°. Then his one idea was to pull this temperature down with - Pot. Vit. When he did get it down he was pleased.

As a matter of fact most of the drops were due to the poor beasts pegging out rather than due to anything that was done for them. Then suddenly I found that I was being consulted by the military as well as the Vet as to what to do. First of all

I examined the horses. They were breathing rapidly; abdominal breathing, nasal discharge of bloody fluid and in some cases with a bad odour; lungs - bronchial breathing above the middle line and flat to percussion; below middle line no breath sounds. I advised paracentesis thoracis and if practicable intravenous injection of saline and 15% glucose, also a diuretic. When the first horse died I advised a p. m. which was done. The horse pl. cav. contained a great deal of blood stained fluid; lungs congested with whole lobes consolidated, one portion in state of gray hepatization and large areas dark, brittle and gangrenous. In one I found a thrombosis, white thrombus, adherent. I can't say tapping did much good.

that is to say none of the tapped animals recovered though they showed distinct signs of improvement and pulled around for a few days. It might have been sure if done sooner.

A little incident occurred the other day annoyed and disgusted me a great deal. The more I think of it the more disgusted and annoyed I feel. As our transport crept up the canal a band on one of the cruisers, or rather battle ships, started up Tipperary. It was played over twice and ~~put~~ together for our benefit. Not did our men cheer - No a hoody cheer did they give - No a word. That alone was bad enough but worse and worse it was a French battle ship. Someway or another I didn't realize at the time that it was a French ship or I would have cheered even if I had been

alone.

The third day out the captain's log read - "Fresh gale. Very high sea. Boat labouring heavily and shipping water." At least I have seen the sea decently rough. The Chief Engineer said, by the way, that if it had got a very little worse we'd have been forced to leave to. During the night one of the life boats, the one on starboard bow, was carried over board; lifted bodily off the hooks. That speaks well for the wind and sea. I finally slept altogether in the hospital. It was more comfortable and airy than the stateroom. I was up there on this night. There was a terrible row going on and I was sure a man had gone over board. The poor devil went down, a patient,

was shot bodily out of his bunk three times during the night. Water streamed in over the floor. Altogether there was a bit of excitement.

From my little experience of sea faring men I am convinced that they are much more free and open, more honest and less superficial than Officers in the army - whom they despise more or less sincerely. It may be that this sincerity is merely a measure of their undevelopment, of their child-likeness, if you will. They start life on the sea while they are young - about 15-17. Then they have had at best but a limited education. They see the world - that completes their education. But this seeing the world, seeing a bit of

life, is but an ~~immature~~ immature
incomplete stamp on an
immature mind. Perhaps
its the more indelible.

They certainly do see life -
a phase at any rate. Particularly
by so the skipper who did
his training on a sailing
vessel. All this leads up
to the following - He, the
skipper, and I began
talking. He told me about
his son, asked me how
much it cost to send a
boy through for a doctor;
about his wife and so on.
He became quite con-
fidential and I made
my ears as long and
sympathetic as I could.
The conversation turned
to India, castles and
finally to Eurasia.
He told me of two ve. 208

fine girls he saw in a
cabin at Bombay. Finally
he met them, took one
out to dinner, then shewed
her over his ship and so on.
Nothing particular passed
between them. No, he was
not married. Now this same
girl writes a letter to meet
him at every port. He does
not answer. He shewed me
one of the Christmas cards
she sent him and of there
is half the feeling he heard
the words that they seem to
express she must be heart-
broken - another tragedy per-
haps.

I got to know the Chief Engineer
very intimately - Mr. Carnuff,
a north of Irelander. He
was very kind and
hospitable and before
I left gave me a very

pressing invitation to stay
 at his place in Ireland. We're
 very quiet people but
 you will get a welcome for
~~the~~ they'll know just
 about as much about
 you as I do. There are
 lots of things I'll remember
 about him - the songs, the
 jigs on the fiddle, yarn after
 yarn no end, his B'learnans
 almighty docther! and the
 intimacies he related
 about his own life, how
 he was married etc.
 A thorough good sort he
 was and I learned
 things from him that will
 stand me in good stead.

Twilkay, the 2nd mate,
 also an Irishman was
 very decent. He had an
 extraordinary knowledge,
 how deep I don't know, of

poets and authors. Indeed his ideas on history and politics were a most unexpected surprise. It was a treat to listen to the ~~and~~ opinions these two had of the English Officers on board, particularly when they compared them to the Australian Officers.

The latter, mixed with the men, organized concerts, boxing bouts and so on. Certainly, there was none of that amongst our Officers. The men were just some sort of human element that had to be dealt with through the medium of a sergeant or if that were impossible to treat them with as little consideration as possible.

The other day at Port Said I had an opportunity of getting the opinion of an officer, a D. A., who had

been with the Australians at Gallipoli for months. He had nothing but praise to say of them. Only when they were ^{reg'd} asked to do something that appeared foolish to them, did they show inordinance. He gave an example. An Australian regt. was ordered to take a certain hill. The shell fire was becoming decidedly hot and the Major, an Englishman, who was in charge got cold feet. He called a Corporal. "Take that hill, Corporal." "What bloody hill? I can't see any hill." He knew perfectly well that it ^{was} that was the Major's business to run the show.

Moved along the canal in a southerly direction. Up at 4.30, packed the ~~rest~~ rest of my kit which didn't take me any minutes and we left at 8.30. Such things you know must be to

win a glorious victory. The trip
down or up the canal, which
ever it is, was very pleasant
and interesting to me. The rail-
way runs exactly parallel
to the canal and between the
two, as far as Kantara is the
fresh water canal. It wouldn't
be fair to say that it runs for
it looks little better than
a glorified side-road ditch.
On the other side is low lying
or water covered ground. There
is considerable vegetation along
the canal bank. ~~which was~~
Anything green is a relief to
the monotony of the square opposite
the Egyptian Hospital. The so called
stations on the line are nothing
but names ordinarily - and
they serve as headquarters for
troops. Ras el Lic, Tineh -
de Cap, Kantara, Bala. Ray
has been at Tineh for upwards

for a week as h. o. of a Co. of 4 & L. Capt. Moore, who was on the Malakuta is at that place then too. To-morrow Vic goes to Bala. I wonder what Storms and I will be doing the next few weeks.

By some mistake we came past our station and as luck would have it it was a fortunate mistake for we were able to discontinue right at our camping site. I was very glad I was not responsible for the detour. Words were said with a red face.

The camp is in fair shape. It was filthy to start with. I imagine it was worse here and little else before we took it over. Our tents are within 10 yds. of the fresh water canal and in the shade of a line of conifers so we are extremely lucky. About 200 yds. from our tents on the other side is the railway line and then a few yds beyond that again is the canal. There's always something of interest passing - ships, liners, cargo boats, troops, sailing ships

In fact, anything is interesting that moves, especially on water.

Yesterday, Hal and I walked along the fresh water canal for about a mile and a half till we came to a dam. Beyond this the canal is twice as wide and looks less like a muddy ditch. From this dam another arm of the canal stretches in a northerly direction. I wonder if these canals are used for irrigation or simply drinking & game purposes. Just used the latter use is a washout for its supposed to be alive with Bitkargia, anyhow its filthy dirty to look at.

The other day I dropped into the house at the dam ostensibly to buy a pint but really out of curiosity. An old L. couple were sitting over coffee and cognac and nothing would do but that I join them. The old boy had been with the builders of the canal

had been
 and his wife brought up in
 Egypt. They should know something
 about the present situation. The
 general feeling seems to be that
 the Turks will never get
 possession of the Canal. Certainly
 there is great danger of an uprising
 of the Arabs in Egypt. Apparently
 Arabs refers to the lower class
 Egyptians. It is their religious
 fanaticism that is to be feared.

My horse is a winner. I
 was out on her today for the
 first time since we landed
 and only the 2nd time altogether.
 She's got lots of go in her but
 is a bit hard mounted. I think
 I can manage her about
 a curb. I let her canter
 along with the reins loose
 in her neck till she was
 tired. Her official name
 is Sarcie or Mag.

This incident happened the

other day and was told
me by a subaltern of the
ASC who was present at
the time it happened. Some
Australian troops had been
arrived near here and one
of them had gone for rations.
We applied to the Maj. but
without an indent. "I can't give
you rations till you give me
an indent," he suggests the
indent. "If you don't give
us them I'll wreck your
place to night." "Alright. Here
give these men the rations he
asks for," says the Major. So

Wank Cam says the Australian
have done mighty well
but are beginning to make
them selves obnoxious. The other
day they set fire to the GOC's
private car in Alexandria
as a token of respect. That's
a bit thick. I suspect.

Austration. I punched my cap at the Savy at Port Said. One can hardly blame them for that though it's jolly awkward to lug a miserable sun helmet around in rainy weather.

Went down to Ballah this afternoon alone to see Vic and his dressing station with the idea of getting some pointers on how things were run. I met a young chap — a Sub. in the R.E.'s. He's the "famous" Egyptologist I've heard of, a Camb. man, at present in the Camel Corps I believe. Anyway he talks Arabic and has to deal with the Gypsies. I asked him no end of questions about the Copts, Arabs, Egyptians; about races, language, customs etc. He told me he hadn't talked shop since he joined the Army 18 mos. ago. Certainly he seemed to take pleasure in it and I ~~real~~ did too. With his study, discoveries and all he had a most extra-

ordinarily filthy mind. He could almost out do ~~Widd~~ only the latter keeps on the look out for double extent of a shady nature as a gull watches for garbage from a ship.

To day we had a funeral service for Greggan who died yesterday. At first it looked like a case of drowning and certainly a good deal of fluid came from his mouth and nose. Coarse, moist rales could be heard over both lungs especially at bases. This seemed however to be plenty of air entering the lungs. Despite that he remained cyanosed at the ears. I wonder if the salt water could account for the bright frothy bloody fluid. I doubt it. The ~~frank~~ ^{unconscious} ~~he~~ ^{man} did not regain consciousness. It seemed quite evident from the first.

that after 4 hrs. his pupils
became unequal that he was
suffering from a stroke as well
as having water in his lungs.
There was no sign of paralysis
or of paresis. Could there have
been a ~~concurrent~~ concomitant
pulmonary thrombosis? It seems
impossible.

Life at Ballah is very pleasant.
More than anything it's the fact that
you're running your own show
that makes the difference.

16th Today I took a walk to the Quarry.
My shadow was pitch black against
the almost white sand in the moonlight.
I shan't forget this day.

An Englishman dropped in on us
this morning for breakfast. He was
Mr. O. E. Yorks and had been at Surva
with them. It struck me again, as
it does from time to time, that so
many ^{men} of his class are stupid. That is too
strong an expression for it. It's more

of a vagueness, a slowness of perception. One is at first tempted to put it down as preoccupation but I'm convinced it's much nearer akin to stupidity. You may talk about something for a considerable time; he appears to be listening, and I think he is; he ~~looks on~~^{sympathizes} at a few words but they are the wrong ~~hand~~^{hand} and he upsets the apple cart by asking a stupid question.

Poor old Skimming got a jolt the other day; something more than a surprise, I'm afraid. Miss Daisy wrote him from England that she was married to a subaltern in a line regt. I thought it rather ^{an} ungracious letter considering what Skimming had done for her. I was wondering ^{to-day} if she asked him to thank me! Anyhow it doesn't worry me in the slightest if she did or not. I'm not the least bit

sorry for what little I have done. I can't help thinking of father and his purchase of mining stock. It was much in the same spirit that I took this scheme of Steunung's (exp.) I doubt if the business will turn out well - same old song of parental obstinacy and that. Possibly too he'll prove to be a rotter. I think she's attractive enough and possibly has enough savoir faire to make herself acceptable. There is little doubt but that Steunung had it in the back of his brain to marry her.

To-day it came to me almost like a shock - what am I going to do after the war? I wonder that I haven't thought of it often. What the devil am I to do! At the very earliest, I can be home by Christmas; more likely Christmas '17. One year at Med., say. Then Surg., Obstet., Gyn., Pathol.

what ^{time} could I afford to spend to them. Then
why should I choose the T. G. H. I don't want to
for some reason or other. I've been dreaming
about research. If I take it up it will mean
that I am sacrificing everything to some-
thing that I am sure I can make a success
of even. Something may turn up to
straighten things out for me but the
devil else than a tangle I can see now.

Here's a bit of wit from one of letters. It's
very rare to find any trace of humour.

Our minds are occupied with digging trenches
and the other day chatting and the other day
I examined my shirt and found some
chap(?) doing some extended order
drill. Another writer - to his sweetheart -
I suppose. Your long looked for letter to
hand Wed. J. the above date. And I
was as pleased as if someone had
given me 10/-.. I was glad to see
your handwriting again.....

- A bit more life was what you needed.

I always noticed that you were brighter
when we were together than you were

when
 by yourself. Your sweet face al-
 ways lit up like a Electric Light.
 I appeared on the scene. I am glad to
 say dear that I am in the best of
 Health - - - although I am
 far away my heart dreams of
 you True Till Death.

Another - The women here hate the
 men so they keep their faces covered.

The women of a certain class
 always have the majority of their faces
 covered, and often have a man to guard
 them whenever they go into the streets.

The natives ~~also~~ wear loose garments
 like in the time of Christ, and no doubt correspond
 with the climate, and the colored sky seems
 nearly dawn and close of day.

Last Happy Sunday, marched to Wanel,
 near Hallancourt. From Wanel to
 Herselles a distance of 18 mi.
 Fortunately I was sent on with
 the interpreter, M. Be'ou to make
 the billet which after all is not

too soft a job. But it certainly
is way ahead of moving with the
unit. At Flesselles I was in a
large Chateau. Most of the move-
able things had been taken away.
It appears that the Germans
had at one time succeeded in
sending a patrol into the village
for 12 hours. Every body in a very
bad temper and short rations
for the men after a long wait.
Looks hopeless. Sgt. Maj. Campbell
with all his faults is missed
considerably. Weather for
last two days abominable, rainy
and cold. Many cases of sore
feet. Troops have no guts
at all and I felt like kick-
ing the lot. Sgt. Mulligan
one of the oldest men we
have acquitted himself well.
He hasn't yet fallen out.
Had a squabble with
some villagers over carts.

being left in yard. It is very
 annoying to find ^{that} these words
 can't keep up with one's
 temper. However I think I
 did rather well at times. Ended
 the discussion amicably as it
 was clearly my mistake.

Went morning to Baural.
 This is a decent sized village
 with a very fine church - par-
 ticularly happily placed and
 with beautifully harmonious
 approach of steps. Unfortunately
 the church is built of brick.
 Here we had a definite
 area allotted to us for
 bellring and as the people
 are not particularly grac-
 ious there were rather
 many unpleasant en-
 counters in which Mr. Beon
 shined up admirably.

~~Mon~~ Madame, rai-ment
 vous n'êtes pas une

Française," was her parting
shot. In the evening we had
a long talk with the people
at whose house we had our
mess. I learned much
about the way French people look
at certain phases regard^{ing} the mysteries
of sex. Of course I mean only how one
class regards it for it is my first
experience.... - see below.

From Beaurail to Vauxcelles, via
Rainscheval, Country rolling, cultivated,
some woods. 93 has taken over
large Chateau and is running a
rest station. We do nothing apparently
for the present. Arrived in Amb. Wagon
and one of the cooks, Pinhorn, drunk.
Billets fair. The old maiden lady
at whose house I am billeted carries
her economy to such length that
she doesn't even use a light and
it looks as though I should not
have no place to read or write
except in bed. The Colonel is still

away. He is being decorated at Buck.
 Palace & the M.C. The records he
 chose for the gramophone seem a
 hope less lot, quite what one would
 expect. Ray still away being in-
 structed. Guns rattling away
 all day - apparently some distance
 north of here. Counted 45 in 30 sec.
 at 5 p.m. to night. Hal & I before
 the D.D.'s re-resignation. Art, poor
 fellow, looking the picture of health;
 got away with his gastric ulcer;
~~starved~~ with his marriage. I
 choose the latter if ever I am in
 a similar position.

At Vauvachelles we had a very pleasant
 and luxurious time. The mess was in a
 large room in a prosperous looking farm
 house. Food was excellent and with the
 addition of a gramophone with four of
 the collection of records worth playing
 created ~~an~~ atmosphere of luxury
 that in no way seems to be compatible
 with War. However, the guns are.

incessantly booming in the distance,
troops and lorries are continually
passing -

Apr. 21. What if I go to Australia? This
question has been in my mind for
the last few days and I confess I
am flooded. Supposing I did go - then
what? Start again - not life, no, but
a career that has in all truth
never really begun. Why stick
to the old beaten-track - that
hard and smooth track, that track
with its well kept ledges, its
tall border of elms at regular
intervals, its finger posts
for those who would stray. That
path that only the contented,
selfish, do-the-right-things can
travel for it is they that can
see nothing but the next
finger post. The vision of me
a man of forty, successful,
respected and all that, doing
the right thing and having

people say, 'there's a man now who's done just the right thing.' I don't like this notion. It comes to me again and again. Why not go my ^{own} way & fail for a haps, even likely. No matter, I'd be myself. I could make a glorious failure and probably but a mediocre success. Selfish, you say. No, if I went my own way it wouldn't be a selfish way, that's certain.

June 16.

I've signed on; haven't gone to Australia; have been on leave; in four days - God help me.

June 18. Walked through trenches thro' wh. st. sector will be evacuated. The evacuation will be impossible through the trenches. If this business turns out all right I shall never again have reason to be pessimistic about anything.

June 20. The big guns have just

begin to murmur, each with his own special note. The air seems quite hollow. The largest shells have a special sound of their own - like a small fly buzzing away deep in your ear for a moment, then they sound hollow like the rest.

July 21. I often think we simply cannot win the war. Not that I am un-
chingly pessimistic, I hope. If anyone is to win the war for us it will be the Russians and some-
how I feel that their offensive will break out. What is there to go by? Only what one has seen in two small sectors of the line. What is 1000 yds. of line? Perhaps nothing, perhaps enough to see which way the wind blows. We will see.

It seems strange how completely one can forget the war - I mean absolutely. Not a thing, not an event, ^{in a holiday} not a uniform, not even the guns makes one remember. I put on my breeches, my puttees and all and I never stop an instant to think why this silly outfit? After all why should one after wearing nothing else for a year and more. Yet it all seems very strange being in the midst of events the whole world is centred on, being indeed a part of them and not giving them a thought - when you are ~~not~~ at rest, of course.

It ~~is~~ the other day an extraordinary sense of loneliness came over me. Here I was sitting in the mess with a bunch of fellows that ordinarily I would ~~not~~ give another thought and yet I ~~it~~ would should have to live with these same Officers day in day out. I felt like an uninterested spectator, rather resentful and as if badly.

cheated by fate. Somehow Bidu
seemed more to me than all the
others and I suppose he's not
more than a selfish, vulgar, vain;
if at times venal, fellow. There's
something however that I like
about him.

From a worldly point of view what
an extraordinary fool I've been -
what I might have done: - ① Australia,
② Canada, ③ Hull and Cliveden, ④ Lab.
job if I'd known the ropes and used
what I had at my disposal, ⑤ Mesopotamia
or India. All open to me if I hadn't
signed on in France. At present
I am doing work that might be
better done by the varicose-headed.
And in the trenches what
more? - a Sgt.'s job. The whole
bloody thing's a colossal farse.

The latest to-day is that Sir D. Haig
is reported to have said the war began
July 1st 1916. The first phase will be
over in November; the war over in Sept. 1917.

All this is very fine if France holds out and will endure another winter campaign - and if we do the same. Some how I don't think the Gers. will give in now at present do I see that we can beat them. Once the cry of Gascon land is raised they will stick firm. If Roumania comes in on our side and if Austria quits, all right, then I can see the end.

I figure that I am in the Col.'s good books just now. He's made me permanent billetting officer and generally gives me pretty fair odd jobs to do. One thing I try to do and that is to use what tact I have and keep my yapper closed as much as possible. And yet, despite my being in his good books, the next rotten job that turns up will fall to me.

I shall never forget when coming homeward in PARKWAY AVE. during our 1st July stunt, the way clogged with stretchers and parties going outward and the big staff coming

over from the Boches. You could
hear the gun then the sizzzzzz. They
were after THUPIN or the Dump and
I was about mid way between
the two. In an ordinary trench
you can of course swing to one
side or the other but in this way
there are no traverses and it
runs parallel to the Gen. fire.

I heard the thud of the gun behind
and then the sizzzz coming straight
for me as tho' it would catch
me where I used to sit in days
gone by. I absolutely wall papered
the side of that wretched trench with
my body.

18th to night I have two beauti-
ful roses at my bedside.
Rose de France and R. de Dijon.

I'm getting awfully down-
cast - the last few days.

It seems as though I were
almost alone out here, I almost
wish I were.

I've had a little taste of country practice. What a hopeless thing it may become! A girl of 16 fainted in the fields while at work - constipation, No. 13's, Soda Sal.; a woman with a septic leg, Pains of 15 mos duration, Ger. Bomb - operation, track excised, saline dressings; a baby with rectal T° 103.4/104.3? - nothing - 1 gr. Calomel; an old woman with swollen ankles and headache(?) - nephritis; Woman with severe ~~was~~ haem. from vagina, pain in back - exam. showed severe ante ante flexion, nodular os(?) - carcinoma cervix, ergot, pot. brom, lavage c. alum, girl 24 severe haemophysis - T.B. advanced. morph., a woman with 7 da constipation - No. 9's, inj. cast, a man 24 fever, constipation, T.B., an old woman - pain in hip - hematoma. An old man auricular fibrillation - digitalis;

- did some work today.

a middle aged woman
lacerated a duct in tendons. V'la
gueth-jolie me l'ee! I could
certainly not bring my
self to practice like this
without a very great effort.

The local saw bone sordiers
Scirp d' Ergot for haemophysis
and put some sort of gutta
serena on the sore spot! I
might get like that.

The people are most hospitable.
It is a terrible nuisance when
you are in a hurry. Beer out of
white wine is not a stimulant
but a depressant of the 1st order.

It is extraordinary how easily
one forgets all about the war
back here. You see the flares
and hear the guns but that
doesn't make you realize that
there is a war on. It did at
Vauclelles, even at Huppy when
the guns could be heard

but faintly.

The poor devils coming up from the Somme have certainly had a rougher time than we have by a long shot. What an absolute hell it must have been. It would surely have been the same for us if we had got to and beyond the Ger. lines. When I say us I mean particularly the bearers. The plans made by the Staff and the way they didn't work would be a huge joke if it weren't such a grim affair in reality.

Here we are after over a month's offensive about four miles at the farthest ~~to~~ east of our original line. And that cost! Incredible! It is silly to talk of ground gained as so many miles here, so many there. I know all that. It is the terrain, the moral victory, the numbers of Gers; put out

of action and a thousand
other things that really
are the important factors.
Yet, I can't get it out of
~~my~~ ^{my} head that the
Commune Offensive is not
all that it is cracked up
to be. Unless you can
get the Bocheson the run
the business is over, finished.
They'll just build defenses
behind and it will mean
the same sacrifices. Is it
worth it and can it be
done?

I think I'm some sort
of a shell of a person, hollow
inside. Yet some how there
is an inside, something
that wants to assert of
itself, that wants to live.
I want to feel; I don't want
to be empty. I don't feel

Often, I am kind, I am unselfish
 I am thoughtful - all this all
 times, of course; but just at
 these moments I'll be figuring
 out something or another
 conceiving that there is a fly
 buzzing on the window pane,
 that the pictures are in very
 bad taste. There must be, there
 is something good there be-
 hind it though. Others see
 it, or think they do, much better
 than I do myself. Here to-day
 Brew, a rather down scotchman
 of 38-40 tells me that his
 wife is in the insane asylum.
 He is worried to death, can't
 sleep and is really in a
 serious state. Yet he tells
 me and begs me not to
 tell the others. The people
 here in Calverley, I say love
 me (after a fashion) simply
 because I've seen some

of the sick and been
frank and open in my
conversation with the
others. That little some-
thing in me must be
good and I so want it to
be really part of me and
help me feel. All the
rest the shell is egoism.

Yesterday a girl of 24
or so died of T. B. She had
been under my care for
a few days. It's agony to
go into a house and
see a person dying and
you can do nothing. The
people, the patient, have
faith in you. It's an
awkward mess.

9/18/14 Went to the burial
service at the church of
the girl who died of T. B.
I went partly out of curiosity
partly out of kindness - to

give pleasure to the parents.
 Then we entered the Church
 they were singing the Dies Irae
 in which as a musical
 production I was disappointed.
 Of course there was no organ.
 I wonder if the people and
 particularly the curé minded
 my going through with this
 in the step to Bon Dieu, know-
 ing as some do that I am not
 a Romanist.

Walked with Henri Pancherz and
 Théophile Quist to the forest of Nieffe.
 On the way crossed the canal in a
 ferry boat.

Had a music lesson with
 Beckett, a scatter brained fellow
 but really an artist at the piano.
 At anything else he is a
 washout - can't even run a
 police job; forgot to ~~shape~~
 shape down the ~~to~~ when my
 his first duty. I shall not

forget
readily seeing him lying
full length at Coler
camps when the digging
party was ^{doing} business on the
road.

Bion is an old rascal, self with
to boot but with a good heart on
occasions. I think I have learned
a good deal of the Fr. character
through him. Fr. prudishness
registers zero where the English
would register 100. you couldn't
imagine two well educated
and refined young ladies
of 25-30 listening to the
tale of ^{the anonymous} a more or less respect-
able rone' like Bion. But
it can be done. Of course
it must be done lightly
with a light touch that
even at that. As he says you
can talk to a Fr. woman about
anything, absolutely anything

without causing her to blush on
the least ~~to~~ mental discomfort. I
quite believe him. Bon jour
Mlle. It is hot to day, don't you
find it rather warm wearing your
pants this weather or perhaps
you haven't them on to-day.

This afternoon I went for a long
walk alone; beyond St. Venant. The
caval is beautiful. In the
afternoon I had the bright
sun light shining through
the tall poplars; in the evening
the ~~moon~~ & moon. This
country is beautiful - the
Bell dance in poses it self
on you wherever ^{ever} you are. I am
not writing ads, I love it. I went
out in the wood that I should like
to throw every thing about - including
individuals. My can't my
affairs go by just a little

straighter! Ray's letter from
London came this morning and I
am afraid it is but the forerunner
of many that will put me in a de-
structive mood or worse.

I am keeping up a dull activity
is making calls on sick, going
to the field, playing golf and taking
lessons(?) with Beckett on Harroway?
18/8/16 Poor " there's no
doubt he's scatter brained. But then
at the piano or organ he is just
and after all he can do some
thing and do it well. I've
been fed up; I thought I'd
go off my chump. When I'm
on parade I often think of this
thing I should be studying
Latin. The notes and I know
I remember but that's all.
Then when I am thinking
about these things I get
suddenly caught on the parade.

ground.
ground." He can't settle his
mind on something definite -
much like a D.P.

Things on the home are
at a standstill - one sees
that a bright like the
Fr. advance in the ^{Champagne} ~~under~~
the German against Verdun.
Finish!

What extraordinary elements pre-
dominate in the Fr. character. Two young
girls and an old man of 50 crying
over absolutely nothing. Sgt. Bartoli and
the two Breud hommes.

There's a long gap here. A sudden
storm of tears and I'm much the
same as before. I think I'm happier
though. Introspection of this sort is
fruitless. I/ I'd known sooner
I think I should have picked off to
Australia with A.C.S. But then I
don't know; it would have been
a selfish thing to do. My attitude

now it is: it's all over and done
with; behind me and finished.
I don't often think about it; very
seldom, indeed. It's behind
me and what's behind me
I forget.

Heard this morning that Comblès
and Thiepval had fallen. Tant
mieu. Still I haven't much
faith in this Somme affair. The
failure at Serre sticks in my
crop. If we can't get through
what's all the use of the sacrifice
of life. True we have to be
doing something to appease
the Russians etc. and also
the people in England. They'll
soon have enough when they
see the casualty lists.

Supposing the Germans
do shorten their line? We certainly
won't get through any easier.
I don't think either that will.

make them want to throw up the sponge. "Für Gott, Kaiser und Vaterland" more loudly than ever.

They don't seem to be able to make Grace show her five aces either. They're going about it so slowly so that at the last moment the 5th ace will have disappeared up her sleeve.

It's all very interesting, this life but I wish it were finished. You just have to see a young chap dying of wounds - one is enough on a dark night - you'd sign a peace to-morrow. To hell with the jingoism & militarists. Let them see a few things out here! Perhaps I haven't seen much, but certainly I see one side and after all say what you will it's the humane

side.

30⁹/₁₆ - I'm still at the MARRIS near BORRE. I rather like being alone for from that haggling crowd of schippers at the mess.

From the Lomme we went N. to rest and struck a delightful little village where the people were kind and their houses clean. Clean children are as exact a standard of social development as smoking is of a man's health. If a man can't smoke he's sick; if children are not clean one had better move on if one is looking for comfort and pleasure. I am truly pleased to have had the experience of living in a Fr. village, of seeing how they live, listening to their gossip, observing conversations (they're a bit sticklers at that) their pride and all the petty sins of civilization - or are these the big ones from which all others come? Things seem so intensified in a small village - selfishness and jealousy.

But then are lots of good qualities
 to be found in the world as
 as a misanthrope. - How little to
 J. Foulon.

Nous étions si bien, à Calonne!

Pour moi, qui est de la ville et un
 étranger, c'était une expérience pleine
 d'intérêt et de plaisir de voir un
 peu comme le monde tourne
 dans un petit village de France;
 une expérience que je n'oublierai
 jamais, et je crois bien la seule
 que j'aurai de ~~de~~ ma vie. Quel
 snobisme, quelle fierté, quel farouillage,
 quelles idées étroites! How little to Sept.
 Burdett.

We're going down to the Somme
 again, sure as nuts. I don't like it
 of course. I feel sure if there is any
 dirty work going I get it. Well, there's
 no way out of it; at least I can
 see none. A fellow must do
 his duty - or at least what he's
 told to do - that's a cinch but

sent here's the rub. I don't fancy
doing work which I consider use-
less. When it comes to a show
down I'm not a coward, as
far as I can see. It's a absolute
nonsense sending an m.o. to
do the job of a Sgt. What can he
do on the line more than a
plumber or dry goods clerk? They're
men for of course and some-
body's sons. Ugh! the whole
business isn't worth the candle,
this killing off of human
flies by each other. It's
sheer madness without a
redeeming feature. Idealism
and warfare! They mix worse than
oil and water. Some people may
be able to make an exception,
I can't.

1.10.16. It's astounding how one
slips into this life out here. Because
one must, I suppose. Here I go
wandering out of the house, my house.

my fire, my own little home - as though it really were. I sit down and read "The House of Beautiful Nonsense" and forget the war. The snapping of the machine guns, the ~~thud~~ ^{thud} and the dull distance (of the heavies) - it doesn't mean anything to me. It's just a noise, like a trolley car in the city. And yet sometimes I do think. This rumbling of guns is grinding out human lives like my own. The cracking may be putting a bullet through a man's head. I bullet hole through a man's head is a gruesome sight.

7/10/16. You've just got to see one ~~at~~ ^{of} such. It makes you think almost as much if not more than seeing a ^{no. 1} lifeless, mutilated bodies; quite unrecognizable. There's something in seeing a ~~man~~ ^{man} still living and struggling as

it were for life that grips one's heart. A young chap for instance who came in not long ago when I was at the Rue du Paradis. Over six foot, well built, about 18-20 yrs. old, shot through the lung and liver. Then getting a note from his M.O. asking me for particulars - if he left any message, how he died. His mother was enquiring! Despite everything I cannot get beyond the attitude that war, this war, means simply the snuffing out of so many young chaps' lives - full of hope, enthusiasm and promise. Heroism, sacrifice and all that are there, at times, that I know but I don't look at it that way, that's all. See a group of young fellows and then close your eyes and see these same young fellows dying or blown to pieces! Think of it a moment

and weigh everything else
against that if you will. For
me there is no comparison.

When I come to think of it I
am living a life of interest. Take
to-day when, one could say, nothing
happened. I knock about this
little village - Roebuck - get a
game of billiards going with the
help of others. Balls and cues
here, table there. After lunch
to Garbeck and Berghelth with
the Col. and make a sketch
map of the road. Pierre's later -
a show to amuse the men - and
a feather in the Col's cap of course.
Then to Calonne to see ~~the~~ Isabelle
dying just as likely as not, by
orders of T. B. and the Pourchey.
The Querts were had retired. Then
examined Alice Belliere - who
probably has T. B. too too. Then
home in the Henri's blue cape

across my shoulders. The
right side in the moon light
on the wet road. Such a simple
uneventful day is full of events.
I left ROBEQ for BERGUE^{TE} where
entrained for DOULENS.

10/10/16 Went to BUS. a dismal hole without
a doubt. I don't fancy this German business
a second time. If I were transferred into
the middle of it; alright, but this
gradual coming up to something
which you know is rotten is not pleasant.
I don't expect our offensive between
Gommecourt Wood and Serre will be
better than July 1.

14. It would appear that the
much talked of offensive is off.
Perhaps for that reason. The German
Kato state that a prisoner stated
that there was a current rumour
in his regt. that an attack would
soon be made on Serre & Tanks.
Called on a girl. Henriette Poisson
of Sartan, only a young girl. She's

supposed to be engaged to
Capt. Cunningham of 3rd F.A. The
first time I spoke to her, the
day we arrived in Sartou I was
much struck with her soft pure
voice. Of course she didn't slip
Brown's eye. She speaks extraordi-
narily softly and good French
too. It's strange how one finds
a person like this amongst the
Poux de Piccardie. I lent her the
2nd Jungle Book in Fr. I wonder how
she'll like it.

17. Arrived at Couin and will
apparently run a Corps. Rest-
house here. If we do we're jolly
lucky that's all I can say.

18. I am tremendously relieved
to feel that there is at least some
likelihood of my not being sent
up to the line in the near future.
There's no doubt that I should
like to be in the thick of it (hope-
less expression, that again; the

excitement of danger, danger that
you can't shrink; the sight of de-
molished trenches, a glimpse
behind that Boche line, that
land of mystery; to see places
that have been in fabled type
about which our paper men
tell the one-sided dreams of truth.
And yet I shrink from it, not
only because I feel the whole
business a bloody farce, the
sorrow, the pain, the desolation
and all that, not only on my
own account do I shrink from
it all but for the sake of the
people at home. If any thing
did happen to me! On the
whole at heart I'm both
brave and cowardly

19/10/16.

I was called out this morning
early by an interpreter, a nephew
of Rotherhead by the way, to attend a
woman in child birth. Here I

Am an M. B. and I have
 never seen a woman confined.
 It's quite true. "I joined the army"
 before I got my obstetrics, had
 my degree handed out to me and
 then you are - M. B., a licensed
 practitioner, member of the
 August Ont. College of Physicians
 and Surgeons. A tant pis! Now
 there are cases when one must
 preserve one's pride. I went. A
 primipara; os about 2 1/2 in dilated,
 pains since 12 midnight and it
 was now 7.15. I went home after
 the examination. The wise ones
 of old experienced men said -
 "about 12 o'clock to-morrow,"
 I'll admit I thought it would
 come off ~~much~~ about 10 or
 11. Anyhow the child was born
 at 8.15. The placenta wouldn't
 come away. Wals came down
 later and things were all
 right. A war baby with

avengence! Father married,
(with a child) in the trenches,
suppose said to have obtained
a divorce against his wife.
He had written a statement
that he wanted the child to bear
his name if possible till he
married the girl and that he
was the father. Blatson says
that this is a "muddy world".
Perhaps. I can't see it just
that way in this instance.

29. I've been busy - very busy
with this Corps Rest place. It isn't
a Rest Stat. at all but a Hd. Qrs.,
Outdoor Surgery, Officer's rest, Scabies
leprosarium, shell shock gas
dump and so on. Now there are
only 3 to run the whole shooting
match. I am rather glad to be
treating the Officers; it's jolly good
experience for me. It's all
very well to treat an O.R. and
to tell him to stand up when

75

his legs can't support him, that
nothing's the matter why
did he cut his boots and so
on. When it comes to beating
the Col's. it's another time.

However, I think I mean a good
fairly. I can subscribe for
the end of a bed now. And are
you feeling to-day. Headache?

Backache better? Bowels moved?
Goda Sal. gr. $\overline{\text{xxi}}$, 3i Castor oil. Then
on to the next.

30. This ~~stuff~~ that was so much
talked of when we ^{1st} came up
is all off. Another, for is it the same
one?) has been put off from day to
day. "To-day must be a day. No, it's
x day," and so on. But it's still in the
wind and to-day I hear the date
is fixed. God help the Infantry.
I feel sure it is going to be another
^{1st} of July ~~with~~ touch or worse.

It can't be worse. I was talking to a chap who expects to get a commission soon who belongs to the 12 Yth. One man out of his platoon is wounded, he himself was carrying bombs, all the rest are done in. It takes some thinking that.

One shouldn't believe some of the stories one hears but I do. They seem to fit into an unfortunate hole in my brain. Some W. Yks. were out on a raiding party and our own chaps let off gas and only a handful got back. Nice thing to think of. People still talk of beating, crushing the Germans, throttling militarism and that. Utter rot. The heavies were blazing away when a general told them for God's sake to stop firing. Their shells were dropping in our own trenches. They couldn't stop till they got the order from H. Q. and it

took two hours to get through. That surely isn't ~~the~~ quite a straight story. But it shows - well it helps to show that we will never crush Germany. As Bion says there's something behind all this that he can't understand. The Gorts. of the Allies - sees that Germany can't be beaten but they still talk about defeating her and are still trying to do it. There's some deep scheme. Perhaps they want to force her down a bit in her demands.

Major Helliwell wrote me to say that he's now flying in France and has been over the lines. "The ground looks as though it had had small-pox." And do you think that with rain and rain, shell holes ^{filled} with water, mud, and uncut wire, machine guns galore

and a barrage against us
we will succeed? I can't think
it.

Nov. 2. The work here is wearisome
Tracy and I had some 90 odd
patients to see this forenoon.
Poor devils! The state they live in
is awful. There's any amount
of the P. O. O. stuff about. I ex-
pect I shall get it my self when
I get here. That shouldn't be
long now for the blankets
in the hospital are very crumby.

I wonder if I shall ever
get out East. I've made a
good stab at getting away
anyhow. The Col. wrote to Safford
at Tazewell down and if Ray
will work the exchange off I go
in all probability. I certainly
think that if there is any chance
of him being sent to Salomisa
it were much better that
we change places. Despite

my reason I can't help thinking he may have T. B. or at least be well on the way. So it would be much better for him to be in France.

Nov. 5. Bad luck is still playing her little game with me. To-day I have a letter from Ray saying that he's ordered off to Mesopotamia - where I want to go. The Col. had a letter from Safford saying that it was too late to arrange for Ray to take my place here. The Col. didn't write soon enough. I seem to have a rotten run of poor luck. Here's hoping it changes sometime soon.

Nov. 21 I hate to start this diary again because I fear I shall be sent up to the trenches again. I was up with King and the bearers at Nebatema on the 13th & 14th. A noisy place that.

Nov. 22 I have a little more courage

to night so I'll continue. When we first came here from Barton of course we expected to be in the straits, almost at once. But it didn't come off. Then it began to look as though our ambulance were more or less of a fixture here and later we were made Corps Rest and some two or three hundred patients were landed in on us in a couple of days. In my foolishness I began to think, well I'll be here even if the straits does come off. The dope was that the 31st was just sending over two B's and that the 93rd hearers would relieve the 95th. That how the ~~origi~~ first plan went. Then everything was off again - 3 days fine weather or some thing like that. It rained, fogged and misted for days on end. Still we were busy in the Rest Station. Then the Col. went to Bethune and of course orders came in for our hearers to go up to

Hebuterne next day. King and I
 with them. We had been up
 in that part of the line once before
 with Bison but that was all we
 knew about the sector. It came
 as rather a surprise. That same
 night we slept at Coigneux, at
 the 95th and next morning left
 for Hebuterne. King went ahead, this
 followed in empty cars and I
 later with the rest of the bearers. I
 had heard enough about Hebuterne
 and Sailly. It had been quite
 warm in these two places. Just
 this side of Sailly I divided my
 men into little groups of about
 10, ~~and~~ with 30 yds. interval between
 squads. Nothing happened on the
 way up. We hadn't been there
 long, however, when they began
 sending them over. A whizz bang
 dropped, as it seemed right
 among ~~had~~ some of our men on
 the road. Johnston, Ray's servant,

got it in the back and head, a
Blighty. I didn't see him after
he was hit. King took up the
majority of the hearers and
I trailed about on police duty
more or less. Buxton couldn't
find Sonis, nor could I. It's
a rotten place, right near Bⁿ
H.Q., left sector where there are
batteries. The enemy planked
in heavy stuff. A veritable target.
I kept dogging about, took over the
walking wounded dug out in
Horne for a while, messed about
the A.D.S. and soup kitchen and
Sonis. As a matter of fact there
wasn't really very much doing
and the casualties were not
heavy. As luck would have
it our two Bⁿs did gain their
objective with very few casualties
but the 3rd Div. didn't take
Sere on our right. So you
wonder! Any how, none of us

had the disagreeable job of carrying wounded from the Bosch front line, across no man's land. Most of the casualties occurred in the German lines and stayed there. By three o'clock the ~~rest~~ attacking Bns were coming back, what was left of them. A good many seem to have been made prisoner. The buterne is a rotten hole and no mistake. Col. Counsel, CO. 93 FA. got hit near the Soup Kitchen and died in the C. C. S. not too far of gas gangrene. The village has been a mark for the Germans so long that they can drop a shell when and where they like.

Our period of duty was over, at ten o'clock but owing to slowness of reliefs it must have been about 1 a.m. before we left for Coignieux. And then a party was left behind. The lads didn't want to stay in

He but turned over night and I don't blame them for that, so I took him back, which didn't please old Knop. However, the billets ~~in~~ in the village were none too good I imagine and I saw no reason why the men should stay there over night. One shell might easily do for a good number of them. It's a long tiresome walk back to Cognac but everyone was keen to get away.

Next morning we started to march up and most of the men got a lift in Am. Ambulance Cars which were sent down to pick us up to hurry the evacuation. There was little work doing that day. At night I can tell you. The boys made tracks for home. King and I didn't waste much time either stopping down the streets of the village. The corner just beside the soup

Kitchen was shifted into the street -
A perfect mess.

Anyhow I was glad our little
job was over. It might have
been very nasty.

Nov. 22. Bron left today. He's
been shunted out by de Brally and
de Beutenille in an under hand way.
He'll be missed for he certainly
filled a place that is hard to
do justice to - the general batt.

2 Met Alan Shennstone in Coisneand
had him over to dinner. He is
much older but a good chap
and not the man of the world
yet.

24 - Stories than can hardly be
fold in every drawing room -

Hearts are trumps.

At go on - gimme me cap teacher.

Blind man and bath.

More chocolate

Bugger off bit

Shut up then she owes me

summat

If you was wounded where I was

now you wouldn't have been
wounded at all.

Wrest 'em - jolly well ~~blow~~ blow
'em to pieces.

An old man should never
marry a young woman. It's like
lending buying books for your friends
to read.

Trimmed with white with a dash of
heliotrope ~~thru~~ here and there.

~~Wir werden das Kind schon sehen~~

24. A sick Boche was discharged
to-day. He had been in hospital only a
few days but the companionship -
well perhaps not that, because of the
difficulties of language - between
our Tommie and him was quite
apparent. He was a cheery soul; only
19 and had been in the line only
9 days. And yet we should hate
the people. I can't. Individually
one can't; as a nation, perhaps.
Certainly they haven't played
the game squarely, so it would seem.

It's a pretty low trick to turn a fight that's killed for a referee to run the show into a rough and tumble, catch as catch can performance. They seem to have done that and pretty well attempted to lay out the referee as well. I wish I could hear their side of things. I think they had better call off the war at once. Unless something little short of a miracle happens it's going to be a draw anyway. Some colossal blunder on one side or the other may make some difference. The point to my mind is - is it worth while to sacrifice so much for a possible and probable advantage, though certainly that advantage will be very slight. Obviously the recent gains on the Somme haven't been worth the candle. It looks like murder to send men

out across no man's land
through mud that is almost
impossible when the Boche is
waiting with his machine guns
and his snipers ready. It's
folly. Doubtless all dictated
by political expediency. I
don't wonder at the ingratitude
of France, it's only natural.
England as a nation has
gone put - a failure.

24/12/16 Heiligerabend once more.
what a change! Last year in the
Bay of Biscay, perched up in that little
box I called fatal on the Ma Lakuta.
I remember how I opened my presents
then. 10. night - in an Armstrong at
Cove. The big guns shake the hut.
Old Humphry is groaning out his
metal. Machine guns firing "salvo".
And I think of the Prince of Peace - will
it ever come? not for a long long
time yet.

But I'm comfortable here - very.

I've learned a bit this last year
 but I've lost a great deal of romance,
 for want of a better word. I don't know
 just what it is. But the world is
 more business-like to me. I mean
 not better ordered but that each
 person is out for himself, his own
 little till and he'll ring in your
 last shilling with mechanical
 callousness. People; life is sordid. Not
 all nor always but I seem to expect
 it more. This talk of love - or what
 to them seems the substitute of love,
 really only sex passion - at the dinner
 table, any time. It's bound to
 have some effect on one I suppose.
 At Colleston it used to sicken
 me. Now I never really notice
 it. It's as much stock in trade
 as a khaki tunic and is as little
 surprising.

Two candles were burning at
 King's table. I rested my head
 on the box beside my bed; closed

condition under which I
might have obtained my leave.
Nothing happened in Bewley's
office. I got away pleased
with myself. What a relief to
leave all this stuff. It gets
on one's nerves. There's the
O.C. - he has always treated
me well reasonably decently
at least for an O.C. But
he's unscrupulously sel-
fish - One follows pretty
well on the other though I
think he's selfish pre-
dominantly. Everything must
be sacrificed to his interest.
His job's just a wee bit too
big for him. He may be
growing into it; I think he
is. But he's never grown
into it sufficiently to back
up or stick out for his officers.
Blake. Knox does that any-
way and he gets things. Murphy

were obviously not got at
 Corbin. Old Hugh has lost
 interest; he's something up his
 sleeve - a C.C.S. certainly. One
 can hardly blame him
 for we did do well on the
 1st July and he got nothing
 out of it - unless he's in the
 honours published while
 I've been on board. Neither
 he nor his men got any
 immediate award. As things
 go and considering how
 M.C.'s are doled out, the
 Am balance should have
 got something I think. So
 one can hardly blame
 him for being a bit sore.
 If he did get a C.C.S. he'd
 you drop a bit of money
 and he owes them a
 lot of that. I think Col. Connel's
 death put the wind up
 Hughie a bit and perhaps

naturally and rightly. I
wonder when and ~~if~~ if I
do get back whether he'll be
gone. He might quite well
be. Anyhow another C.

might he in fact be worse.

Then there's Diddy - We've
been getting along ever more
together and yet he'd
let you down. He can't
help it - he's born to let
people down & when there's
any chance of himself getting
his head in a noose. And
then he sometimes disgusts
me: The night, for example,
when I went in to ask
him advice about my leave
application. I really wanted
someone to talk things over
a bit with - and Diddy was
drunk. Oh very drunk. Some-
how that did disgust me -
not his being drunk, just

that one can't rely on him. And yet he's been kind to me in many ways. Diddy would be an absolute wash-out if he hadn't a decent wife.

Then there's C.P. He's been decent and yet he seems a great deal older than I, at times too cynical, bad tempered and lacking in hope of any sort, too much like the worst qualities in Diddy about him. He'll jump to take one side in a discussion as stick at to it like over used gum to the hewing of your flocked.

King? - well King is a ball chaps. Perhaps I have ~~no~~ more in common with him than any of the others. He's cultured, a

gentleman usually, and
True blue. Only this blue
is some times too intense -
he'll follow the blue when
he should back the grey
to any way of thinking. He
must get down & just to
be a gentleman, must fill
your glass too full of whisky
(just to be the false shadow
of a gentleman. He hasn't
just enough starch in
his back bone at times
to do the square thing.

Walker - He's too young
and hasn't enough of youth.
Longstuf - well he's too
English, too slow, too block
headed.

Addey - Too anscrupulous
and censorious. Though he
has the virtue of making
no bones about that. He's
a pleasant sort of fellow

I have about. And he runs the Co.

Blaker - one of the - better Englishmen and really not so bad at all. He's

Billy Ross + in his manner. He'd be interested if you told him you had a wart on your head 10 yrs. ago and cured it by rubbing it with cat meat.

That's our little lot. I don't think it's so bad, on the whole and I suppose I should have been happier than I was.

So that's what I've left p.t. and God knows whether I'll be back again or not. Messrs. for help but not to take because ~~at~~ I don't intend to sign on for a 3rd year, at present at any rate and the W.O. would hardly send me if I hadn't

a year to do, or nearly a
year. They've sent Ray though
It would be a much less joke
if I got orders at St. John
to proceed to Saloniki or Mesopot.

I spent Christmas day at the
Ambulance - a good deal of
false and very ~~flat~~ gaiety.
I hear some of the lads cleaned
up on the S.M. and I don't blame
them for that. They were lucky
to get the chance. Then I
left in the evening - to
Achoux. I was quite sorry
to leave the lads and
particularly Hunt - it
made his tears come
into my eyes. What a strange
sort of a fool I am - and
it's the only thing that
gives me any confidence
in myself, by the way. In-
stead of going into the front
to have a feed and booze

he didn't. No, he was feeling
 despondent and anyhow he
 didn't hold with feasting
 one day and going back
 to the same old thing the
 next day. What a Philosopher!
 He wasn't glad to see
 me go. Another thing I
 must chronicle for my
 own conceit - Mason, Vaddy's
 servant said. "When you're
 gone you won't think too
 badly of the English, will
 you Sir, when you're gone?"
 "Why," I said. "Well all the
 colonial officers have been
 so much better than the
 English and I'm ashamed
 of them. I'm going to Canada
 or America as soon as the
 war's over." And Grogan -
 half drunk he said. "Good
 bye Sir - ha, ha, you know
 what I mean, ha, ha, you're

The only gentleman left
Sir, ha, ha, I mean to
say you know what I
mean. #

Hugh might have sent
the Car to Doullens but he
didn't.

We were nicely dumped
at Caudas at about 2. am.
The train left at 6 am. and it
was cold and wet. We missed
the boat at Calais so had
to stay over night. I bought a
pr. of silk Pyjamas there
which were to be for Frida but
they're too big. I ^{wore} used them
at the Savoy next night just
to be in keeping.

Saw George Macdonald on
the boat and Hugh and Mrs. L.
Thompson who left a day later
for Conin.

When I got to Lond. I
went to the W.D. at once

That was on the 27th and I
 wanted to get the boat
 on the 29th. Nothing could
 be done till 12 noon next-
 day - 28th. Then I went to the
 Foreign Office. Closed. Then
 to see Tib and back to Town
 to have dinner to Hugh.
 This was the night - of the bad
 fog. It was extraordinary.
 I had to get a kid to lead
 me about. Started for
 Orington - 9.45 train. In
 an hour and a half I had
 got as far as Cannon
~~Street~~ so I got out and
 went back to Town. Mean-
 while I met a chap who
 turned out to be extremely
 useful to me. He was
 folding up a plan of
 "The Allan Line" boat
 and I hazarded a
 question about the time of

Sailing from Lpool. I
found out enough from him
to go to the Can. Transport
Office off Regent St. and there
say Sively and Hanna. The
latter gave me some wrinkles
and showed Mr. Allan here,
Mr. Maxwell - and asked him
to give me reduced fare.
But I fall on the 28th I went
to the W.O. quite early and
finally got my permission to
leave for Canada. The Foreign
Office could give me no
satisfaction. 3-4 days seemed
the normal time for a passport
to go through and I would
have been much at a loss
had Hanna not told me
that it was possible to proceed
without passport. However
I filled out the blanks and on
go went to ~~Self~~ Pidgeon to get
an outfit of civies which

didn't take long. Then got my
 photo taken for passport, money,
 and by that time it was nearly
 4 pm. London moves slowly
 even when one tries hardest
 to hurry. But Tib and
 Barton. Went to Clapham with
 Tib and had dinner. Jim's
 a sweet little kid. ~~He~~ Stayed
 there the night and got a
 taxi for Town early in the
 morning. Of course it was
 a bit of a rush, I expected
 it to be for my train left
 Euston 10.20. I had instructed
 Mr. Selfridge to send my
 clothes to Dean Hotel which
 he promised faithfully
 to do on the 24. They weren't
 there and it was 8.15. Telephoned
 the store and got no satis-
 faction except that it
 would open at 8.30 but it
 didn't. I got I took my

trunk with me. I was taking
no chances. My salesman
was I ~~was~~ got in too with
the employees but found
my salesman not there. I
started to get a second com-
plete rigout and had almost
completed it when my first
outfit turned up. I could
have fooled Mr. Selfridge
and his emporium far
into Eternity.

These paralytic rushes
are very trying. You sit so
composed in a taxi mentally
torturing yourself by trying
to make it go faster. But
the driver is granite to the
dictates of psychological suggestion
and unfortunately you
~~can~~ know that. Eventually
I had to wait some consider-
able time for his taxi.

I could hardly persuade

myself that I was going to get off. So much so that I tried to make myself believe that the train didn't leave from Coston ~~at~~ but with only divided success.

I rather dread going home ~~now~~ now after all. Still there's nothing else for it and I don't want there to be anything else.

Jan. 20. I sailed on the *Mississippi* C.P.R. at reduced rate $\frac{1}{2}$ + railway fare. This is a reduction by half. She's not a bad boat, new, clean and moderately fast but small. This is the first time that I have travelled across the Atlantic in 1st class. The Northland! Of course the *Minna Minnesofia* wasn't bad but she was a cropper and can't be counted as travelling 1st class.

There was a queer crowd on board Col. Murphy - Staff (Gen. G. Can. I believe) and stillen looked I fancy; Col. Perrean R. M. C. who

has been over on a Cook's tour
in N.: a very good sort, one of
those Englishmen who have
travelled a bit and are not too
arrogant. There are few pleasant
people to meet than an English-
man of that type. He wants to
make Canada his home which
is also decidedly in his favour.
There were a number of invalided
Officers and a bout 200 odd men. A
couple, newly weds, interested me a good
deal. Charles DeLator who married
a Harrogal girl from the Akanagan. She
is one of the healthiest, huskiest animals
I have ever seen. I find these girls attract
me a good deal - as a type. Think her
mental attitude towards religion and
God is ~~about~~ typical of a great many
young people of the present day - a
ruthlessness, fearlessness, boldness in
discussing such things; ~~is~~ vague,
indefinite, fantastic in her con-
ception. I suppose one could class

her as a theosophist, though I must confess I haven't a clear conception of ~~the~~ what that is exactly. Atheism is too crude for her, or is it out of fashion, or has she too much sense? - I can't ~~be~~ say.

Perhaps with some crisis passed through she will fall on her feet - somewhere. Godness knows she must have had some experience by now - married twice and only 27.

17/8/17 I've been reading Elhanan Frome by Edith Wharton. It gives me a feeling of vague foreboding, a sickly helpless feeling - why must lives be like this! I'm still ^{childish} young enough to feel that I should like to avert the impending disaster. That's utterly foolish.

12/1/18. Et le sujet en fut
tout naturellement l'éternelle
lamentation canadienne: la
plainte sans révolte contre
le fardeau écrasant du long hiver.
Maria Chappellaine
Louis Hémond

Mouche, mouche diabolique,
mon nez n'est pas une
place publique! Maria Chapdelaine.

— à leur musique
sur aigüe se mêlait le
bourdonnement des terribles
mouches noires, et le
tout emplissait le bois
comme un grand cri sans
fin. Ibid.

Lorsqu'une femme peut
apporter, dans sa volonté
ou son désir, un semblant
de logique, il n'y a point
de recours. Ene Victorieuse

Son amour n'était pas
exempt d'alliage. L'amour
absolument pur n'existe pas.
C'est l'alliage qui fait
souvent la force des
sentiments humains, aussi.

bien que ~~elle~~ celle de
certain mé'aux. Eve Victorieuse.