

incessantly coming in the distance,
troops and convoys are continually
passing. —
Apr. 2. What if I go to Australia? The
question has been in my mind for
the last few days and I confess I
am flooded. Supposing I did go, to
what? Start again — not life, no, but
a career that has in all truth
never really begun. Why stick
to the old bella-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 neat
finger post. The vision of me
a human of forty, successful,
respected and all that, doing
the right thing and having

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people say, "there's a man now who
has done just the right thing." I
don't like this vision. It comes
to me again and again. Why not
go my way, fail, then help, even
likely. No matter, I'd be
myself. I could make a glorious
failure and probably out 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 that
I don't see will be evacuated. The
evacuation will be in some the through
the trenches. If this business turns
out all right I shall never again
have reason to be pessimistic about
anything.

June 28. 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 20. I often think we
eventually cannot win the
war. Not that I am un-
duly pessimistic, I hope.
If anyone is to win the
war for us it will be
the Russians and some-
times I feel that their
efforts will pay 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, per haps
enough to see to which way
the wind blows. We will
see.

It seems strange how completely one
can forget the war. I guess absolutely. Not
a thing, all an event, all a uniform, not
even the guns makes one remember. I
put on my trousers, my pullover and all and
I never stop an instant to think "Oh, this
silly old job!" After all it's should one
after seeing nothing else for a
year and more. Yet it all seems
very strange being in the midst of
events the whole world is cradled on,
being indeed a part of them and not
giving them a thought. When you
are (as 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 ordinari-
ly I would give another thought
and yet I would should have
to live with these same fellows
day in day out. I felt like an
uninterested spectator, rather
resentful and as if badly

cheated by fate. Some how Pison
seems 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 that
an extraordinary fool I've seen
what I might have done: - 1) Austria,
2) Canada, 3) Chile and Ecuador, 4) Ab.
5) if I'd known the ropes and used
what I had at my disposal, 6) his position
in India. All open to me if I had
agreed on in France. At present
I am doing work that might be
better done by the varied character-
head. And in the tomatoes what
more? - a Sgt.'s job. The whole
bloody thing's a colossal farce.

The latest to-day is that Genl. Haig
is reported to have said the war began
July 1st 1914. 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
Germ. will give in now. I've seen de Luce
that we can beat them. Once the dog of the
Yates land is raised they will shirk him.
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, as fate may bring
in the good books, the next odd job
that turns up will fall to me.

I shall never forget when coming
home ward in Park Way AVE. during
our 1st July stunt. The way clock a clock
with a retro lens and picture going
outward and the dog staff coming

over from the speches. You could
hear the gun then the zigzag. They
were after TROVON on the 20th and
I was about mid way between
the two. In an ordinary march
you can recover to swing to one
side or the other but in this way
there are no reverses and it
runs parallel to the gun fire.
I heard the third gun behind
and then the zigzagging straight
for me as tho' it would catch
me there I used to sit in days
gone by. In a hole, well placed
the side of that wretched trench with
my foot.
By night I have two beauti-
ful robes at my feet.
Rose de France and R. de Dijon.
I'm getting my feet all down-
cast - the last few days.
It seems as though I were
almost alone out here, I should
wish I were.

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I've had a little patch of country
practice. What a lovely thing it
may become! A girl of 16 faint-
ed in the fields while at work - ca.
stipit. No. 102, India Gal; a woman
with a sept. leg, since 8, 15 mos
duration, ger. bomb - operation,
trac. eroded, saline discharges; a
baby with rectal ? 102-4/64. 2 1/2
letting - 199. Calcutt; an old woman
with swollen ankles and headache
- sept. 102; a woman with severe
pan. vagin. pain in back. man.
thorax severe ant. ant. phlegm.
nodular 102. 100 cur. cur. cur.
egot. pt. hor. large 5. album.
July 24 severe head phlegm. - i. d.
Advanced. wapt. a woman with
7th ant. stipit. - No. 10, i. j. ant. a
man 20 fever. cond. stipit. i. d.,
an old woman - pain in hip.
- lam. - the old man
auricular - ft. but. - dig. talis;

a middle aged woman
"decorated" about as leaders. V's
quellish and lie! I could
certainly not bring my
self to practice to be this
without a very great effort.
The local gals come soldiers
bring a 'egot for haemo-py or
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
the white wine is not a stimulant
but a depressant of the 1st order.

It is extraordinary how easily
we forget 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
Vauclaves, even at Guffy when
the guns could be heard

but faintly.

The poor devils coming up from
the bottom have certainly had a
rougher time than we have by a
long shot. What an a hole hell
it must have been. It would
surely have been the same for
us if we had got to end beyond
the 4th lines. The day with men
particularly the bearers. The plans
made by the Staff and the way
they did it would be a
huge joke if it weren't such
a grim affair in reality.

There we are after over a
month's offensive about four
miles at the farthest east of
our original line. And the
cost! Incredible! It is silly
to talk of ground gained as so
many miles here, so many
hours. I think all that is
the terrain, the moral victory
the number of lives put out

Factor and a thousand
other things that really
are the important factors.
yet, I can't get it out of
my head that the
Comme Pensive is not
all that it is cracked up
to be. Unless you can
get the backbone the run
the business is over, finished.
They'll just build defenses
behind and it will mean
the same gas & vice. Is it
worth it and can it be
done?

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

Then, I am kind, I am unselfish
I am thoughtful - all this all
series. I wonder; but just at
these moments I'll be figuring
out something or acutely
conscious that there is a fly
buzzing on the window pane,
that the pictures are a 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 is a
few, a rather down scotchman
D 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
live in Calverley's place live
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 something in me must be good and I so want it to be really part of me and help and feel. All the rest the shell is egotism. Yesterday a girl, 24 or so died of St. B. She had been under my care for a few days. It is 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 I went to the burial service at the church of the girl who died of St. B. I went partly out because partly out of kindness to

give pleasure to the parents. ~~At~~ we entered the church they were singing the Dies Irae in which, as a musical production I was a bit appalled. Of course there was no organ. I wonder if the people and particularly the civic mind are any going through with this at the time of O. J. S. I can, however, as some do that I am not a Romanist.

Walked with Henri Purcell and his wife's friend to the forest of Kieffe. On the way crossed the canal in a ferry boat.

Had a music lesson with Beckett, a scottish trained fellow but really an artist of the type. At anything else he is a washout - can't even run a potting job, forgot to take a sketch. I am not to write my last part out. I shall not

Straighten! Ray's letter from
Switzerland came this morning and I
am afraid it is but the first answer
I shall get that will put me in a de-
termined mood, or worse.

I am keeping up a dull activity
in making dolls, or will, going
to the park, playing golf and taking
lessons of with Robert on Bay St.

1891/12. Don - ^{there's} ~~the~~
don't let's get the brain. But then
at the forum or organ he said
and "after all he can do some
thing and do it well." I was
backed up of soap; I thought I'd
go off my hump. The J. I'm
on parade I'll think of the
things I should be studying in
Latin. He writes and I'll see
I remember but that's all.
Then when I am thinking
about these things I get
suddenly caught on the parade

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

They're the same now
at a standstill - one sees
but glances like champagne
to advance in the ~~proceedings~~
the German against Verdun.
The rest!

But extraordinary elements pre-
dominate in the character. Two young
girls and an old man of 80 crying
over absolutely nothing. Sgt. Burtell and
the two Grand Comrades.

There's a big gap here. A sudden
stop of tears and I'm much the
same as before. I think I'm suffering
from. Introspection of this sort is
just less. I'd had had sooner
I think I should have picked off to
Australia with A.B. But then I
don't know; it would have been
a selfish thing to do. By accident