

Base Ordnance Depot #1,
A.P.O. # 701, Am. E. F.,
France.

January 15th, 1919.

Dear Mother [handwritten]:

A diary kept while on a seven-day leave to Nice:

Tuesday- December 31, 1918.

I left St. Nazaire last evening about nine o'clock and arrived in Paris at seven-fifteen this morning. I rode that distance and that length of time for less than two dollars. A soldier rides over here on one-fourth fare when he pays any fare at all. Most of the tickets I have bought I am keeping as souvenirs. I did not learn until today that I should have secured transportation from the R.T.O. before leaving. I would then have been relieved of that expense.

I am traveling alone. The French that I haven't [*sic*] got would probably help me out many times. However, I surprise myself at the way I get along. But now is the best time in history to travel in France without a knowledge of French. One is seldom out of sight of an American soldier, and most of the French now know a few words of English.

I had scarcely got into Paris station when I met a person I knew. It was one of the Y.M.C.A. girls I had met over here. The World is too small to get away from people we know if we were even to try.

The M.P. at the station would give me permission to remain in Paris only twelve hours, so I resolved to find some solution for that. I went up town to the office of the Provost Marshall and told him I was too tired to travel on a French train the next night. I also knew that Paris was ahead of me for that day, and that evening would be New Year's eve – the last and only one I ever expect to spend in Paris. He was generous enough to give me until seven-thirty the next morning – the time the next train left.

“So this is Paris!”-- the thought which I suppose comes to most everyone on arriving in that city. It was damp and foggy when I arrived and remained that way during most of the day. After getting my stop-over continued I set out to find the Hotel du Pavillion – a hotel run by the Y.M.C.A. which had been recommended to me. I was settled in the hotel by about ten o'clock. I went first to the Notre Dame cathedral because it was not far from the hotel, and I wished to return by noon. It is an immense building. The interior, lighted

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with tapers, gave its halls a sort of wierd [*sic*] effect. A guide or bum – I am not sure which – who soaked me three or four prices for a map, insisted on showing me the place. I think he expected a tip, but I did not feel in the mood to tip him for showing me his church, if it was his,-- and besides, I would have preferred not to have been troubled by him as he was compelled to

talk to himself most of the time, thru my lack of knowledge of his tongue. Regardless of my guide, the trip thru the cathedral was exceedingly interesting to me. It is wonderful to see what beautiful churches the people of France have erected.

After visiting Notre Dame I returned to the Hotel. I had been so busy that I had not taken time to eat breakfast. I ordered dinner, and the order was so slow in coming – one French custom to which the American cannot adjust himself – that one-thirty came. As I had arranged to go with a sight-seeing party at that hour, I got up from the table just as a fine fish was placed on my plate, though I was quite hungry. That was the last I saw of food until six-thirty – twenty-four hours in which I had eaten but two small pieces of chocolate. But the trip was well worth the sacrifice. We visited Napoleon's tomb and saw them taking out the dirt which had been placed in to protect the fine statuary during the time the Germans were bombing Paris. You see they had no idea of abandoning the city. His tomb is located in a building which he himself erected as a home for wounded French soldiers. I never knew until I came to France how nearly sacred the name “Napoleon” is to the French people. The art in the tomb is wonderful. Mansart, the builder, has so made and constructed the glass in the windows over the alter that it reflects a light on the alter which has the appearance of sunlight even on the cloudiest day or an hour after the sun has set,-- a work which he himself was never able to reproduce, though often he tried. In the court in front of the tomb are various relics of war, each having its own peculiar significance. I noticed this, that everything that is considered really worth while in France is touched with a military aspect. I suppose that comes from her numerous wars. It will be a great day when she can divert her military energies to peaceful pursuits, – and she certainly needs to do so.

During the afternoon we visited the Eiffel Tower – the construction of which is considered one of the greatest engineering feats in history. The tower was erected by Eiffel, a French engineer, with a little additional aid from the French government when his own funds were exhausted. I believe it was erected in 1889. It is nine hundred eighty-four feet high and the base covers four acres of ground. A small platform at the top which looks as thou it might cramp a dozen, I was told would furnish comfortable standing-room for eight hundred people. There is a wireless station at the top – the finest in the world – on which France caught nearly all of Germany's wireless messages during the present war.

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From there we visited the Louvre Museum. It was closed and did not remain there long. We then came down past one of the old bridges across the Seine. I do not recall the name. It was built at a very early period and is of historical importance in some of the early conquests. It shows great skill in masonry. Its decorations are very artistic – thousands of francs having been spent for the sole purpose of pleasing the eye.

A short distance from the bridge we came to “Le Pantheon de la Guerre”. In one hall we saw some wonderful paintings – portraits – of the famous French leaders in the present war, by _____ . From that room we passed thru a long, dark hallway that our eyes might be prepared for the next painting that was to greet them. We came out into a platform in the center of the cylindrically shaped room. I never expect to see a finer work of art than the one which surrounded me. The painting covered the entire sides of the circular room. It showed a

relief map of France, marking the towns and cities near the front. "Verdun" was engraved in the letters of gold, for it was there France sacrificed five hundred thousand of her noble sons. Down at the bottom or front were all the Allied Armies marching in towards each other. The prominent men and officers of the various countries were shown in the foreground. Their portraits were very distinct. America was pictured as answering the call. You saw the cowboy from the West, the mill-worker from the East, and various others too numerous to mention, all coming to serve the country they love. The person who never appreciated any other art would appreciate that. The light effect adds greatly to the painting. Words seem so useless in trying to describe it. If there were nothing else in France worthy of note, I think their art would go a long way as a redeeming feature.

I returned to the hotel about six and ate supper – something for which I was well ready. I felt almost too tired to go out on the Street, but deciding, or hoping at least, that I would not be spending next New Year's eve in Paris, I went out to see how they would celebrate. There were many people out, but everything was quiet and the only excitement I saw was one taxi run into another and the drivers cursing each other. I think they were, but I could not tell a word they said. I soon went back to the hotel and "turned in". I was curious to know how a real bed would seem, for I had not slept on one since April. And it seemed like only about two minutes until I was called for my train, although it was in reality about eight hours.

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Wednesday – January 1, 1919.- New Year's Day.

I caught a train for Nice at seven-fortyfive [*sic*] this morning, expecting to stop at Leon over night, but the M.P.'s would not let us out of the station, so I had to get back on the train. Our train arrived in Marseilles about two o'clock in the morning and we had to wait in the station until about five-fifteen for a train to Nice – another instance in which the M.P.'s would not let us out of the station. I went to a Red Cross establishment to get something to eat. I was not hungry for I had just eaten a big meal in the dining car about eight o'clock, but thought eating would be the easiest way to pass the time. It was a French Red Cross. I wish you could have seen the crowd of soldiers in there, – they were from all parts of the Earth, and I do not know whether any came from anywhere else, or not. I doubt it. Babylon would have been a one-horse place when compared with that. I defy any person to name a language that was not spoken there. Well, thanks for a good meal I had earlier in the evening, for I never got within three yards of any window, and there were about six. And the Red Cross girls that remain in those places during the nights and look after the wants of the men who are passing thru! I believe they ought to have a special star to their credit, for they are doing a great work. I smile to myself when I think of some of them – girls who never did a day's work before they came here, are now going thru the same routine as the soldier and cannot complain. And none of them ever seem to think of complaining. They are not as bad about that as the soldier.

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Thursday – January 2, 1919.

When I got on the train for Nice I happened to get in a compartment with a young chap

about sixteen who had been away at school about six months and in that time had learned to speak almost perfect English. He was very interesting.

The trip from Marseilles to Nice was wonderfully beautiful. The sun came up over the mountain tops bright and clear that morning, and the day was fine. The section thru which we passed was a fruit-growing country, and the people had the appearance of being much more energetic [*sic*] than in the section I had been accustomed to. They had fine homes and well-kept farms. They looked more like American farms. My impression of France was very much improved. The weather began to get warmer as we left Marseilles.

We reached Nice about five o'clock and were assigned to hotels. I was fortunate to draw a beautiful sea-side hotel – Beau Rivage – where I can look directly out upon the Mediterranean. I have a fine room, a fine bed, and Brussels carpet, -- some contrast to barracks life in France. I see now

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I did not appreciate a life like that when in the States. I thought a hotel of anykind [*sic*] a poor place to live. Now it seems great to be in one. I have on my old “hob-nails”. They seem odd on Brussels carpet and tile floors. When I get on the tile floors with them I imagine I can appreciate the sensation our horses have when coming on the concrete floor of our barn. I feel somewhat as though I might be on skates.

I am now settled for seven days – until the tenth day of January, and counting on a great week.

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Friday- January 3. 1919.

I got up about 7:45 this morning. You see the habit of early-rising seems to have grown upon me so that I could not sleep very late, even though I had the opportunity. I have a bed that seems to have springs and a mattress about two feet thick, -- at least, that is the way it seems after being accustomed to about two inches of hay in an old tick. I do not need to say I slept well. It would be almost as logical to say a fish swam when put in water, although I have heard fellows say they could not sleep the first night or two after getting into a good bed. Well, toilet completed, I went down to a fine breakfast. After breakfast I started out to find a place where I could get a coat pressed while I'd wait. You see, I did not bring an extra suit with me for two reasons, -- first, I did not wish to be troubled with unnecessary baggage, and second, I did not have but the one. I have seen times that such a predicament as that might have worried me, but I have got over that since I came into the Army. The first places I struck were French establishments where in a Jewish manner I made it understood what I desired. A little incident I heard a fellow mention illustrates about the style of French we often speak. Two American soldiers went into a French store. One professed to know and speak French. As they entered he stopped at one of the counters to chat with one of the French clerks while the other made a purchase. The purchases being made, and being unable to tell the clerk that she had given him the wrong amount of change, he called on his knowing comrade to help him out. He stepped up

to the lady at the cash drawer and said: "Parlez vous Francais", to which she replied: "Wie, wie". "Well, then why in the H--- don't you give him back his right change". I got the coat pressed finally, although I am not sure that I can tell it by its looks this evening.

About 10:30 I met two fellows I became acquainted with last evening, and we took the eleven o'clock train to Monte Carlo, arriving there about 12:30.

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I would like to be able to describe the trip from Nice to Monte Carlo, but words seem so utterly useless when one has looked upon such beautiful scenery. It almost equals the scenery I saw at Colorado Springs. It is of a different type. The mountains near the coast are not quite as high as Pike's Peak, but they drop off suddenly into the water. Man's work characterizes the scenery to so much greater extent than at the Springs. I believe that when God made the Alpine Mountains he intended as many people as possible to see them. There is no doubt that they preached one of the greatest sermons I ever heard. God made the gift to man, and man arranged roads and railways and buildings that mankind could see and enjoy that gift. The tramway follows the shore, though several hundred feet above the water level at many places. Rocks hang out over the car track in some places, and to look up you could see rocks directly over you almost a thousand feet above. Millions of tons of masonry, the finest I ever saw, have been placed in the mountainside to support the roads and buildings, and also, to support farms. And that it may appeal all the more to the individual, the Almighty has seen fit to make its foliage green while the Northern countries lie cold and dismal. Thousands of orange and lemon trees yellow with fruit grow on the little terraces on the mountain sides.

The sun shone bright and warm most of the day. It rained some this afternoon and evening. The waves are rolling up high onto the shore, and makes me glad I am in a comfortable room instead of out on them. This is quite unusual here I understand. They have had no rain in six weeks. My hotel is almost on the water's edge. I get full benefit of the music of the waves.

We reached Monte Carlo – not such a very large town, but all fine buildings – most of them being expensive hotels. The Casino is the building in which the gambling halls are located. It is there that fortunes have come and gone by one turn of the wheel or by the drawing of a single card; it is there that men and women have let go the earnings of a life-time to satisfy the god of fortune; it is there that men, after having staked the last dollar and lost, have gone down and in the clear waters of the Mediterranean ended everything. I sat there today and thought of those things, and watched those who were walking by. They were all there today – from the young sport with his cane and monacle [*sic*] to the old man with his cane who by reason of age had doubled his monacle. I wondered how the young sport missed the Army and why the old man was there. This was all from without. A man in uniform is not permitted in during gambling hours – from ten to ten. That, I believe, is a good thing, for most of the fellows who go there would play if they know they would lose, simply to say they had played at Monte Carlo.

Last I visited the little principality of Monaco

-Break-

proper, separate from any other country, with its own government and a real live Prince ruling. It is in this principality that Monte Carlo itself is located. The principality proper is really nothing but a small arm extending out into the sea – a plateau about two hundred feet high. I visited a very nice museum while there, but one which does not begin to compare with the Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh. I arrived too late to get into the palace. I understand it is very interesting. The Palace [*sic*] was erected in 1215 by the Genoese, Fulco de Castello, and has been improved at various times since. Persons are permitted to go inside twenty minutes daily, from two to five when the prince is absent. I am told that he spends most of his time in Paris. The college de la Visitation, conducted by the Jesuits, is also located there.

After that we caught a car back to Nice. It rained some this evening.

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Saturday-January 4, 1919-Morgan's Birthday.

I got up this morning about eight o'clock – and had not been disturbed by the sound of a bugle. There is a song, which, though being a little pathetic, nevertheless, appeals to me at times. It is a song I never heard sung by anyone but a soldier, and is entitled “Someday We're Going To Kill the Bugler”. I went down to a good breakfast about 8:45 – I could not go much later because the dining room closes at the early hour of nine. Then I went over to the Y.M.C.A. The Y.M.C.A. building is what is known as the Casino – formerly, a gambling hall, but now taken over as a place to entertain the fellows who are here on leave. It is a wonderfully fine building and very attractive.

This afternoon I climbed up to the top of the Chateau – a cliff rising almost perpendicular from near the shore to an altitude of several hundred feet, and has served as a fort and natural protection to Nice thru numerous wars, even down to the time of the Phoenicians and the Massalites who founded Nice in 350. While up there I met a fellow by the name of Keener, belonging to the medical corps, who went there with me. We went thru the Catholic and Israelitish [*sic*] Cemeteries. We lingered in the cemeteries for quite a long time. That may seem strange to you, but it would not if you saw the cemeteries. They were filled with tombs and monuments of immense proportions, and of still more immense prices. Fortunes had been placed in them. It was not one or two, but all. I thought the people must feel that the places of those dead in

-Break-

Heaven would probably be proportioned to the monument erected to their memories. The grave-digger showed us into one of the vaults that he had just opened to receive another infant member of the family – “petite” as he called it. The caskets in there were finely ornamented, but Death's solemn stillness reigned just the same. In the same cemetery I visited the tomb of Gambetta, the great French patriot, of whom France is justly proud. It was just about dusk when we came to the gates. A funeral procession was entering. I had never before seen the same kind of funeral. The horses to the hearse were covered with black velvet, even to, their heads. It had the appearance of the most expensive funeral I had ever seen. It was then that I wondered what places in the

Heavenly Kingdom those would inherit who were sleeping out under the soil of the battle-fields of France with only a little cross of wood to mark their last resting place. Leaving the cemetery, we dropped down over the mountain side to the city again. Not knowing the place very well we wandered into the "slum district" where people exist in places in which we would hesitate to pen our hogs. The children roll around in streets so narrow that one could shake hands with his neighbor across the street, the sunlight seldom reaches them, and they never know there is such a thing as morality. It was then again I wondered why so much wealth was lavished on the dead, and the poor unable to find enough to eat. Why not give flowers while the person still lives, and while the breath may yet catch their fragrance?

I was at the Y.M.C.A. this evening. I met a nurse from one of the hospital units who is also here on leave. We have nurses, Red Cross girls, and Y.M.C.A. girls here. It seems good to be with real American girls again.

It is raining this evening. I guess it followed me here, for it rained in Paris the day I was there, and it rained yesterday and today.

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Sunday-January 5, 1919.

I did not get up very early this morning. I guess I could come back to the habit of sleeping late without any trouble. After breakfast I went up to a studio to look at some proofs of photographs I had taken yesterday. They looked like me I guess. I will sent [*sic*] you some and let you decide. After that I loafed around the "Y" until noon.

-Break-

This after noon [*sic*] I took the tram up the mountain side to a place called Cimiez. I could have walked the trip, but riding is so cheap that I decided not to waste Uncle Sam's shoe leather – probably a slight touch of laziness added to the car's charm, for you know it is warm down here. They charged me two cents up and two back. I should have said four cents up, for I moved from one end of the car to the other – from a second to a first class compartment – and they doubled the fare. I did not know the difference.

Cimiez is an ancient relic of Roman times. It was founded at a very early period, dating back to the 50's, B.C., about three hundred years after Nice was founded. Under the Romans it became a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. It was destroyed by the Lombards in the fourth century. Many of the Roman ruins still remain. The walls are in good condition. I wandered thru it and tried to conceive what a long space of time they had stood there. I think I could study Ancient History with much more interest after having seem some of these old places.

I came back in time to attend services at the Baptist Church. It is a missionary branch of the Baptist World Alliance. The old minister was one of the most devout and sincere old Frenchmen I have met. They were meeting in a small church – not even their own – and very few present, but I felt that there was more religion there for me than in some of the magnificent

cathedrals I had visited. Of course, a Catholic would probably think different.

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Monday-January 6, 1919.

There are times when visiting a place like this that one gets tired of sight-seeing and prefers to rest a short time on his oars. That is the way it has been with me today. I have felt that this trip was one of a lifetime, and that I should make the most of it. I scarcely expect to return. I got up this morning and caught a car at 6:45 with a Y.M.C.A. party and went to Monte Carlo again. I wished to see inside the place, and as men in uniform are not permitted in during gambling hours, we went early that we might see inside before the gambling started – at ten o'clock. I was in the Casino for about

-Break-

thirty minutes. It was very interesting to see the halls and think how many millions had passed over the green tables. I was surprised at how particular they are at whom they permit to play or gamble,-- and the qualifications a gambler must have. I was told he could not have dependents, nor be a merchant, and that he must possess various other qualifications. I never saw a gambling club before that was so particular. There is usually only one requisite – have money. The halls were all very beautifully decorated, and it looked as though it would be a very nice place to spend a few thousand francs. I shall probably come back as a civilian sport and break their bank – that seems to be the chief ambition of most of the gamblers. I guess aloud [*sic*] suit, monacle and cane would fit me out. There would probably be only one drawback—money. I might persuade my father or mother to let me add a little to their fortune. I will talk it over when I get home.

From Monte Carlo we crossed over to Monaco which I described to you before as located on the plateau of a very steep neck of land about eight hundred feet long and four or five hundred feet wide at the widest point. There were several cannon which had been placed there about 1735, and I doubt whether they had ever been fired since that time. They had been in Strassberg, Germany. If they have been making guns that long they should have had better ones than they did, it seems to me. I learned how this principality was formed and conducted. The French government abandons all its claims to the little section of ground included in its bounds, but the Prince is required to pay a certain amount to the French government each year and also a percentage of the profits from the gambling. I imagine that is in the nature of a sum for protection. The Prince is then at liberty to make his own laws and govern to suit himself. So that is one example of a Prince. Did you ever have a question in your mind as to what one might be?

I was informed that they kept a standing Army of twenty-four men. One young fellow about seventy years old, who I took to be a new recruit, was on guard at the entrance of the Prince's Palace. I imagine he belonged to the 24th division. I think it would be sort of nice to be in that Army – you would not have so many officers to salute. I do not know whether they were called into active service during the present war, or not, - or whether the Prince even took the trouble to come down from Paris to declare war. Aside from joking, it was fine up there, and

many things of interest.

I came back in time for lunch as I wish to cover the same trip and more by automobile tomorrow.

-Break-

While reading the evening paper I came to a statement made by Napoleon which in thinking over, I decided was probably the best answer as to why Germany started the war. He said "Prussia was hatched from a cannon ball". It was the spirit of war born in Germany. And she is having trouble to change her color. But I hope that it has changed.

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Tuesday-January 7, 1919.

I had a fine trip today, regardless of the fact that it rained most of the day. I went on an auto trip in a big fourteen-passenger car to the Italian frontier. The party was made up of two majors, five or six Army nurses and four or five fellows of my own rank. You could not have told that the officers were majors had they not been wearing their gold leaves. They seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the balance of the party. A young lieutenant came to the "Y" one morning last week to take the same trip, and when he found that a few privates had secured seats in the same car, he refused to ride and demanded his money back. The "Y" secretary told him that if he had his way he would not refund him a cent. The Army is a mirror of civilian life to a great extent. The men who amounted to nothing as civilians amount to nothing in the Army. A major who was in St. Nazaire a few days ago said that the higher a man goes in rank the more nearly he becomes a private. By that, he was referring to that feeling of superiority which a few fellows seem to possess when first commissioned, and which he says wear off. The same is true in civilian life as well. Well, the nurses were real American girls, and it seemed good to be with them. I made my debut onto Italian soil in company with one whom I considered very attractive.

I was not over into Italy far enough to get very much of an impression of it. The scenery, however, was beautiful. The part I saw consisted principally of Mountains and seashore. We visited an old castle that was built by an American who went into bankruptcy in building it. It was sold to an Austrian Prince, and after Italy declared war against Germany and Austria, it was taken over by the Italian government. The building and its surroundings were beautiful. The guide told us that it was there that Queen Victoria spent her winters, and even took us to a beautiful vine-covered seat where he said she sat, that we might have the opportunity to sit in the same seat. I forgot to sit down in it.

-Break-

I picked an orange and a lemon from the same tree today. I think the tree must have been grafted. The orange was almost as sour as the lemon. The trees are yellow with oranges and lemons at present. We ate our lunch at Menton – a French sea-coast town near the Italian border. The trip cost me about thirty francs, including five francs I let a girl short change me, but the trip

was certainly worth all it cost me. The only thing I regret was that it was too late to come home by the mountain road.

I was told that General Pershing was here a week ago today. He went thru the Y.M.C.A., inspecting it. At the cigar counter he asked the “Y” girl in charge to sell him a cigar. The girl replied: “I am sorry, sir, but we are not permitted to sell to officers”. Isn't that an American girl for you? There is no one too high up for her to refrain from a witty retort.

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Wednesday-January 8, 1919.

I got up, in time to catch a 5:35 train this morning, and went to a town called Grasse – about a three-hour ride. It not only rained on me all the way to the station, but during most of the trip out there. The rain spoiled the trip somewhat as scenery never appears so fine when looking out thru a wet pane and thru a damp atmosphere.

Grasse is noted for its perfumery. It has the greatest perfumery manufacturing plants in the world. I did not remain there long enough to go thru any of the plants. I was planning on seeing Cannes on the same trip, so was there only about an hour. It was the First French town I have been in where I did not see a single American soldier. There were some there during the day but I was there too early to meet them. My French comes too hard to enjoy a town like that. I talked to the French enough to find out at what station and when I could get a train out. The French always seem glad to accommodate Americans, and permit them to do things which they will not permit their own soldiers to do. They seem glad to see the Americans taking interest enough in their country to visit places of interest. The trip there would have been fine had it not been raining. The road I took follows around the mountain side all the way. The scenery was gorgeous. We crossed stone and concrete bridges of immense structure. I will send you the picture of one large curve-

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shaped concrete and stone bridge of two stories – one for train and one for carriages. It is a wonderful feat of engineering, not so common in the States as here.

I took a train which got to Cannes about noon. Cannes is a beautiful sea-side city, and is now a “Leave area”. Most of these towns are being made leave-areas for soldiers, and they are very beautiful. Most of the Casinos-- gambling halls – have been converted into Y.M.C.A.'s. Monte Carlo has not turned its over yet. I cannot describe to you what fine and attractive buildings these Casinos are, but simply say they are wonderfully fine. While out on the jettie at Cannes I met an English captain who impressed me very much. He had been at the front three years and a half. He gave me a better insight into the war than most any other person I have talked to. He was also discussing the task of getting England's Army back to civilian life. He said the soldiers were all extremely anxious to get back to their old civilian jobs again – that they were all sick and tired of war.

The afternoon turned out beautiful – the sun came out and made it as pleasant as a Summer's day. From the jettee, I could look back upon the Alps covered with a beautiful coat of snow. From the “Y” where I am writing I can see one or two snow capped peaks. I am wondering if that is not the way it looks in old Pennsylvania today. It often does at this time in the year. I will lose a season if I am not careful.

At Cannes I saw another palace where I was told Queen Victoria spent her winters. I am beginning to think she must have had several winter homes in this section, or else the people are claiming undue honor. I told you of one in Italy which I visited.

French customs differ from those of America. I was coming from Cannes to Nice on the train this evening. A French officer and his wife were on the train. He took a cigarette and handed her one. She smoked there publicly. I tried to imagine an American lady smoking in a railway train. This evening, one of the girls at the “Y” told me that she and some other girls were charged a franc extra each because they did not take wine.

Two more days, and I will have to be traveling back to St. Nazaire to begin work again – fierce, is it not? In reality it is not so bad. Traveling gets tiresome, and even St. Nazaire begins to seem sort of like home, though I have no desire to make it a permanent one.

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Thursday – January 9, 1919.

-Break-

I am living like a real gentleman yet. I did not get up until 8:30 this morning. Went down to breakfast about nine. After breakfast I went over to the “Y”, got interested in a magazine article and remained there until noon. The article was one entitled “Do One And One Make Two?” When thru I concluded that it was very seldom that that formula was true.

Today has been one of the most beautiful days I ever saw. I think that when I am worth a few millions [*sic*] I will spend my winters in the South. I do not know whether I shall come to Nice, or not. At a sea-shore is a fine place to spend a vacation. I am thinking that it will be a long time before I return to France no matter how soon I become a Millionaire. I like America best. The Frenchman says the same thing of France, and I am glad he thinks so.

This afternoon another fellow and I walked almost to the mountain top. From there we could see Nice below us and the Mediterranean beyond. I enjoy to get to the summit of a mountain and look down. I never did like to stand at the foot and look up. When up, there one can catch the spirit of the old poem Mother used to read to us as youngsters: “The shepherd of the Alps am I”. I suspect everyone who ever studied geography has had a desire to see the Alps mountains. While those here are not the Alps proper, still they are a chain forming a part of the Alps system. I have not been disappointed in their beauty and granreur [*sic*]. To be in their midst and see such a work of Nature gives one a feeling that he is just a little nearer his Creator.

I was at the “Y” this evening. There are a great many girls here at present and they have fine dances in the evenings. I danced a few dances this evening even though I had hob-nails shoes on. It reminded me of the pleasant times I used to have at our old College dances.

ooOoo

Friday – January 10, 1919, and Jan. 11, 1919.

I left Nice at 1:30 today and reached Marseilles about 11:00. As there was a train due out in a few minutes I could not get out of the station. I arrived in Leon the next morning. It was foggy and damp. As usual I could not get out of the station again. I got into Paris about 7:00 – a thirty hour ride. I was so tired I took a taxi as soon as I got something to eat and went to the hotel – Hotel du Pavillion. After a good bath I went to bed, and was so

-Break-

tired that I could not sleep. I think I slept about an hour towards morning.

ooOoo

Sunday – January 12, 1919.

I got up this morning and caught a train for St. Nazaire, and arrived there about 5:30 in the evening,-- rather at Montoir. There is where I got off. After a good supper I felt fine.

I saw a lot of high water along the Loire as I came from Paris. People were going out to their homes in boats; long bridges would begin and end a long way out in the water. There were thousands and thousands of acres lying under water.

Thus endeth almost two weeks, which, if not perfect, were indeed very pleasant.

ooOoo

Monday – January 13, 1919.

Back on the job and glad to be at work again! “Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home”.

Finis

[signed] Guy B. Hoge

O.K.

F M Gore

2nd Lt. Ord. U.S.A. [all handwritten]