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Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

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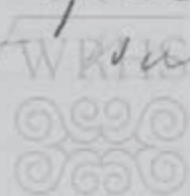
Diary, trip to France, 1918.

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The Khary
Abba Hillel Silver
on his visit
To France
In the months of
July and August
In the year of the
Great War, 1918.



The Temple, Cleveland, Ohio U.S. A.

Monday, July 8, 1918.

We set sail on Friday - July 5. on board the French liner Roubidoux.

In the late afternoon in the gathering twilight, we pass the Statue of Liberty. All heads uncovered - One feels that gray splendor in this vast conveyer of fifty thousand troops carried away that torch in his soul to illumine the dark places of the world. That each troop-laden ship was a thread weaving itself into the eternal bond, spiritual union between the two injured democracies of the earth - France and America.

There are many troops on board. Fr. Am. & Poles. - Red Cross workers Y. M. C. A. - R. Y. C. - J. W. B. & Salvation Army Also 12 Congressmen.

A world of impressions crowd in upon me.

Wed. July 10. 1918.

A bazaar show given by soldiers
is held. Voluntary offering of passengers
will provide goodies for the boys.

In a rambling conversation with a
doubtless - this rough & ready fellow
remarks - "The Red Cross - why it's been
like a mother to us; I a cold morning
S.A. Co. we would find them waiting for
us at way side stations with hot coffee &
rolls -"



Friday July 12. 1918.

I have become quite chummy with
a fine gentleman - a Dr. Canadian.
Gyill de Croix.

We shall hold divine services this
evening & to-morrow morning

We have our conveyance sail
alone —



Tuesday Sunday - July 14 -

We celebrate this day on board ship - The
Fr. Blue Devils drill & raise flag.



July Monday - July 15 -

A rather peculiar day. In the heart of the danger zone. The day has been raw & blustering. An official Bulletin advises us to sleep in our clothes with life belts ready to hand. All day we watched anxiously for promised convoy. At last it came and not with it a distinct sense of security and relief. The gun crew has been trebled in strength.



Tuesday - July 16.

great tension marked this day. We
are in the most dangerous part of
the danger zone. Eight men have
been stationed at each of the three
guns. All hands are on deck near
the life boats. The faithful little
torpedo boat is still following
us. Around six o'clock we spy
a white object, like a puff of
smoke - which proves to be a dirigible.
It ~~less~~ gives us a sense of still
greater safety. Around 7 P.M. we
are able to make out the faint
outlines of distant lights. We
pass the Lighthouse: ships appear.
Brown and red sails showing
marks. The men & women on board
feel relieved, as if a great cloud
had lifted. At 7:30 the Pilot
comes on board accompanied
by passengers -
We salute the Queen of
green banks and nestling
red-roofed villages & borders -
a glorious golden-red sunset.

A blue shirt holds up a little
dog in the direction, (and and
shouts, pointing to it - 'see, here
is home - Vive la France!' -

Custom officials come on board.
Our passports are read, and
card issued - Baggage inspected.
We are up major part of night.
Around 12 o'clock we pass
the docks where American built
for the ships & from the distance
we see the camp. We cheer -
The soldiers scream & stamp &
exchange greetings with the am-
boys on shore - 'Hello, where are
you from - 138th St New York
It's glorious!' I sleep three
hours - At 8 o'clock in the morning
I set foot on the soil of France!

Wednesday - July 17.

a warm sunshiny day - with B.
old and beautiful city bathed
in warm light. I accor and
note that the city is a veritable
old cat and paws many a
grand house and many a memor-
able old church - I spend a
few moments in Saint Croix.

Life is normal but O the
black dresses and veils and
crepes! Chilling! and the women
I hope that our Am. mothers will
not emulate the example, the
European M. mothers in wearing
black!

I catch sight of an Am. auto
truck and a group of Americans!
There is a curious sensation in
my throat! I see more & more
of them. All seem thoroughly acclimated
Fed and perfectly at home. - 3000
miles from home.

We board the train for Paris 11.04
A.M. - In my compartment are
211 people, a woman in black

a soldier, discharged on account of
the loss of his left eye - the man
has the face of a Christ - and his
wife - another wounded soldier
with a replaced chest bone and
a ^{fr. very severely so} ~~Belgian~~ whose left hand is
out at its wrist. O, France,
what a terrible martyrdom has
been yours!

At dinner, I sat facing a fine
looking Frenchman. I marvelled at
his presence in the barn. But I
noticed the white ribbon in his lapel
upon inquiry he informs me that
he has been discharged having received
fourteen shell wounds. I scrubbed
him and then noticed how the shell
the surgeon has covered the hurts
was. He is deaf in one ear, blind
in one eye, His right foot almost
useless, his left hand slightly
paralyzed. He showed me his teeth,
two removable rows of artificial
teeth - 4 months he lay without
moving his jaw - fed them a
tube! The wound which
he pointed him most was a terrible

cut in his scalp - skillfully hidden
by his hair! He chatted cheerfully
all thru the dinner! - He hoped
that he could be permitted to re-
turn to the front!... Again
the uncrushed and uncrushable
spirit, France!

We pass many a place where
we notice am. construction
work, supplies, and men - We
arrive in Paris shortly after 4 P.M.

As we emerge from the station
the war looks as strange as the
face. Darkness! Still darkness,
relieved here and there by the
pale blue light of a cat. Darkness
& silence. It a deadening, stiflen-
ing effect at first! But we soon
get over it. The subway teems
with mobs of happy people -
Behind the darkness Paris sits
and laughs! I put up for
the night at the Grand Hotel.

Thursday - July 18 - 1718

We change our quarters to Russel House - 22 Rue Rameau.

I have my first glimpse of Paris by day, alive with men and women, streets crowded, business as usual utterly disregarding remembrance of the long rainy winters. But for few statues covered with sandbags, some windows planked or boarded Paris is still the beautiful attractive metropolis of the world.

I visit the Marine and obtain my bread card.

I call upon Mr. Carney, the C. P. Information at the Palace Hotel. Headquarters for much of our war activity - graciously received and was put in charge of Major James -

Streets swarmed with Gen. Soldiers and officers - the Boulevards knew the U.S. Uniform -

Many women in Black - the war has touched with a sable fact almost every 3rd or 4th woman. Just one

2
meets.

Theatre at night. Above with
gay crowds. The saving grace
Frenchmen - an undying
humor and careless abandon
in moments of relaxation -

I experience the first shell
bombardment. Promptly
but 12 - midnight the wind
cold silence. After
two distinct shots were heard
I was startled - M. Lacroix came
to my room & asked me to
go to his room - I felt sure.
We sat at his open window
and watch for the shells. To
the distance the rumbling
guns is heard. but no shells -
At 12.45 the bells sound
"all is well" - Curious
sensation - that, waiting for bombs
to fall from the sky. Parisians
laugh at them while waiting
in the "abris" - refuge places
all over the city -

Tuesday July 19 1918

The great news of the Franco-
am. victory between Joffre and
Chateau-Thierry greets us. We
are elated. Is the tide finally
turning? —

I call on Major James, and
on Capt. Weeks at 10 Rue St.

Learn another hotel devoted
wholly to Am. War work. Capt
Weeks outlines a trip to all
points of interest along the I.O.S.
I shall probably start on Wed.

I see another soldier out
of Les Bords des Invalides. Charming
gentleman. Adorses me to see
Mr. Gabriel Puaume, to arrange for
trip to Tr. front & other points
of interest.

I wander thru the city seeing
to get to know it.

Saturday - July 20 - 1918.

this morning I visited M. Duhamel
at 27 Rue de Constantine. I am
very graciously received. M. ~~Bertaux~~ ^{De Villeneuve}
takes me in charge to act as my
guide and interpreter. I shall visit
the Z. front on my return in
the S.O.S. tour - around Sept. 5-6.

I am invited to attend a
Franco-American dinner to-might
at June Volney. I shall go.

I take a cab ride thru the
Boulevard de Boulogne. My coachman
a talkative fellow is loud in
his sincere praises - Am. He is
a veteran of '70. Very manly
too & speaks admirably of the courage
and dash of our soldiers! He met
every where there is honest wholesome
love & admiration for them.

Our Victory against Japs
is even greater than we had hoped
for -

The Franco-American dinner
proves very interesting. Many Am.
Officers & civilians engaged in

was with us there. Mr. Tardieu
acts a chairman. Prof. Wetzlar
and Cusky speak. After
dinner a beautiful concert
is held.

I meet Prof. Beaudry and
Ch. Vibbert of Univ. of Michigan with
Representations to the society for
Am. Graduate Studies in France
and Francois Monod - Chef
de Cabinet du Haut Commissaire
de la Repub. France aux Etats Unis.
He is deeply interested in Zionism
and gives me letters of introduction
to Reinach, Albert Thomas
and Chief Rabbi Israel Levy.

Sunday - July 21. 1918.

This morning I visit Mr. Joseph
Reinach in his beautiful study -
a very impressive figure. Our
conversation dwells mainly on
Russia and Allied Intervention. R.
can see no other cause greater than
allies. The Bolsheviks are traitors
Lenin & Trotsky are both traitors. Ulti-
mately, if they are not hanged they
will find their way to Jena or some
other Univ. town as librarians
with spectacles. He urges me
to see Anatole Makhov and
Kerensky who is now in Paris.
R. is not at all impressed with
Kerensky. He speaks of him as
a small mind. He cordially
invites me to return after I have
seen them and Washburn who has
just returned from Russia - in
order to discuss the Russian
situation still further.

In the evening I visit Prof.
Emil Boutroux at 5 Port Royal
Point. Foundation Thury. B. has a

wonderfully spiritual face. He reminds
me of Beethoven. He speaks a charming
English as does Remond. We
speak of France Amer. ideals of
the spiritual affinity, these two
nations and their mutual
sympathies. Fr. has much to
learn from Am. says B. - First
its religious tolerance. In Am.
men are not so positive & uncom-
promising in it. Convictions as in
Fr. are the more religious so
obstinate in their negativities. Am.
may learn from Fr. a greater devotion
to the aesthetic side of life - the
arts. We speak of the war. We
should not think of Germ. as a mad
dog, nor hope to crush it. Germ.
ought to be democratized in a day.
Her entire outlook must change -
the work of gradual evolution. Germ.
was idealistic before it became
materialized - which influence
began under the Kaiser. Westphalia
& received impetus after the 7
years war -

As to the Russian situation — one cannot speak definitely on it. Some thing must be done to check gen. influence in R. — He hopes Am. will find a way out; the grand old true meaning of real Russ. sentiment, which shall stand in Russia — an organized and Pot. group — should serve the rallying point in R. for allied aid. He too speaks of conspiracy of Herenky. He, he says, betrayed Kozmodlov. Paris has no use for him.

B. invites me to visit him again before I leave to in order to meet his family.

This is my first Sunday in Paris. The Boulevard seemed with people and most everyone was in uniform. A very large number, Am. men and officers among them. I speak with a few, them. One officer complains of lack of money. The men are not receiving the payrolls which the people at home are sending.

them, their newspapers & other
articles -

At night I came across
5 heavily 'loaded' trucks, Am.
soldiers in the transport service.
They stopped in the Place de l'Opera
and formed the centre of great
advertising campaign. I speak
with some of them. All are
somewhat homesick, but they are
cheerful and proud of the fine
show up we are making. As they
leave people wave their hats,
cheer & bless them. The Am.
boys love the French.

Monday - July 22, 1918.

Prof. Bouglé, The Sorbonne comes to see me at 27 rue de Constance. Mr. Malleau acts as interpreter. We speak at length about Franco-Am. cooperation, the Russian situation etc.

Prof. B. suggests the advisability of exchange of scholars bet. Am. & Fr. He would have Americans travel in the Province and see Fr. family & home life as it is. Paris ought not to act as a standard. He is a Wilsonian in international politics. He tells of the great internat. lawyer who called this age the Era of Wilson. The Am. boys are loved by the Fr. he says, for they love the Fr. people. They are honest & clean cut. He tells of one Am. returning of out \$10 given to him by Fr. family for in place of billowing. Of Am. boys teaching Fr. children basic math.

Prof B. altho at first opposed to intervention in Russia, favors it now, because of the Greek Struggle.

He would have an Allies intervention
with America at the head of it.

Bongle has the clear eyes & kindly
look & manners which I have dis-
covered in almost all Fr. intellectuals.

I visit Julien Kuecht at 3 Francis
I. we arrange for a meeting Tues.
10.30 with Mr. Fernin Rey.

I shall dine to-morrow with
Mr. Wolleau.

I call upon M. Raphael Levy
Levy at his home 3 rue de Hoissel
a mansion - part of which has been turned
over to the Red Cross. We speak at
length concerning Franco-Am. relations,
the Russian situation and Zionism.

He would like to see young Ann.
come to study in Fr. & young French-
men come to study in the U.S. Both
countries would profit. Levy has
been to the U.S. and has stated
prior to the war in public that
Americans are the greatest idealists.

He too is confused about the
Russian situation. He would wish to
help Russia. He had seen Kennedy

but he seems not to trust me by him.
He gave me a confidential written
report about the situation in Russia.

He is opposed to Garrison, but
is open to conversion. His nephew,
a charming young fellow, George
with whom I made an appointment
for lunch, is a very enthusiastic
Garrisonist. The Dr. Jews he said, are
afraid of having their patriotism
called into question if they should
identify themselves with Garrison.
However, he said as would be
on the one hand we would further discuss
the subject.

Tuesday - July 23, 1918.

I call on Mr. Francis Roz at rue
Francis Picabia - Mr. Roz is also con-
nected with "The Effect of France on the Allies".
We had a very pleasant conversation.
He presents us with an inscribed copy
of "L'Énergie américaine" - his own
work. Mr. John Buecht presents us
with a copy of ^{la Gazette de} "La Défense Amé-
ricaine".

I received this morning a package
series pamphlets on the war from
the pen of Prof. Buecht and his
latest pamphlet "Voci les Améri-
cains" - written by him.

I dine with Mr. Wolkeus who
has arranged an interview with
Barrie for me to-morrow.

In the afternoon I see Ambassador
Sharp - a fine gentleman - who
gives me the letter of introduction
to Mallakoff - the Russian ambassador
whom I shall see to-morrow
morning.

I receive my pass for a train
to Chem. S.O.S. I leave Thursday

for St. Nazaire and then went very
way up. -

A soldier tells me the splendor
food he had when stationed with
the Fr. - who are excellent cooks
in battle than the British.



Wed. July 24, 1918.

I see Ambassador Maklakoff this morning. Am not very favorably impressed by him. We discuss of course the Russian situation. He speaks an abominable English. The Bolshevists are Germ. agents. We must save Russia from Germ. Intervention is necessary on the part of all the allies. Japan must not be left all-powerful & unopposed after the war. She could then make any demands she wants. Intervention must be military plus economic help. He promises me an interview with the Embassy.

I lunch with Roger Levy, a very fine young Jew and together we attend a reception given by the Palmerston Sanitary Commission just arrived from London on its way to Lubbock. Harry Ed. Ketchum, Mr. Tardieu, as Secy, was & then speaks.

Thursday - July 25, 1918.

I visit Maurice Barres in the morning. M. Adolphe acts as interpreter. We talk for over an hour. B. speaks for the reborn reawakening of many Fr. - The emotions do not always express themselves in institutional rel. acceptance. Institutional Rel. too will gain by the war. Men will realize that it caters to real actual emotions in human affairs which they have now experienced.

He speaks of his earlier antisemitism & his later conversion. He attributes his conversion (a) To the manifest patriotism of the Jews (b) To the functional value of the Jew. rel. to the Jew. soldiers - apparently satisfying the spiritual craving of the men.

The war will broaden the Fr. outlook which since '90 was bound to be narrow - intensely nationalistic. His own views were determined by scenes, outrage

and horror witnessed as a
child in '70. The coming
generation will be broader
and more cosmopolitan.

He urges strongly a Franco-
Amer. University. We discuss
the problem of rehabilitating
fr. after the war, of its decreasing
population and of a possible
union of Amer. blood with
the Gallic race thru intermarriage
of soldiers after the war.
He would not have Fr. mechan-
icalized into America. He would
not sacrifice the leisure necessary
for artistic production.

He presents me with an
inscribed copy of his book -
and invites me to dine
with him on Aug. 6. Altogether
a most delightful conversation.
In the afternoon I make
a hasty tour of the city to get
a first impression. The parts
which I have not as yet seen.
I visit the Tuilleries gardens.

the Luxembourg gardens, The
forbidding 'Vauban' Nothe
blanc (front door) enclosed
by stone walls, a protection against
long-range gun shells, The
Louvre (closed) The Church of
sacra Couch, ~~where~~ on top
Montmartre where one has
a superb view of the whole
Paris. In this church prayers
are offered night and day for
Victory.
Leaving Paris for S. L. 8.30 AM.



Friday July 26, 1918.

Arrive at S. H. in the morning
stop at Hotel Bretagne and try
to see officers in charge of
Base. Cannot see Commanding
Officer. Put arrangements with Intel.
Officer - Lieut. Harder
to "see" S. H. Saturday morning.

I spend the day as looking
around. I visit the docks &
enormous affairs, with mighty
cranes on the banks of the
Channel, working night and
day unloading ships. The basin
is choked full of ships.

S. H. swarms with troops. I
see Am. troops, colored Chinese
& German prisoners. - (a very de-
pressing sight!).

Saturday, July 27, 1918.

Lieut. Harder takes me to the Locomotive Assembly Plant. Capt. Connor takes us around. I witness the assembling of locomotives some of which come in 30-40 parts and of large calibre guns. The speed & efficiency of the plant are astounding. The plant assembles 6 locomotives a day and extensions are under way for a 20 locomotive-a-day capacity. Locomotives are assembled on tracks & trucks built by our Engineers and shipped to all parts of France.

We visit the huts of the men engaged in the work. Really model huts sanitary, comfortable. Some even pretty with flower beds in front of them. Food excellent. I request a copy of that day's menu. I have it with me.

We then visit the monster warehouses not far away. Capt. Wheat, who is in charge of them shows us round. Already 191

warehouses are built. The larger
are 460 ft. long by 200 wide. The
smaller are 301 x 400 ft. 3 acres
to each of the larger warehouses.
These warehouses contain $1\frac{1}{2}$
months supplies for 1 million
men. Three other similar sections
each of 195 houses are under con-
struction - to hold supplies for
4,000,000 men, for 40 days.

All these warehouses are built
solidly, rolled in plate or what
was ordinarily masonry and
800 cars were kept busy dumping
in sand to fill these storerooms.

13500 men are working all the time
around these houses. The Captain
works 20 hrs. a day.

150 miles of track have been
built.

We visit the docks, many built
by our own men. Ships of all sizes
are unloaded here night and
day. The most powerful cranes
~~are~~ have been erected on these
docks. The impression is one of

almost superhuman power and
dimension.

at night I speak to a sergeant.
He tells of the splendid work of the
Red Cross. He narrates incidents.
One morning at 3 a pump, 100
men under his command came
into town almost famished. The
five girls without a warning specially
prepared lunch for all of them. They
are entering in their ministrations
to the needs of the men.

He speaks of the Dr. Soldiers. Never
complaining. He tells of a subaltern
playing in a dug out for a pump
of privates. He was the first victim
in the Paris Opera.

I leave for Savernay. I visit the
hospital there. Capacity 3000 beds
future capacity 20,000. This hospital
is of the U. S. Post-graduate Unit.
founded eleven months ago with
a personnel of 350 enlisted men,
45 doctors, 90 nurses. There were
2190 patients in it at the time
I was there.

to neighborhood are constantly
sending flowers to the patients
I leave, midnight, for N.



Sunday July 28, 1918.

I arrive at U. late Saturday night.
I stop at Hotel voyageurs. Lieut.
R. E. Waelson, a charming fellow puts
me in charge of Lieut. Rainden, and
then bully fellow. I spend the whole
day in his company.

We visit Base Hospital 34. It is
in charge of the Episcopal Hospital Unit
of Philadelphia. Its personnel is 190
men, 25 doctors, 60 nurses. Its
capacity is 1600. The inmates at
the time of my visit 1170. ^{main bldg} Hospital was
originally a Clinical College. It, too,
is completely outfitted. It has experiment
stations, post office, Y. M. C. A. Red
Cross stations and all possible conveniences
for the men.

I speak to two of the wounded men.
They are absolutely contented with the
treatment which they receive. They haven't
words sufficient to express their gratitude.
One says he wants to return here if
wounded again. Every ward has
flowers - gifts, from women.

We visit Base Hospital 38 - Jefferson
College Unit - Phila. - at Warden ent-
side of U. Is in process of construction.
Capacity - 1000 beds. 35 doctors,
100 nurses, 100 enlisted men.

Wards built of slabs compounded
of asbestos and concrete. Adjoining
this is Base Hospital 11 - Phila. 1
Scholars Unit of Chicago. Every piece
of wood which went into the building
from the States.

I leave WREIS out midnight arriving
in T. Monday morning, 2.30 A.M.

Monday, July 29, 1918

After wandering about in the small hours of the morning seeking lodging I find shelter at the Central Hotel conducted by the Y. M. C. A.

I visit Headquarters Service & supply. All hands are furiously busy. The Big Chief - Rushing is there on a tour of inspection. Lieut. Gairnall, who impressed me very unfavorably from the start, tells me that WRPS regards his inability to put a machine at my disposal in as much as they are all commandeered by the visiting generals. - He advises me to visit the Salvage Depot alone - which I do.

The Salvage Depot at St. Pierre des Corps is a wonderfully interesting plant. The debris from the burnt the used, torn and smashed articles of apparel, clothing, underwear, hats, shoes, belts, harnesses etc. etc. are washed, cleaned, mended, or if impossible of re-creating transformed into some other useful article. Every

thing is saved - nothing is wasted
6000 men & women. Civilians are
here employed. The value of product
is 2 million dollars a month.

the Cost of Operation is only 10%
of it. The supplies of 1/2 million
men are here taken care of.

Torn hats are turned into excellent
hospital slippers.

Tops of unmendable shoes turned
into ^{soles} shoes.

His. of labor 11.30 am, 1.30 - 6 P.M.
All articles are first thoroughly
sterilized, ^{dried} and then mended.

Experts work in various dept. e.g.
in rubber dept since the experts
of African Rubber plants are working
18,000 pairs of shoes mended
every week!

During my inspection of this place,
Perching & his staff inspect it. P.
is a very impressive figure - erect
imposing, every inch a soldier!

I leave T. for Paris at 2.30 P.M.
arriving at 3.30 A.M.

Tuesday, July 30, 1918.

Rest up!

Arrange with Capt Wickes, the
Intelligence Dept. for my visit to the
Am. Front.

I see a bit more, the City.



Wed. July 31, 1918.

I leave early Wed. morning for Ch.-G.H.I. The train is four hrs. late. On the train is a soldier under guard have escaped his regiment to go to the front. He had been 7 months waiting for the chance and grew tired. So that when the Ch. Thierry Battle began he took to leave, but was caught 20 miles from Soisson. He was defeated but hoped that he could succeed the next time.

An Am. Officer, at dinner was discussing the probable date of the termination of the war with a Fr. Major. The Am. officer remarked that it would take at least 2 yrs. more whereupon the Fr. Major remarked that he hoped not. "We would be too old then all of us. We have aged terribly in these last 4 years. Fighting from the first day of the war"

We visit Headquarters at Ch and there I meet F.R.A. - Fraith

Welcome. He is Captain in the 4th
 Prince William, we went to M. with Aunt
 to him who is my "Official Guide". At
 M. I met first, Morgan - a charming
 charming officer. - His room is in
 a present left to him very pleasant.



Thursday, Aug. 1, 1918.

We set out for T. early in the morning. Before I leave I am given a steel helmet and a gas mask and subjected to a mask drill. We travel in a very comfortable car to T. We stop at Evacuation Hosp. No. 1. This hosp. receives the wounded direct from the dressing stations at the front and treats emergency cases and prepares wounded for trip to southern base hosp. This hosp. is very well equipped. There are 4 operating rooms each containing 2 operating tables. Readiness, orderliness everywhere. Capacity 900 beds. Emergency capacity 1000.

We go from here to an Aviation Camp. This camp patrols the entire T. sector. I see the machines and speak to the pilots - a fine lot of men. I meet Lieut. Paduan - an Ace. We dine at T. and set out -

on L. - Division H.G. we meet
the Col. in command, and the
Captain of G. 2 and are given
passes to visit any part of the
Sector. We set out for M.
about a mile from the front line
trenches.

We pass miles of wire en-
trenchments, anti-tank emplacements.
The roads are camouflaged. We
pass villages, but by shells. At
some times in the road we read
the signs - 'watch out - the enemy
sees you'.

We enter M. - a smashed destruc-
ted ruined village. Not a fence
unbroken. Just walls - cracked,
toppled, crumbled. Soldiers live in
dugouts. Village is shelled daily.
The M.P. boys tell us of their
life & experiences there. We see
many unexploded shells. I meet
a Jewish boy there - a Jew. Varsky
of Waterbury Conn. - I visit a
dugout - & then the salvation
dugout is the vault of a

ruined house. The S. G. is doing
wonderful work and the boys
are loud in their praise of it.

A few steps up the main
street is a scarred and
shelled old church and back
of it the graves of 400 Am. soldiers.
Well kept some have flowers
on them - all small Am. flags.
Each one bears name + Co.
of the dead attached to a wooden
cross. On one wooden tablet
I see a  Star of David
in pencil lines & underneath
the name of Abraham Saltzman
- the first Jew. grave I have
seen in France - ...

On our way back to ~~the~~ we
visit Monreux - the birthplace
of Jeanne d'Arc - ...

* One of the 2 men in charge of the Sal. Army
dug out is a Civil War veteran, a lawyer
from Illinois, perhaps the only C. War
Veteran in France to-day.

Friday, Aug. 2, 1918.

We set out from M for U, L and B. At U. we see the effects of bombardment on the railroad station. At L. the effects of German occupation in the early days of the war.

B. is divisional Hdqrs. Here I meet my old friend and school mate Elkan C. Voodshuyse, who is now Chaplain of the 17th (Inf.) Div. - numbering about 5000 Jewish boys in its ranks. We discuss at length the problems of the Jew. boy at the front and the work of the Chaplain. He accompanies us on our tour of inspection of the front.

We leave B. for U.F.M. - Hdqrs. of the Brigade - and we meet Brig. Gen. Johnson - a fine looking man who is very courteous. We move on to the main line of resistance of this sector. We pass thru thick woods, cut by trenches, hastily built roads, dugouts, artillery emplacements, and see everywhere beautifully camouflaged low tents where the soldiers live.

this camp - Ker Avo - is the most romantic camp I have seen.

Reminds me of the charming camps in the Netherlands. It climb a tall hill - which serves as an observation post, and gain a fair view of no-man's land, the French positions and the enemy's country. There is constant cannonading all around. I inspect a dyke 30 feet deep.

It is gas proof.  We leave for a neighboring hill where from the height of an observation post, thru a powerful telescope we can see the entire country for 11-12 miles around.

We see Foulcrey and Igney both in German hands - in the distance.

We return to HfM. and tea with General J. -

Many of the boys we meet ask us to write to their mothers, when we return to the States.

We dine in H. - and return to Hf.

Saturday, ^{Aug} July 3, 1918.

We leave N.Y. for Ch. arriving at noon.
at Ch. I meet Rabbi Eggelson, Chap-
lain attached to some division. We
talk about Chaplains & our problems
here.

I leave Ch. at 2.18 for Paris arriving
at night.



Sunday, ^{Aug} July 8, 1918.
Resting up a bit.



Monday, Jul Aug. 5, 1918.

I visit Mr. Wolbeaux 9.30 A.M. and while chatting with Major Blaney about 9.50 I hear the explosion of the first Bertas fired into Paris after 19 days of silence. Shots land in this vicinity at regular intervals of 15 minutes. One explodes a few hundred yards from us at the Gare des Invalides. 15-20 shots are fired during the day - doing quite a bit of damage and killing. I hear about 20 people.

Paris is absolutely unconcerned about it. It shrugs its shoulders and goes about its business. It hardly interrupts its gossip to remark about it!...

I hear an old man chide a young woman for being startled when a shell explodes not very far from her!...

In the afternoon I visit the American Red Cross Hospital at Neuilly just outside Paris - a hospital with remarkable traditions! Perhaps the

most famous war hospital in France
I meet Cap. Henry C. Feiss
who is in the neurological dept.
He shows me thru the hosp
and explains its work to me.

In one of the wards I came
across George Meyer of Cleveland.
He has a bad wound in his
left leg sustained while driving
an ambulance near Woulshen.

I dine with Capt. Feiss at
his apartment and spend the
evening with him.

Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1918.

The bombardment of Paris continues after a night of silence.

I dine with Mr. and Mrs. Barrie at their lovely home in the company of Mlle. André Hornigot and Mr. Welleans. We discuss at length the project of a Franco-André University of France. We arrange for a meeting Thursday night.

I meet Pres. Schurman of Cornell at the Am. University Club. We shall dine together tomorrow eve.

I receive an invitation from M. & Mrs. Boyle for luncheon Thursday.

Wed. Aug. 7, 1918

The bombardment of Paris continues.
I hear of quite serious casualties.
Visit 3 Franciscans and arrange for
my trip to Alsace.

Write at Circle Volney with Mr.
Wallhaus, Mr. Schurman & Cornell
and Mr. Bertramp.

Spend Evening at W's home
where besides the above mentioned
are Prof. V. V. & Michigan Mr.
Crestland ~~Conversing~~ for Festies
and a few others.

On way back meet an Eng-
lish officer. We chat rather informally.
(The remarks - "I don't know what I
we would have done with you Ameri-
cans. He tells of conversation he had
with two Australians who fought
with Am. They are fine soldiers, one
said but I met one and with
them - they are too smart! and
far from Australians - I pity the
British, concluded the British Officers.

Thursday Aug. 8, 1918.

Prof. Boyte gives a luncheon in my honor at Circle Menck. about 14 people, professional men, artists, poets etc., the younger set are present. we have a very pleasant time. We visit after luncheon Mr. Kabus most beautiful garden adjoining the club where I meet Mr. Kabus himself.

At 11 A.M. before luncheon I have an interview with Mr. Albert Thomas at his study. He is most pleasant and talkative. He discusses enthusiastically Wilson's League, nations idea, says that French liberal opinion heartily endorses it. Thomas, at my suggestion the thought, says that we should very much like to visit him. the latter half of October. it would be arranged. He asks me if I am a Zionist. He speaks most eloquently in F. and promises me a statement for publication.

In the evening we went at
elephte Andre Hornorat's den
a group of 9 as - Maurice Barnes
Challeau & 3 members of the
academy, the Sorbonne and
the circle the idea of a Franco-
American University Hornorat
will summarize the ideas
have present in writing and
present them to me, I am re-
quested to question Am. university
opinion on the subject.

After the luncheon with Bayle
I visit a French Hospital
in Paris in the company of
a nurse who has spent
~~over~~ 3 years, service at the
front.

Friday Aug 9, 1918

I leave early for Meaux on a
visit to Chateau Thierry and the
front. We motor from Meaux
to within a few kilometers of
Fismes.

We pass the 'Blue Woods' near
the 'Bols des Marines' - made famous
by the bravery of the Marines.
We pass at our way ruined
villages, awful desolation, the
scars of battle every where -
And here and there the pathetic
figures of returning refugees.

At Ch. Thierry we visit an American
Army Hospital - No. 6, I believe,
and witness the wreckage,
war as it comes bloody from the
battle field. - The hospital con-
sists of two beds - most complete
equipment was set up & operating
within 24 hours.

We visit the old Chateau
thru the vestige of former features,
- a Marine pile & perhaps certainly
commanding a full view of the

Valley, the Marne. The deep canals
that chateaux are littered
with booty assembled by the
Germans -

We push on to Ben-en-Tard
voir - a heap of crumpled moun-
tain, then woods littered with
German ammunition and fields
burnt, scared and charred
and ploughed by shell, and
beyond Paris, war activity be-
comes more prominent. An
endless chain of trucks is
moving towards the front. We halt
not far from houses near
some artillery batteries which
we watch in action. Further
on we spend some time with
an advanced artillery observa-
tion post. Activity in the air
is intense & fascinating.

On our return we stop
at the emplacement of that
monster gun which is said
to have shelled Paris. It
is stupendous!

We see many frames on our
trip and many frames being
dug!
we return to Paris at night!



Saturday Aug. 10, 1918

I visit the Embassy in reference
to my return home. I call
on Mr. Kearny who is unfortunately
not in and in his place I
meet Mr. Gibbs - a newspaper
man and author who questions
me on the subject of Zionism.
He is writing an article for the
Century on this subject. I fear!
It will be unsympathetic. The
French Jews here are very much
avid him.

I attend the Franco Am. Luncheon
at the Circle Volney where
Pres. Schurman of Cornell
speaks —

Sunday Aug. 11, 1918.

I leave for Alsace in the company of Prof. Boyle and Lieut. Biscardi. We arrive in Belfort late in the afternoon. Lieut. Grand meets us at the station and we motor thru Gernagny across the wonderful Ballon d'Alsace mountains where the En. Engineers have built a magnificent new road (since the war) thru seven and the beautiful Holler Valley to Marsevaux where we put up for the night. M. was celebrating the day of our arrival the anniversary of the liberation from German domination! ... American flags every where! ... and Am. troops!

Monday Aug. 12. 1918.

We leave M. for a trip thru
Alsace Redempta. everywhere
evidence of popular relief
everywhere begins & celebration
of the anniversary. French has
in almost all instances re-
placed German.

The latest victims, the Albes
were welcomed trench. Alsace
was becoming terribly fright-
ened! The jubilation which
would ~~have~~ been visited upon
these people who welcomed the
French would indeed be
terrible, should Germany triumph.

We visit the old town of
Wannemarie - a few kilometers
from the front - and its military
cemetery. I notice that up
to 1910 the tombstones, bear
no inscriptions. From 1910 to
1918 Germans and from then on
against French!...

From W. we go to Thann.
In our way we stop at

Fontaine Headquarters, a Brigade
of the 24th Division. We are cor-
dially received by Gen. Bandholtz
(Michigan). In the little cem-
tery back of the village church
we come across four American
graves. —

Thann is 2 kilometers from
the front line trenches and from
the heights back of Thann we
see the German line.

We dine at Thann and
walk thru the city after dinner.
I see the old synagogue of Th.
almost completely demolished. —

We motor from Th. thru St. Amant
Bussang, le Thillot, and Kruth
to Wesseling where we put up for the
night.

On the way I see 2 little girls
offering flowers to 2 Am. soldiers.
At W. we meet Gen. Howard, of the 22nd
Division, who remarked in the course
of conversation that "the Am. infantry
is superb!" —

Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1918.

We motor from Wesserling to Honeck. On our way we stop at Field Hospital 137 - Missouri Unit. I visit the Operating and dressing room. - The coming Peace Congress ought to hold its sessions in a Field Hospital!

The view from Honeck is superb. The stately Vosges mountains tower in their full magnificence utterly mindless of the stupid quails & snipe who that burrow their nests & crime in their mountain sides. -

We pass from to Reims. Near Reims we are entertained by a Col. who is grieved of the 89th Terr. who tells of an Order of the Day issued by him on the occasion of Penkings puffer his troops to French -

We pass on to St. Ulric to Bron-velaines. From B. to Remiremont we see a host of Colored troops, all smartly dressed - decidedly military and snappy! . . .

We motor on thru Chombray

to Fougères - a small town
where we put up for the night.

F. is a village of about 800
900 souls. In the little church
is a memorial tablet bearing
the names of 120 men who
died for France in this war!.....
- Near Fougères we visit an old
battle field and see many a
hillside dotted with white crosses
-



Wed. Aug. 14, 1918.

we leave ~~Fauveralles~~ for Fune where
we take the train for Paris.

Myke speaks of the 500 promising
young artists and writers of France
(who) have died as the field of honor.
of the emptied class-rooms at the
universities. I recalled the
saying of Genl. Joffre. "France
is dead for at least ten years!"



Thursday, Aug. 15, 1918.

Rest a bit. Call on J. W. B. workers at the Regina and spend the evening at the English Theatre, where a very clever play - 'Billeted' is produced. Rabbi Cohen, who was to have accompanied us is called at the last moment to the bed side of a 17 year old Jewish lad dying from a spinal wound at the Venerable Hospital!

The need for Chaplains and Jewish welfare workers is terribly urgent. Jewish men are actually craving for the presence of a Rabbi. Especially wounded men. We must do something! The J. W. B. Hdgts. are swamped with enquiries & requests from our men in service! I hope that our Board will do something and that quickly! —

Friday Aug. 16, 1918.

Call on George Meyer and Uri-Felis
in the Winchell Hospital.

Visit the Warshawski boys at their
Studies. Urine with them.



Saturday Aug 17, 1918.

~~also~~

Arrange for my return to America.
Meet & ent. Albee who is to
accompany me to London. —



Sunday Aug. 18. 1918.

Have 8 A.M. for Verdun in company
Cyril Lacroix and Lieut. Allen -
wounded + paralyzed in left hand -
a fine spirit!

We leave train at Bar le Duc, we
are welcomed by Lieut. Grappe who
is our guide all through. We motor
to Verdun.

On our way we visit a French
Hospital commanded by Mr. Henri
Rouvillois who shows us thru
the Hospital - a cemetery containing
no names adjoins it. In a corner
of it are 14 American graves, well
kept and in the midst. There is a
beautiful stone monument, with a
carved figure, the Statue of Liberty -
bearing the inscription - Due to
Terre de Lorraine soit donnee
a nos Allies, Whier et d'aujourd'hui
d'hier - 1781 - 1918. The monument
was erected and sheltered by
wounded soldiers. Among the graves
I notice a tombstone marked O'D
Weiss, William - 9th Inf. Reg. Co. A - A

juw'ik had...

Many Musslam tombs, are here too and a small mosque in the midst of them! —

We come to Verdun! —

Capt. Maurice d'Erville, welcomes us, in the absence of the General. We enter the citadel of Verdun, a vast fortress of many tunnels built into the mountain — 60 feet under ground — the fortress is spacious, well lighted & ventilated, with compartments for every thing, including a Cinema Theatre —

We visit the city! Ruins on every side! a deserted city! not a civilian in it! — not a single building untouched! — a sight of desolation! — we linger long among the ruins — studying ancient edifices that had defied the onslaught centuries finally laid low by the hands of men! The beautiful Cathedral is a pathetic sight in its stately desolation —

We come to the Bishop's Palace where in Feb. 1916 the Kaiser had planned to hold the royal banquet celebrating his anticipated victory. We see the adjoining grounds where he was to have received his victorious troops -

In the growing darkness we return after much curious wandering among shalloon heaps, of to the castle.

We dine in the general's mess hall, tastefully decorated with armors and banners, in the company of five or six officers, the porters.

After dinner, we attend a Cinema performance in an adjoining chamber! Strange that, then - making picture performance in the fortress of Verdun! -

Cent. Groppe moves a deeply religious soul. Walking leisurely in the moonlight outside, the fortification he speaks of his spiritual yearning - his unyielding pleas for the Palace -

of the revival that has come to
France!



Monday Aug. 19 - 1918

We leave for the battle fields and
forts around Verdun! - The
graveyards of fifteen hundred
thousand men! - The Great
Sanctuary of Verdun!

We go to the extreme limits of the
height overlooking the village of Six.
Beyond are the German trenches. The
ground covered by us is charred, ripped
and plowed. Rank weeds and shrubs
cover the tortured landscape.

We move north east to Fleury - ^{nothing}
but an ugly stump of pulverized ^{clothes} ~~mass~~ -
ry. A beautiful village once occupied
this spot. I stop to pick a sappy
on the brink of a yellow pool in a shell
hole and I see on its bottom - a skull.
A few steps further on I pick up an
old broken shell. I drop it in horror.
The bleached bone of a man's ankle is
in it! The dead lie in holes under
our feet and their bones sometimes es-
cape the charitable sanctuary of the
soil. Fleury was the midnight furnace
of the Hell of Verdun for months.

Beyond to the extreme right is Vaux
a little north, it is Mermant and
near still, to our position is Thiaumont
- The great Trinity of Verdun. The valley
stretching on all sides is honey combed
with artillery posts - and many of them are
in action. At every turn one finds him-
self in a wilderness of crosses - wooden
monuments to the known and the unknown
dead.

To the right of Henry there rolls a
gentle slope into a shallow dale. This
is the Valley of Tears! Legions perished
here in fearful agony. The valley still bears
the charred blotches! The battle here
was terrible.

We return to the citadel. On our
way we stop at one of the military
cemeteries - 3800 rest here - to pay our
homage to those who found mortal
life in sudden death. The inscriptions
on some of the crosses and the wreaths
are indeed very pathetically. One reads
"A mon Petit Mami; a mon Petit Papa
cheri"....
And here and there among the

many crosses are plane white wooden
tablets with the Hebrew characters
ו"ב upon them - Jewish graves -

These were the men who ^{inscribed} ~~inscribed~~
in letters of blood upon the background
of pain. "On ne passe pas!..."

The Colonel who guided us on
our way this morning - Colonel Alesha
is a most charming man. He speaks
feelingly & knowingly of the Battle. We
spend much time at Fort de Souville
and inspect its defenses. From S. we
have a complete view , all the forts
surrounding Verdun.

After dinner I meet Rabbi M.
Politscheck - the Jr. Chaplain
this sector who came to pay his
respects. We spend much time on the
condition of French Jewry - and he
tells me of his work as Chaplain.
We set out to visit the left bank
the Meuse. We stop at Marre ^{Jews who} ~~where~~
we have a splendid view of Hill
304 and Mort-Homme. We see
a French observation balloon ~~down~~ ^{altered}
by a German aeroplane and set

on fire - the Observer descending in
a parachute. On our way back
we visit an American artillery battery
and there I meet a few Jewish men!

We visit the ~~old~~ synagogue & the
ruined g-course, and the Jewish
Cemetery, with a number of soldiers
graves and the grave of Rabbi M.
V. Berenson among them; The Rabbi who
wrote the inscription for this grave
was ^{also} killed not long after.

We return to the City Hall & dine; ~~then~~
asked to inscribe my name in the visitors
book for the archives, the fortress. I saw
the following inscription.

Yehuda! - "not by power and not by
might but by my spirit, saith the Lord" -

Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver -

We spend the evening in walking about
the walls of the Citadel. A beautiful
moonlight night - and in the distance
the rumbling of a steady barrage!

My mind is confused from the in-
numerable ~~looks~~ impressions of the day!
Varied emotions were stirred within
me as I passed from place to place!

I felt the horror of it all, the glory
of it all and the wonder of it all. But
above all an uncomprehensible spirit
of depression has been with me all
day. I could not help hearing
the woman's sob and the child's
plaintive cry - "Mon Petit Mari,
Mon Petit Papa chéri".....



Tuesday Aug. 20, 1918.

We leave for Basle-Neuchâtel and Paris.
M. La Croix and Sient Alleg dine
with me in a very good restaurant
adjoining Gare Montparnasse - It is
my farewell dinner! I leave Paris
for Basel 8 o'clock that evening. We
arrive in B. about 10 in the morning
of the 21st.



Wed. Aug. 21 1918.

Call on Admiral Wilson. His
replies are most warmly. Inform
me that he has made all arrange-
ments for my return on board the
Annapolis. We chat quite some
time about the war he talks more
the Jews Religion in the army etc.
He engages rooms for me at the
Continental Hotel instructs his
aide to take care of my baggage
my transportation order etc. & in-
vites me to return the next
morning.

I spend the day viewing Brest.
In the evening I receive good speed
telegrams from Father & Aunt.
Mey.

Receive word from Admiral to
be ready next morning to board
the ship. —

Thurs. Aug. 22, 1918.

Saw the Admiral in the morning. Bids
me good-bye. Fix up for me the matter
of the visa } my passport which, as my
rush out } Papers I did not have time
to attend to. Come on board ship
Liverpool - 12.30 P.M. - A large num.
of officers returning to train on new
jokes and quite a number wounded
are on board. We set sail later in the afternoon.
The steward understands himself
to me as a fellow Jew and is anxious
to make things comfortable for me.
We are instructed in the Abandon
Ship drill - and are ordered to wear
our life belts all the time.

Friday, Sat. Sunday, Monday Tues. Aug. 23-27. 1922

Uneventful days. Sea calm. We drill every morning at 5 A.M. - We stop Monday.

Officers on board discuss in a most unusual manner problems, morals and ethics. A strong note of skepticism, heretofore foreign in mental attitude of our young men is discernible. I got over it! —

