

**Brussels, November 18, 1914.** - This is another day of disgust. This morning one of the servants of the Golf Club came in to say that there were fifty German soldiers looting the place. In the afternoon Jack and I went out for a look at the place and to get my clubs. We found a lot of soldiers under command of a corporal. They had cleaned the place out of food, wine, linen, silver, and goodness knows what else. Florimont, the steward, had been arrested because he would not tell them which of the English members of the club had gone away and where the others were staying. Having spent his time at the club, the fact was that he did not know who was still in town and could not tell, but the Germans could not be convinced of this and have made him prisoner.

I stopped at headquarters this afternoon to see von der Lancken. As I came out a fine Rolls-Royce limousine drew up on the opposite side of the street---a military car. The chauffeur, in backing out, caught and tore the sleeve of his coat. In a rage, he slammed the door and planted a tremendous kick in the middle of the panel with his heavy boot. I stood agape and watched. He looked up, caught me looking at him, and turned his anger from the motor to me. He put his hands on his hips, shot out his jaw and glared at me. Then he began walking toward me across the street in heavy-villain steps, glaring all the time. He stopped just in front of me, his face twitching with rage, evidently ready to do something cataclysmic. Then the heavens opened, and a tremendous roar came from across the street. The officer to whom the car belonged had seen the display of temper from his window, and had run out to express his views. The soldier did a Genée toe-spin and stood at attention, while his superior cursed him in the most-stupendous way. I was glad to be saved and to have such a display of fireworks into the bargain.

### Footnotes.

It would be interesting compare with what **Roberto J. Payró** told about the same day in his *Diario de un testigo* (*La guerra vista desde Bruselas*) :

Original Spanish version :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19141117%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20TESTIGO.pdf>

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19141118%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20TESTIGO.pdf>

French version :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19141117%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20TESTIGO%20FR.pdf>

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19141118%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20TESTIGO%20FR.pdf>

It would be also interesting compare with what **Paul MAX** (cousin of the *bourgmestre Adolphe MAX*) told about the same day in his *Journal de guerre* (*Notes d'un Bruxellois pendant l'Occupation 1914-1918*) :

[http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user\\_upload/publications/Fichier\\_PDF/Fonte/Journal\\_de%20Oguerre\\_de\\_Paul\\_Max\\_bdef.pdf](http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user_upload/publications/Fichier_PDF/Fonte/Journal_de%20Oguerre_de_Paul_Max_bdef.pdf)