

February 5, 1917.—What a day!<sup>1</sup> As on that fatal August morning at Bois Fleuri, gave order to pack up, and at ten, with Nell, drove to the Legation. No word there, save that von der Lancken had gone to Berlin. I took the flag from my motor, feeling that it was more chic to do so. Near the King's stables, on the boulevard in the cold fog, hundreds of people watching the seizure of horses—a big round-up—conducted by grey Uhlans with their long lances and dirty guidons.

Went to see von Moltke—very polite. We talked, but to no purpose, since neither of us knew anything officially. Von der Lancken will be back Thursday, and hopes to shake my hand then. Von Moltke translated the President's address for us into French from the German text. They were all rather depressed; evidently had had no notion that the President would act so promptly, and so decisively. Von Moltke sure that it would soon be war; said finally that an American ship had already been sunk.

Agreed that, in the meantime, I was to keep my flag on the Legation. Told him I wished to go out by Switzerland; he not sure; spoke of a possibility of our going with the Berlin embassy.

"My legation," I said, "is not an appendage of the embassy at Berlin."

Von Moltke couldn't understand why America so misunderstood Germany.

<sup>1</sup> On Saturday, February 3rd, President Wilson announced to a joint session of Congress his decision to sever relations with Germany; protesting that he still hoped to avert war. That day Bernstorff received his passports.