

*Sunday, May 6, 1917.*—Up early and away with adieux to de Broqueville and the soldiers saluting at the gate. A sunny morning, cooler than it had been, with the wind from the east. The chauffeurs drove like Jehus, eighty or ninety kilometres an hour, until near Crécy—what historic memories every name in these parts evokes!—the motor limped suddenly and gave out a terrible rattling

sound precisely like that of machine-guns. I knew it was the left hind wheel. I tried to signal the chauffeur but he was looking up in the air evidently thinking of aëroplanes. We had been going so fast that the tread of a tire had been burned off. The chauffeur was principally sad because we should not get to Dieppe for luncheon. I asked him why it was necessary to get to Dieppe for luncheon; he did not know; simply another instance of an old vice in the human mind: *l'idée fixe*.

"I thought that you wished to lunch at the Tête de Bœuf."

"But we lunch at Eu just as well and you could perhaps go a little slower." And so we lunched again at Eu, and there was our Belgian officer with his *petite amie* once more.

The chauffeur took another route and we came back through Ste.-Valérie, Fécamp, Montivilliers, and Harfleur—Harfleur to which Henry V set out one day so long ago in other wars; back then at Ste.-Adresse for tea, and the dogs nearly frantic with joy at seeing us!