

August 30, 1917.—This morning, glancing out the window, I saw coming down the short gravel walk across our little garden, in the rain, a broad-shouldered young chap, great raincoat belted in, khaki cap pulled down over his eyes, puttees, stick, and so forth,

ruddy, smiling face, curling hair, short, smart moustache—in short, the perfect type of the English officer. He came in—and lo, John Wilmington, whom I could remember only as the little boy in Winthrop Street.¹ He is going into the flying corps. We had him to luncheon, and late in the afternoon, he left for Etretât. *Ay di mi!* Growing old!

Heard that the *Vaterland* had arrived with troops, and was in the roadstead. Walked to Ste.-Adresse with Nell but, of course, no *Vaterland* to see.