

September 3, 1917.—A lovely, silvery, sunny September day (there were twenty-three days of rain in August); my morning walk with the dogs.

After luncheon to Etretât—and all afternoon golf, though I had to play alone. A beautiful afternoon—a convoy going by, over to

England—fifteen or more ships, with a dirigible and two aëroplanes hovering overhead.

Hapgood showed me letter Brewer had written from the front describing the death, after an operation, technically perfect, of Sir William Osler's son—and then the pathetic burial, wrapped in a blanket and lowered into a muddy trench.

Back here to find Charles H. Grasty of the *New York Times* here, waiting to see me. I knew he was coming, for he had sent a wire from [word omitted here] fixing his time, but I didn't stop on that account, or give up my trip to Etretât, for I knew he came to have me do something for him, not to do anything for me. He was in the uniform of a war correspondent, that is, a uniform as nearly like an officer's uniform as possible without infringing on the order against wearing it. He came to ask about Hoover, who has asked him to take charge of publicity. He will not do it, however. He was most depressing—said Haig's offensive is a flat failure, that the submarine warfare is very serious, that they are sinking three times as much tonnage as the Allies are constructing,¹ that France is feeble, that Ribot is going, and so on. Left me feeling very blue and as if the game was up. Indeed, Grasty almost spoke as though it were, and said Pershing felt much that way. He referred to the hatred of the French for the British and for the Belgians; the French, however, love the Americans. "Yes, today," I said, "but in six months they will hate us too." One hears this hatred of the French for British and Belgians on every hand; every one speaks of it. "More boche than the boches," say the French of the Belgians; and then, with their cruel French wit, "We will fight until not a single Belgian remains on French soil!"

¹ While Grasty's report was in general accurate, he was mistaken as to the submarines; from August, 1917, onwards, anti-submarine measures began to control the situation.