

*November 20, 1918.*—At 11:45 we started, after much hurry and bustle and confusion and waiting for Marjorie Villiers.... I had asked Villiers to go in "my" car, and he had asked if Marjorie could go along. We finally got off....

Nell and Villiers and I were in Coulter's big grey military limousine, a beautiful smoothly rolling car, driven by a soldier lad of our army, George Statler, oddly enough of Cleveland, who said that he had driven me to the hospital the night that my dear father died. Mlle. Marie and Kin Kung and Tai Tai, and Mlle. Defenthal were in the car driven by Max, with Charles perched beside him on the box; there was another car, an open touring car, hood up of course, driven by Koebig, detailed by Boyd to accompany us, with a petty officer of our navy, and Swift, Cruger and de Lanse in the rear seat....

There were two great motor lorries, piled high with our luggage, our impedimenta of all sorts, one driven by a sailor, with Omer beside him, the other driven by a soldier, with Eugène on the box beside him.

Away along the familiar road to Etretât—sad to leave that anyway; sad in a way to leave the charming little house on the hillside with that exquisite view of the sea—but not sad to leave the vile hole of Havre, which peradventure may be saved only by the fact that that righteous man John Nicholson lives in it.

Thence on, in sunlight with silvery mists, to Dieppe, where we stopped for luncheon at two o'clock, thence to Eu, where at four a thick dense fog enveloped the world. Thence on to Abbeville, lugubrious and dark, thence to Montreuil, picking our way slowly along, and finally, worn out and weary, we reached, some five or six kilometres beyond Montreuil, the convent of La Chartreuse,

turned into a Belgian hospital since the war. There the chaplain was awaiting us, and a charming woman, wife of a Liège physician, and they had an enormous dinner served, far more than we could eat—it was after nine. The convent had all the mystery of a place one sees for the first time in darkness. . . . We slept in an old room, barren, with a sheepskin on the floor, but good beds, and a fire in the fireplace and no way to unbar the massive shutters. But we were soon asleep.