

August 30, 1920.—A day of bright sun, but a cold wind—late autumnal weather, in fact.

Myra and Norman, back from Italy this morning, were here to luncheon, and immediately afterwards Nell and I with the Thomases to Antwerp, to see the distribution of prizes by the King, or to be seen, rather. We had a broken spring when nearly to Antwerp, but repaired it with a clamp, and arrived at the Stadium just

in time. The stands were crowded, and the participants in the games grouped under their flags on the green sward, waiting. A tribune had been erected in the arena for the royal party. We had entered our box in the stands, where there were several dear colleagues, when General Sage appeared and said that I was desired to come down, and so with Thomas, joined the Americans as though I were an athlete myself. We were there when the King arrived, with Prince Léopold and Prince Charles, and his suite, amid the blare of trumpets and a clamour of welcome, and troops presenting arms, and the flags of all the nations dipped to him as he passed—all save the American flag. Of course, we must always on all occasions, in all conceivable circumstances, do things differently, and we have a rule that forbids the dipping of our flag. So it stood stark and conspicuous, and ill-manneredly erect while all the others were gracefully inclined by their bearers in greeting to the King.

I felt conspicuous myself, but the King saw me, and beckoned me to his tribune, and gave me a chair at his side, between him and the Prince Charles—it was the Prince's chair, indeed, that he gave me. . . . Across the Stadium a choir was bravely hymning, interminably hymning, its choruses.

"I find it very disagreeable," was the King's comment. "But it seems that all official ceremonies must last two hours. If there are no speeches, then there are choirs." . . .

And a man appeared before the tribune unfolding a long MS.

"Is he going to make a speech?" exclaimed the King, in alarm.

But it was not a discourse, but the list of winners that the man held in his hand, and he began to read off the names of the winners. Three Boy Scouts, very seriously, marched up bearing the prizes, first, second and third, in each class, with a little statuette, a bronze Victory, to accompany the medal of the first prize; the names were called, the winners came up; the King gave the first, the Prince Léopold the second, the Prince Charles the third. Prince Charles, standing beside me, in his naval cadet uniform, didn't do it to suit the King, who scolded him and the Prince blushed—and then whispered to me.

"What do I say, 'Best congratulations'? Is that all right?"

I assured him that it was perfect, and he greeted each of the contestants thereafter with "Best congratulations."