

May 23, 1921.—In the afternoon at 3:30 to the Cinquantenaire, the first horse-show to be held since 1914, when we were with the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Denmark. The crowd was not so large as it was then, the dressing and the show as usual not so smart or so splendid. . . .

It was frightfully hot under the glass roof of the enormous structure. The King, at three o'clock, appeared in the tribune of red and gold. . . . Max sat with him, and finally Franchet d'Esperey, Marshal of France, the hero of the Chemin des Dames where, by his frivolous absence, he lost half an army to the Germans in the spring of 1918, many leagues of territory, and almost lost Paris and the Allied cause. As a reward, he was given the command at Salonika, and made a Marshal of France.

He is here to speak at Franco-Belgian banquets, and yesterday attended a celebration on top of Mt. Kemmel, the hill near Ypres which the English so gallantly held throughout the war. For this reason the French and Belgians ascended the hill yesterday, and remained there all day making discourses to each other, celebrating the glorious victory of the French at Kemmel. No English, of course, were present, or even invited. Franchet d'Esperey never saw Kemmel until yesterday, when he made a speech. . . .

— had the box next to ours this afternoon, he and his wife, who looks as if she had come out of the Maison Telliér, and has lately grown disgustingly fat. —, not having had enough of it yesterday, came into our box—the —s and the Thomases are as thick as molasses—and — said to me with his usual gusto:

“You see there, with the King, the Maréchal Franchet d'Esperey?”

“Yes, I see him,” I said. “The hero of the Chemin des Dames, is it not?”

“Ah, no!” said —. “In Salonika!”

“Yes,” I said, “but, that was later. He had a reverse, didn't he?”

General — came into our box, and the first thing he said was:

“What's all this nonsense about Kemmel? I was there; the English held that hill; the French territorials who were brought up ran away to Dunkirk, and the English had to retake what they lost. . . . There never was a Frenchman on it.”

The truth about Kemmel is that the English held it gallantly throughout the war. In a great attack in the spring of 1918 they lost part of the hill, and the French troops were brought up; the next day we read in Marcel Hutin's column in *l'Echo de Paris* the

astounding statement to the effect that "now we know why Kemmel will not be taken." One contingent of French did nobly, but they lost, so the King told me, twenty thousand prisoners. The English held on; and today the French, with their Belgian sycophants, celebrate the victory, and never even invite the English!

The feeling in France against the English is high; the press is terribly nasty, and the Belgian press is outdoing the French. As an example of the lengths to which they will go, the Belgian newspapers are saying that Lloyd George accused them of impertinence! I wrote down what he *did* say at the time.