

PREFACE

The present volume does not pretend to be a book. It is a diary, written in the kitchens of French farmhouses, in muddy dug-outs, and other unromantic places, and sent home to friends from time to time. In most cases the account was written within twenty-four hours of the events described.

Its sole justification is that it is a record of facts, experiences, and emotions, before the facts had become tinged with fiction, the experiences had lost their original sharpness, and the emotions had been erased by the moving finger of time.

WILLIAM BOYD.

WINNIPEG,
August, 1916.