



The XIII Century Chateau at Gevrey-Chambertin

did he like being mistaken for a Bosche, as he sometimes was, though the Russians wear their own uniform, a loose belted khaki blouse and a peaked cap. The German's gray cap is without a peak and has a red band. He is frequently dressed in bright green and in all his clothing the P. G. (*Prisonnier de guerre*) are conspicuously stamped.

Ossip had been a carpenter in Russia and he did not like the constant stooping involved in work on the land. Still he was clothed and well fed and besides that he received two francs a day and the farmer for whom he worked was very kind. "But some day I may have a patron who is not good," Ossip reasoned, "and if I do not please him he will put me in prison with 200 grammes of bread a day and water. That has happened to some of my comrades." So Ossip decided to fight for France.

The motors that fly between Beaune and Dijon are all military, and comparatively few horses pass by, especially since the day of requisition. Gevrey-Chambertin is the *chief lieu* of the canton, so it was here that all the horses from thirty-two surrounding townships were brought for Government inspection. More than four hundred came, so they, with their attendants, made a great stir in the quiet place. All day long the peasants

waited, camping on the village green where they ate their black bread and drank their sour wine at mid-day and fed their horses with oats. All day long the café was crowded with bourgeois who discussed the war, speculated on the chance of their horses being taken, the price the Government would pay, and the possibility of replacing them. Madame Collardot was unexpectedly called upon to prepare forty dinners—a tremendous crowd for her humble restaurant! And all day long Antoinette ran up and down the cellar stairs for fresh supplies of wine.

Four hundred and sixty horses passed, one by one, before a stable door where the inspecting officers had installed themselves, with a table, chairs and writing materials. A policeman called each man by name from a list of the owners of horses compiled at the various town halls, and every horse, old and sorry though it might be, had to be led before the judges. Even when the owner had papers to show that his horse had already served and been discharged as unfit for use in the army, he must again be produced, for rest and care make new horses as well as new men. Sometimes a woman led the horse, sometimes a German prisoner—for many of the farmers had brought with them their only labourer, and he found pleasure