

DIARY OF A FRENCH OFFICER

After I had been wounded and knocked down, my soldiers kept on running forward and jumped into the fourth German trench. But their ranks had thinned, and they were too few. Some were killed, others disarmed. The latter were told by the Boches after a time: "You are not wanted. Get out of here." My men were bewildered. They could not understand. Again they were ordered to leave, and finally they leaped out of the trench and began running back to the French position. The brutes then fired upon them from behind. All were killed evidently, with the exception of this soldier, who owed his life to the crater into which he had providentially fallen.

My grief was intense. I had lost all my brave men, and I was powerless to avenge them. To this mental torture was added the suffering from my wound. The hot rays of the sun came directly upon us. Hand grenades fell again into the crater. We crouched close to the ground.

Presently French 75's and 105's began to burst over the German trench. We watched the shells. They were very, very near us. One 75 exploded just above our heads and the