



The Church at Gevrey-Chambertin

I often wonder what the quiet road was like when the appariteur beat his little drum to call to arms four years ago in Gevrey-Chambertin.

"The news had travelled before him," Madame Collardot told me, "but we gathered round to listen just the same, then he called for my husband who was working at the vines and I ran and ran, without stopping to take breath. Of course I knew he was too old to fight (and I was too old to run like that!) but I called to him, 'Come quick!' and he came running, and there was an auto at the door and he jumped in, for there was a sealed despatch to be delivered to every young man in the district, calling him to join his regiment.

"We were not sad when the boys went away—no, we were far too ex-

cited for that! I said to my son-in-law, 'You will not fight; this is but a demonstration!' No one had told us the fighting had already begun! . . . and since that day we have not lived in Gevrey-Chambertin!"

Yet life goes on! Bread is scarce and wine is dear but there is still the vintage and everyone lives for and by the vintage. There are no young men to help—unless you count the German prisoners and the Russians who, though not prisoners, are not allowed to leave France. The Slavs seem fairly contented, though no one speaks their language and they know very little French. Two of them used to lodge behind our café, but Ossip left last Sunday to join the foreign legion. He did not relish his undefined status—neither soldier nor civilian—nor