

CHAPTER XVI

THE MAN

I CAN see him and hear him still as I did when I had the honour of serving under him. I remember his precise questions, his horror of the "there-or-thereabouts" type of mind, the ample domain his intellect covered. From each one he demanded the maximum of his technical knowledge and of his personal observations. His busy brain seemed to feed on facts and on data with an insatiable appetite. I remember him, too, going all by himself at an hour when the church at Cassel was deserted, to meditate on his task and seek comfort in that great affliction of which he never spoke.

But above all, I can never forget his