

LAST DAY AT THE FRONT

the wheel. It was dark, and the road was muddy and soft, and everything seemed to go wrong. The train left at 1 o'clock in the morning and I was nearly beside myself for fear I would miss it.

When I finally did get in it was after eleven and I had to do some tall hustling to get my things packed, get my grant and tickets, and change my clothes for dry ones and walk half a mile to the station to catch the train. I did it, though, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was in London.

I sailed from Liverpool on the 11th of December and nine days later I was back home in Boston.

It has been a terrible experience, but it has been a wonderful thing for me, in that it has made me appreciate my own home and the old Stars and Stripes as I never did before.