



MARKING TIME

THE week after the dastardly affair mentioned in the last chapter for which no excuse of any kind could be offered (as the hospital was as far removed from the railway as is Fort Howe from the Union Depot), we had three battalions of the U. S. infantry march into Doullens, and they brought into the war an entirely new spirit, which was very helpful to our tired and weary troops, after the experiences which they had just passed.

The 101st, 2nd and 3rd were followed a few weeks later by the 105th, 6th and 7th, and they did some of the craziest things imaginable. Fancy a staid and stately British military band and in war time, marching through the streets of any city with blacked faces and dressed like a bunch of silly kids on Hallo'een night, yet these American bands went through this performance night after night, and finished up on the square with a minstrel concert to the immense amusement of the inhabitants, who if they could not understand the words spoken or sung, could appreciate the comic attitudes struck by the players.

We saw two complete divisions of British infantry march out of here to the help of the Italians, as they struggled to drive the enemy back across the Piave, and we greatly wondered if we could possibly spare them, but we had later to see still another division go to the