***In Our Time***

Everybody was drnk. The whole batery was drunk going along the road in the dark. We wee going to the Champagne. The lieuteant kept ridng his horse out ino the fields and saying to him, “I’m drunk, I tell you, mon vieux. Oh, I am so soued.” We went along the road all night in the drk and the adjutant kept ridng up alongside my kitchen and saying, “You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observd.” We were fifti kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I first was a kitchen corpral.

1

The first matador got the horn thrugh his sword hnd and the crow hooted him out. The second matador sliped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hng on to the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham agaist the wall and the horn came out, and he lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slueg the men carrying him away and yed for his sword but he fainted.

2

The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can’t have more than three matadors, and the last bull he was so tired he couldn’t get the sword in. He couldn’t hardly lift his arm. He tried five times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the bull ring.

3

Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. No end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving. The Maritza was running yellow almost up to the bridge. Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry herded along the procession. Women and kids were in the carts crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.

4

5

We were in a garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.