

CHAPTER 4



1917

Winter in Ukraine—Inspections— Blockade—Worsening Shortages

1 JANUARY. That was a jolly New Year's Eve! We gather in the mess at 8:00 p.m.—General von Rosenzweig, substituting for our vacationing commander, has a small game of whist going, so it's 9:00 p.m. before we sit down for supper: meat pies, Wiener schnitzel with mixed salad, beer, and wine. It becomes very jolly very rapidly: two gypsies from the twenty-ninth light infantry fiddle without interruption. First Lieutenant Schwarz, to whom we are bidding farewell, has some spicy things to say. Before we look around, it's already midnight. Champagne for all: the general proposes a very well-thought-out toast to our Kaiser Karl and Empress Zita, followed by good wishes all round: "Happy New Year" from everyone's lips. Second supper: meatloaf, smoked tongue in aspic, cheese, small baked goods. Things become livelier and livelier: we drink and drink and drink. Rittmeister Baron Hammerstein recites verses that he has composed beautifully: a review of First Lieutenant Schwarz's entire tour of duty at command. If only the refrain were not so vulgar! Much remarkable dancing! It's already 3:30 a.m. by the time we part: some others depart before I do. Despite this, I get up early at the usual time of 7:00 a.m.: my valiant batman, Schweiger, always makes sure that I do, with his clomping about—some men remain together celebrating through 7:00 a.m.: they look like death warmed over! Weather horrible: it rains during the night again: mud, gloomy, foggy and very damp air—also in my shelter.

2 JANUARY. Pouring rain during the night, and by morning it's -4°C . At 7:30 a.m. I travel to the front with Chief Medical Officer Herzog and from there to the first aid station of the fortieth infantry regiment; then with Senior Physician Kantorek to that of no. 3/40 accompanied by the battalion commandant, German Captain Bartosch. On the way back, lively Russian firing on the position, clearly seen through the clear, beautiful snowy weather. Firing becomes critical: when we want to return from the supply depot into the com-

munications trench, an officer whizzes by with the news that Major Strohhofer, commandant of first aid station no. 4/103, has just been wounded. We see a fresh shell hole and large puddle of blood at the entrance to the trench, and rush to the first aid station to which the major has been brought. Herzog enters the trench, quite exposed, to bandage him. It would surely have been better had he left this to regular physicians, who would first have taken the major into the shelter, undressed him, and treated him at their leisure. He is wounded in the thigh and left eye. Although they are only flesh wounds, they are bleeding very heavily—his pulse is very weak. Wounds are washed, emergency bandages placed, and he is evacuated to the medical unit. It's around 11:00 a.m., but, because of the slow journey on bumpy roads, he only arrives at the unit at 3:00 p.m., completely exsanguinated, and dies soon after. The femoral artery had been severed!

We are all very depressed about this: he was one of our best staff officers, beloved and honored by his men like few others. Straight after dinner, we are just as depressed to take leave of First Lieutenant Schwarz: a dear comrade and dashing fellow.

3 JANUARY. Snow again during the night: temperature drops below zero. Morning overcast and damp, almost no wind. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to the first aid station of the fortieth infantry regiment, where all doctors have gathered and Dr. Fieber tries his best to tell us about his experiences during his fourteen days at the front, courtesy of our valiant chief medical officer. Trouble is that he has nothing to tell, because, during the entire time, he has sat on his hands at the first aid station of the twenty-ninth light infantry, which had—by chance—very few wounded. It proved impractical to fit treatment of every wounded man around his presence. Our corps chief medical officer doesn't think about the wounding of Major Strohhofer in this context: perhaps if a good surgeon had been at hand soon after, his life could have been saved. Lecture and discussion takes about an hour, after which I go to the dressing station of reserve artillery unit no. 10, then return back: I arrive around noon. The sun tries to peek through during the afternoon, but only succeeds for a very short time.

4 JANUARY. Burial of Major Strohhofer near the medical unit in the Wójmicka¹ cemetery. I travel there by car, with several men from command. Corps



Figure 4.1. Medical care in a first aid station. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.



Figure 4.2. Burial in the field. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

Commandant Csanady, accompanied by several other officers, is also there, with German Group Commandant General Riemer, successor of General von der Marwitz, who has become army commandant on the Western Front. A very uplifting ceremony: many officers and men are present. The funeral cortege is made up from his own battalion, with many wreaths. Chaplain Strzyzowski delivers his usual bad, incomprehensible eulogy—I haven't heard a more miserable speaker for a long time; Corps Commandant Csanady gives a short but pithy and moving eulogy talk at the open grave. By the time we return, it's 11:30 a.m. Weather is very cold: -4°C with a moderate east wind, strengthening during the afternoon, with snow squalls. Toward evening weather suddenly changes: warmer southwest wind with some rain, snowmelt, and thawing weather.

5 JANUARY. Weather very mild, sunshine at times, a great deal of mud, snow completely melted in places. At 9:00 a.m., I travel to the division medical unit to visit the new sick bay of the division ammunition supply depot. Return around noon.

6 JANUARY. Lovely winter's day with sunshine and not too cold, -2.5°C , fairly strong northwest wind. Departure early at 8:00 a.m. with the corps chief medical officer to the fourth light infantry first aid station, then to reserve artillery unit no. 10. Visit with the commandant of nineteenth brigade, Colonel Schmidbacher. Return around 11:00 a.m.

Excellent progress in Romania: Braila² is already in our hands, and the enemy has been cleaned out from the whole of Dobrudscha.³ The Entente has,

as is now generally known, turned down our peace proposal. Both we and the neutrals are very disappointed: today, the German Kaiser has given a strict army command informing everyone: he is now determined that peace must be forced upon the Entente by war.

7 JANUARY. A severe winter's day, -7.5°C , with strong east wind, but otherwise clear sky and pure air. At 8:30 a.m. I travel with the corps chief medical officer to the first aid station of the second howitzer regiment in Alexandrowka,⁴ also the baggage train of the fourth light infantry, which is also there. We inspect medical equipment and supplies and return at 11:30 a.m. Afternoon: cloudy and overcast, fresh snowfall toward evening. During evening, our shelters glow with electric lights for the first time, making them double as homely. But our beautiful light is extinguished after only half an hour—only a test run, but should be stable from tomorrow on.

8 JANUARY. Morning overcast, damp, cold not so bad, almost no wind. I travel to Pavlovicz⁵ at 7:30 a.m., from there together with Dr. Herzog to Chorostow⁶ to inspect the bakery and the division troop command. It is noon before we return. Complete clearing by afternoon with sunshine. Focsani⁷ has been taken! Ninety-nine officers, fifty-four thousand men, three artillery pieces, twenty machine guns. A very good catch!

9 JANUARY. Nice winter's day with sunshine and not too cold, hardly -4°C with a moderate east wind. At 10:00 a.m., I travel to Captain Grimm's artillery group with Assistant Physician Dr. Rodler; return at 11:00 a.m. Afternoon becomes overcast.

10 JANUARY. Moderate frost and overcast.

11 JANUARY. Beautiful winter's day with moderate cold and moderate east wind. Sunshine. At 9:00 a.m., I travel to the division ammunition depot in Wojmica, whose sick bay has still not been built; after that to division medical unit, return by noon.

At 3:30 p.m. I travel to the corps chief medical officer in Pavlovicz again, as commanded, together with Surgeon Major Dr. Müller. Return around 5:00 p.m. Increasing frost toward evening. For reasons that are unknown to me, we have a small mess celebration this evening: perhaps in honor of the opening of our electric lighting which functions perfectly, starting today. Perhaps because the day after tomorrow our commander returns from leave; as soon as he arrives, we will be back in the doldrums again. Perhaps a preliminary celebration for our Major Heller, who is going on leave for four weeks as soon as the commandant arrives; And, last but not least, perhaps because our riflemen have shot a deer, which tastes wonderful.

Guests include our cavalry commander; also Captain Resch and Major Steinböck from corps command. Our own string quartet, augmented by two men from the fortieth infantry music section, presents a varied program, each piece dedicated to a specific gentleman. Very good red wine and of course no

lack of champagne to conclude. It's midnight before I go to bed: some stay celebrating until 5:00 a.m.

12 JANUARY. Nice morning weather, with sunshine, moderate cold, calm winds. Overcast during the afternoon. During the morning, I visit our quartermaster store, established very comfortably in a nearby forest.

13 JANUARY. Thawing weather since yesterday evening, strong east wind. Damp cold, foggy, a great deal of mud. Artillery fire from both sides has increased significantly during the past two days. Airplanes fly over at night, something completely new in this theater of war.

14 JANUARY. Overcast, foggy morning, thawing weather. Sudden clearing in the afternoon, with sunshine. Today there has been a large-scale batmen exchange: my batman, Schweiger, is staying with me.

15 JANUARY. Snow during the night, very overcast and foggy early. Ground is frozen, thawing weather toward evening. During the morning, I inspect baths being built here on the side of the hill—slow progress.

16 JANUARY. Morning overcast, foggy, mud, afternoon rain. Morning inspection of the sick bay in the division ammunition depot in Wojmica, which has still not been finished properly. I visit the division medical unit, return around noon.

17 JANUARY. Ground is frozen solid: west wind. The storm troop corps exercises today on the height: a great deal of rifle practice. The entire command is present at this exercise, myself included. Very interesting: lasts from 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. Afternoon departure of Major Heller for four weeks' vacation. His substitute is Lieutenant Colonel of General Staff Command Stamecka.

18 JANUARY. Moderately frosty weather, with a strong east wind, continues. Overcast, with periods of fog.

19 JANUARY. Heavy snowfall at night, up to ten centimeters deep: snow lasts all morning: -6°C , light east wind. Because of the weather, planned inspection of the division ammunition depot by the corps chief medical officer is canceled. This doesn't help me much, because I have risen early and prepared for the journey anyway.

We are in the middle of a complete reorganization of baggage train and medical units. From 1 February, the division medical unit will be known as the division medical column/convoy. It will have the task of getting rid of heavy conveyances, including ambulances, and only accept locally available⁸ vehicles: twenty-four for transporting the wounded and twelve for medical supplies. The number of physicians is reduced from six to five, each division with a permanent field hospital. Our division is assigned field hospital 9/20 that will now receive the number 1009: the first two numbers denote the corps (to which it belongs), and the last two the earlier hospital unit number. Here, as well, heavy vehicles are replaced by local conveyances, twelve for the wounded and sixteen for medical supplies. A great pity about the ambulances: it's true that they are

impossible to use in mountain warfare, but, for example, here in Wolhynia,⁹ where they can advance easily, they will be greatly missed: a locally available horse and wagon can never replace an ambulance.

20 JANUARY. First really cold winter's day: -16°C at 7:00 a.m. Clear blue, sunny sky. Heavy snow crunches underfoot: just glorious. Light northeast wind. At 9:00 a.m., inspection of baths that are being built at \approx 243 by the corps chief medical officer: naturally, I must come along.

21 JANUARY. Weather like yesterday, -14°C . At 10:30 a.m., I travel by sled to first aid station no. 462 and the twenty-ninth light infantry. I discuss the latest orders with them and return at 1:00 p.m. A lovely trip.

22 JANUARY. A little less cold, -7.5°C , but sun has disappeared, no more blue sky: cloudy and overcast, with a westerly wind. At 9:30 a.m. I travel with the corps chief medical officer to Captain Grund's artillery group and Assistant Physician Dr. Radler. On the way back, we visit the baths being constructed on \approx 243 again. Back at 11:00 a.m.

23 JANUARY. Another small decrease in cold: -5°C ; overcast, cloudy skies and westerly wind. Afternoon snow squalls. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to division medical unit no. 2, returning around noon. For the past few days, I have been in possession of a telephone box in my room, so I am no longer compelled to run several times a day and night and in all kinds of weather to telephone central. Our new corps chief medical officer finds it necessary to speak to his subordinates regularly, often about minor matters—to document how busy he is. He will keep on with this nonsense until fighting starts up again.

24 JANUARY. Temperature -4°C , light snow starting at noon. The substitute for our Chief of General Staff Lieutenant Colonel Stamecka has slipped while walking in a trench and broken his fourth right rib. After being bandaged, he remains here under my care.

25 JANUARY. Weather like yesterday: overcast, cloudy. At noon, a shy but unsuccessful effort by the sun to penetrate the clouds.

26 JANUARY. Cold, frosty weather continues. At 10:00 a.m. I am with the chief medical officer in Pavloviczy, after that the division medical unit. During the afternoon, Oberstabsarzt 1 Klasse Dr. Rallner arrives—again, we inspect the baths at \approx 243, then go on to the first aid station of the fortieth infantry division to inspect baths that are being built there as well.

27 JANUARY. Temperature -10°C . In the morning, I visit the quartermaster depot. Afternoon with Engineer Richter at the fortieth infantry regiment regarding construction of baths.

28 JANUARY. Temperature -9°C . Cold weather continues, snow remains deep. At 9:00 a.m., introduction of command to the new corps commandant, General of the Infantry Kritek: our own Commandant Csanady has been transferred, in the same capacity, to sixth corps.

29 JANUARY. Temperature -10°C . Overcast, followed by clearing, sunshine by 9:00 a.m. Travel to the dressing station at the fortieth infantry regiment with the corps chief medical officer, then back to the baths on № 243. Back by 11:00 a.m. Introduction of the corps chief medical officer to our generals.

30 JANUARY. Temperature -11°C . Dr. Herzog has canceled today's planned inspection of the fourth light infantry. I stay where I am: I have enough to do instructing the newly arrived Assistant Physician Dr. Baum and the baths, etc.

31 JANUARY. Freezing; -24°C . The coldest day this year so far, with a biting east wind. Because of the cold and wind, I try to remain indoors, but am summoned to Pavloviczky at 3:00 p.m. by the corps chief medical officer. Snow squalls toward evening.

1 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C . Wind has eased up: overcast and very cloudy. Today, field hospital 1009 joins our division and is now called the division medical column instead of division medical unit.

2 FEBRUARY. Temperature -9°C ; almost no wind. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to first aid station 103, then to the one at no. 3/40, returning 12:30 p.m. In the afternoon, back to the corps chief medical officer, returning at 5:00 p.m.

3 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C , biting east wind and snowdrifts. A horribly severe winter. During the morning, I visit the baths at Ha . . . ofen [illegible], rest of the time at home. Beginning on 1 February, the U-boat war has intensified.

4 FEBRUARY. Temperature -11°C , overcast with a biting east wind: terrible weather, which stops me from going out.

5 FEBRUARY. Temperature -15°C , partly sunny, moderate west wind. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to Alexandrowka to the second howitzer regiment, return 11:00 a.m.

6 FEBRUARY. Temperature -15°C . At 7:00 a.m., thick fog and slight westerly wind. I travel with corps chief medical officer Herzog to the fourth light infantry to inspect their position. Unfortunately, we lose our way and arrive at reserve company command: we obtain a guide who is a stretcher-bearer, but, despite him assuring us he knows the way, we travel for about two hours without arriving at the first aid station. So we cancel the planned inspection and limit ourselves to inspection of the baths on № 243, which, unfortunately, because of the severe cold, are still not finished. From there we return back and arrive at 10:30 a.m. By this time, I am completely numb from the cold. During our wanderings, skies clear up completely: the clear blue sky allows excellent visibility. The Russians use this to open lively artillery fire after 9:00 a.m. on our right flank (twenty-ninth light infantry). It is so active that two gentlemen from command who are outside have to jump into a foxhole, in which they spend a whole hour. In the end, it was good luck that we couldn't find the way to the front today.

7 FEBRUARY. Temperature -19°C : it's getting colder and colder. Early mist. I travel to Wojmica at 9:30 a.m. to inspect the supplies of field hospital 1009 and the medical column itself. Return 1:00 p.m.

8 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C , quite a strong northwest wind, which doubles the cold temperatures. At 8:00 a.m., I travel with the corps chief medical officer to the baggage train of no. 5/103 in connection with a case of smallpox¹⁰ and one of dysentery. The smallpox was brought in from the hinterland (Szolnok¹¹): the man had returned from vacation the day before. We cannot find any explanation for the case of dysentery: the man has been in the field since November 1916. The entire machine gun section to which the man belongs is examined for carriers of the bacillus.¹² Then we inspect the sick bay in the rear of the twenty-ninth rifles, which is also located with the baggage train, then (again) baths at the fortieth infantry regiment at \square 243. Return around 11:00 a.m. In the afternoon, I am summoned again to Pavloviczy by the corps chief medical officer, return 6:00 p.m.

9 FEBRUARY. Temperature -17°C , strong west wind. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to the fourth light infantry, returning 11:30 a.m. All vacations have been blocked from 6 to 28 February, apparently because of transport difficulties: just at the time when my vacation time approaches! We are very upset about Wilson's attitude to the intensified U-boat war. He has broken off relations with Germany: a harbinger of a future war declaration. That false "apostle of peace" has finally shown his true colors! As long as America made a great deal of money exporting food and war material to the Entente, it was comfortable to remain neutral, even in favor of peace—only a theoretical peace, to be sure, with happy, optimistic speeches. But now, when its trade is threatened, America is suddenly on the side of the Entente. How can anyone be more deceitful?

10 FEBRUARY. Temperature -7°C ; bitter west wind that makes it feel twice as cold.

11 FEBRUARY. Temperature -1°C , bright sunshine—limited snowmelt during the day. I am ordered to the corps chief medical officer at 4:00 p.m. and return only at 6:00 p.m.

12 FEBRUARY. Temperature -6°C . Endless winter. Sunshine, deep blue sky, absolutely clear air—almost no wind. A beautiful winter's day. I depart at 8:00 a.m. with the corps chief medical officer to Alexandrowka, to the second howitzer regiment, from there (again) to the baths on \square 243, which are unfortunately still not finished. Back at 10:30 a.m.

13 FEBRUARY. Temperature -8°C . Hazy, but clearing by 10:00 a.m. with deep blue sky and sunshine. At 8:30 a.m. I travel with Regimental Physician First Class Dr. Meyer to the German no. 3/378 division to inspect their first aid stations, which are to be taken over by our fortieth infantry regiment. They are beautifully equipped—each battalion's dressing station has a delousing fa-

cility with a bath. The sick bay itself is well equipped: really worth a visit. On the way back, the Russians hurl shells at us: we return at 11:30 a.m.

14 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C , overcast, heavy clouds, which lift around 9:00 a.m. but then close in again. I travel at 7:00 a.m. with the corps chief medical officer to the first aid station at the fourth light infantry, from there to the position of first company, then back to the aid station, return at 10:30 a.m. Afternoon very cold with a west wind.

15 FEBRUARY. Temperature -6°C , bitterly cold west wind. I inspect the baths on № 243 and then work detachments 1/20 and 1/19. I have a great deal of paperwork to get through during the afternoon.

16 FEBRUARY. Temperature -2°C , with a bitterly cold northwest wind. It feels a lot colder than it did when the temperature was -20°C .

17 FEBRUARY. Lovely winter's day with blue sky and clear air. Wind calm at times. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to the new position of the dressing station at no. 2 field howitzer regiment, from there to the aid station at fortieth infantry division, where I make a special inspection of the baths. Return 11:00 a.m. Afternoon visit to the baths on № 243 with Lieutenant Colonel Stamecka.

18 FEBRUARY. Temperature -7°C , sunshine. Clear blue sky, wind absolutely calm. A fine winter's day. I travel at 7:30 a.m. with Lieutenant Colonel Stamecka to the baths at the fortieth infantry regiment, from there to the fortieth infantry regimental command, then to the twenty-ninth rifle command (Major Woll), then to howitzer battery no. 3/2 which has been built so well that it is worth a visit. Back at 10:30 a.m. Heavy airplane activity, with a great deal of bombardment. Surgeon General Frisch, chief medical officer in Vienna, inspects the front on Royal Command. First: tenth corps; he also visits medical column no. 2 and field hospital 1009, and is delighted at what he sees. No wonder—in Vienna, they have no clue of what our field installations are like: they are undervalued by many, overvalued by others. There is a perceived need to see everything with one's own eyes: a war decoration, perhaps even with swords, will surely follow!

19 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C , overcast skies and strong east wind. Surgeon General Frisch continues his inspection today: promptly at 8:00 a.m., he arrives by car at the baths on № 243, accompanied by the corps chief medical officer. I report to both of them: they inspect several baggage trains and continue on to the first aid station at the fortieth infantry battalion. The general invites me to travel in his car: he wishes to visit the trenches, something that we look on as a piece of bravura. He is especially delighted with the baths at the fortieth infantry division. No wonder: they have been built into a hillside so that, from the outside, almost no trace of them can be detected—only the smoke that rises at times from the chimney, situated at ground level. A real communications trench leads into the baths, which contain a dressing and undressing room, both separated by the baths themselves. Baths are very spacious,

with basins with water flowing in and out—plus twelve showers. Adjacent are the officers' baths, with sweat cubicles and douches. A village fountain contributes the water, which is drawn inside. The water is heated in mobile kitchen bowls and a built-in hot air oven takes care of the delousing. Baths are about four kilometers from the trenches.

The Russians do not agree with our plans to visit the trenches: their bombardment is especially strong today. Since 8:00 a.m., the road to colony Debora¹³ has been under constant bombardment. Shells exploding about two hundred paces from us make the good Herr Frisch somewhat jittery: "I didn't come here to get shot." He gets into his car with the corps chief medical officer and speeds off in the direction of the thirteenth *Landwehr* division, leaving me with the men from the fortieth regiment, standing in the freezing cold, completely oblivious as to how I would get back to my command. The fortieth takes care of me and sends me back by wagon. On the way, I visit the baths on α 243 that finally are being opened today—another great achievement. The first large divisional soldiers' home is also being opened on α 243: all 180 men who will occupy it today must first be bathed and deloused—a lot of work. Quite a few deficiencies appear, which shows how little interest Engineer Richter really had: he left everything to the workers themselves. But, in general, the facility functions; at least in principle, he has done his duty.

20 FEBRUARY. Temperature -11°C , clear skies and sunshine. In the morning I visit the soldiers' home; other than that I take the liberty of a day of rest.

21 FEBRUARY. Temperature -10°C , overcast, cloudy sky, calm wind. Early departure at 7:00 a.m. with the corps chief medical officer to first aid station 103, then into their lines of fire, and after that the battalion baggage train. On the way back, inspection of the baths on α 243, which are now fully active. Return before noon. At the same time, Major Heller returns from vacation: he has been promoted to lieutenant colonel; Lieutenant Colonel Stamecka leaves us this afternoon. Most sections heave a sigh of relief, because he has made their lives miserable and is now returning to the general staff with all his bad habits intact—in such contrast to Lieutenant Colonel Heller, who is modest and friendly to everyone. I myself cannot complain about Stamecka, perhaps because, from the very first day, he came under my personal medical care.

22 FEBRUARY. Temperature -9°C , very light northwest wind. Overcast early and cloudy, followed by complete clearing. Departure early at 7:00 a.m. with the corps chief medical officer to first aid station no. 4/62. We want to visit their position, but the Russians have just bombarded their communications trench, which has been quiet during the past few days, so the chief medical officer deviates from plan. Instead, we visit the first aid station of the twenty-ninth light infantry, followed by no. [?]/40 and 3/40, return around noon. Engineer Captain Pistelka, assigned to our division staff even before the war, has been transferred to a Honvéd division on the Italian Front. With his

departure, we lose yet another old comrade from our division. He was a cheery, dashing fellow: a real, *gemütlicher* Hungarian, who liked to attend every revelry and enjoyed preparing them himself. At such times, enduring friendships are forged, and many aspired to his friendship just to make use of him. It was important to be his friend, because as office director and father of special favors, large and small—so necessary for remuneration requests—he knew how to get around his superiors; once he was securely “in the saddle,” he made his power felt to all under him. It was then a question of dealing with his mood, compassion, and coarseness. Other than that, his activity when there was no fighting was minimal. Sergeant Piotrowski, also called “James,” was his right-hand man. There were no secrets from him, and, if one wanted information from Captain Pistelka, his typical reply was: “Please refer to James.” The good James, very conscious of his indispensability, dealt with officers as though they served under him: this of course made him feel very important.

When it became obvious to James that he would not be awarded both Signa to add to his Service Cross First Class, he ostensibly lost interest in Austrian decorations. But he quietly yearned for the Crown Order, which remained out of his reach, and ostentatiously wore no Austrian orders, only the German Iron Cross. He was obsessively proud of his German decoration and made sure that no one at command other than general staff was awarded it. When the order came not to wear it alone, but always together with Austrian awards, he angrily demanded to at least be awarded the lowest (bronze) *Signum Laudis*.

We have him to thank for the fact that neither I nor Dr. Müller, commandant of the medical column, have been awarded the Iron Cross, despite having fought shoulder to shoulder with Germans, whose wounded have filled our hospital column, since 1916. He could not obtain this decoration for his boozing buddy Major Rosenbaum—perhaps his only service to the Germans: the same Rosenbaum who once loaned him thirty cooking pots in the Carpathians.

We had a celebration party for Pistelka last evening. The menu was excellent. Music from the fortieth: a few gypsies competed with each other in singing jolly tunes. Even our general sacrificed an hour of his valuable night’s rest to his friend and teacher of the Hungarian language: he remained in the mess until 10:00 p.m.—a long time, for him. Colonel Rosenzweig and I stayed an hour longer. The celebrant and a few of his true friends remained there until 5:00 a.m.—long before that time, they were all completely sozzled.

Nice, clear weather today is responsible for much activity in the air. Around 2:00 p.m., there is a dogfight between a German and a Russian pilot. Unfortunately, the German is shot down in the Szelwów¹⁴ area—the officer dead, the machine destroyed. Troops on the front wanted to see the Russian pilot making an emergency landing behind his own lines. Cold comfort!

23 FEBRUARY. Temperature -6°C , biting northwest wind. At 9:30 a.m. I travel to field hospital 1009 and from there to the medical column, returning at noon.

24 FEBRUARY. Temperature -14°C , very cold northwest wind. Weather keeps me in my quarters.

25 FEBRUARY. Temperature -5°C , bitter southwest wind. Thick fog blocks visibility completely. At 3:30 p.m. I travel to the chief medical officer, returning at 5:30 p.m.

26 FEBRUARY. Temperature -1°C : strong west wind and overcast skies. No thawing during the day, light snowfall at night. I spend almost the entire morning at the bathing facility on \approx 243, to follow the entire business from beginning to end. Everything goes beautifully. Baths are excellent—men enjoy their baths, and it makes them feel very good. Only the delousing disappoints me somewhat. The oven temperature is 120°C , and clothes, etc., remain in it for fifteen minutes, in other words, three minutes longer than the time prescribed. Despite this, when the clothes come out, I find lice still alive in one of the pieces to be washed and cleaned! From now on, clothes coming from the oven will be hung up loosely, not in a pile. I will investigate this matter further.

27 FEBRUARY. Temperature -1°C , southwest wind. Blowing snow and thick fog, which burns off my noon, but snowfall becomes heavier. From today, white bread and rolls are forbidden.

28 FEBRUARY. First temperature above zero (1°C) for many, many weeks. Air is mild, light thawing weather, significant snowfall during the afternoon. The corps chief medical officer is going on two weeks' leave tomorrow—three weeks, travel days included. I must take his place during this entire period and change my accommodation to corps command. I move my quarters at 10:00 a.m., and at 11:00 a.m. report to Commander Kritek: I use the afternoon to install myself in the chief medical officer's office. Comfort at corps command leaves nothing to be desired: food is plentiful and excellent. The only thing is that the commander is a really bad host.

1 MARCH. Snow is still very deep, temperatures relatively mild. Light thawing weather toward noon, black ice in the evening. I make use of the first train at corps command to orient myself both at command and in Pavlovicz. I inspect the dental outpatient clinic and find nice officers' baths and shaving cubicles there. I order a bath for that afternoon, which I enjoy greatly. At 6:30 p.m. all sections meet to report to our commandant. I find this regulation useful: it's very interesting to hear about happenings at different departments, and we must sometimes justify many things that we have done, without prior preparation. The advantage of this is that one is able to raise objections to proposals made by other departments early and thus forestall any argument.

2 MARCH. Weather like yesterday. Light snowfall in the early morning hours, thawing weather in the afternoon, black ice in the evening. At 8:00 a.m. I travel to the field hospital in Berezowiezy,¹⁵ returning 11:30 a.m. The hospital is very good and receptive to the needs of the town as well. Excellent bacteriology laboratory—Commandant Dr. Steindl.

3 MARCH. Temperature -9°C , biting east wind which makes it feel doubly cold. Despite this, I travel at 8:00 a.m. to Rogozno,¹⁶ I inspect the corps ammunition depot (Senior Physician Goldschmidt), and then field hospital 913, still in the building stage. It is meant, at least for the present, for up to eighty beds but does not yet have an operating room; baths are also impractical, though they do have an excellent and efficient delousing facility, which I examine first-hand. A second barrack is being built and a third projected; I meet Commandant Surgeon Major Zulawski. Return around 11:30 a.m.

4 MARCH. Temperature -15°C . Winter continues, but wind is calm, so the cold is bearable. At 3:00 p.m. I travel to my division command to take official leave of Captain Pistelka, and pay a visit to my commander and most of the other staff gentlemen there after I have completed my official duties. Return 5:00 p.m.

5 MARCH. Temperature -11°C , clear sky and icy air. Departure at 8:00 a.m. with Regimental Physician First Class Dr. Just, who has been appointed to serve with the corps chief physician, to the baths in camp no. 5 at the fortieth infantry division, which are finally completed, and will be opened on 8 March. Baths have been built by Acting Sergeant Engineer Kraus, the same man who

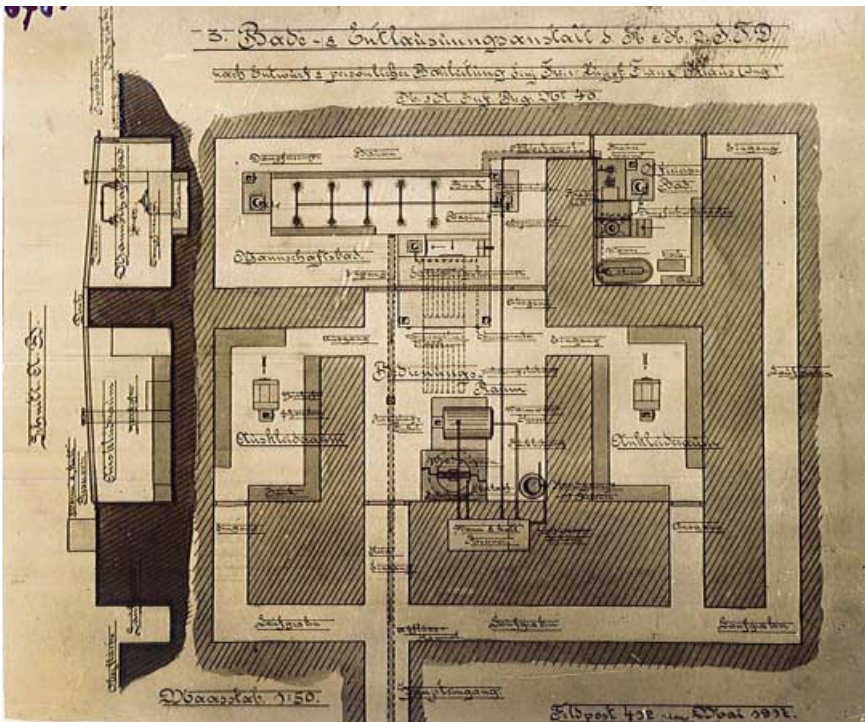


Figure 4.3. Bardach's sketch of bathhouse facilities. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

built such beautiful baths in the north camp at Chorlupy.¹⁷ The present baths are also excellent and have the great advantage of being less than three kilometers from the front, so troops can easily make use of them where they are. I have made a sketch of them. They are built into a slope: a communications trench leads into the baths that consist of an undressing room, baths themselves, a delousing room, and a dressing room. The bathing room has a large basin that is not too deep, in which shower water collects and serves as a footbath so that it can then be let out again. Adjacent to it are splendid officers' baths with sweat cubicles and cold and hot water douches. A second communications trench leads from baths into the open. From the outside, nothing can be seen. The ceiling is lighted electrically, and a fountain has been built into the baths. A very artistic creation, wonderful to behold. About four hundred men use the facility daily.

From there, we travel to first aid stations [?]/40 and 3/40, returning just before noon.

Kritek departed yesterday for a three-day visit to General Linsingen. He is ticked off, because our Army Commandant Tersztyánszky has been assigned the third army in exchange with Colonel General von Kirchbach, who is taking over fourth army—which Kritek has rightly aimed for: he is after all only one grade lower (younger).

6 MARCH. Temperature -7.5°C , with light snow flurries. I am staying put today, occupied with tactical work. I find out that I have been put up for the German Iron Cross by my division commander; unfortunately, the chances of getting it, especially now, are very slim, because of a tension that has developed between the German and Austro-Hungarian Armies. Germans find that their physicians do not receive many decorations from us and are waiting for this numerical balance to equalize. The fact that I am part of this problem is the fault of the division general staff, because submission could just as well have been handed in a year ago. After all, we have been working intensively with the Germans for more than a year, and an entire German regiment was assigned to us and treated by our own medical facilities.

7 MARCH. Temperature -4°C . Another significant snowfall. At 8:00 a.m. I travel with Captain of the General Staff Stichy to Rogozno for logistical purposes, return at 10:00 a.m. Car travel saves a great deal of time. The commandant returns at noon, and evening reports start again: each presentation by all departments is subjected to advice and consent so that orders do not clash, acceptable to all.

8 MARCH. Temperature -6°C : a bitter east wind and blowing snow. Underestimating the horrible weather, I travel early at 8:00 a.m. to Kruchynicz, ¹⁸ where I inspect the construction of thirteenth medical column. Beautifully equipped, just like a clinic in Vienna. Surgeons include Regimental Physician Dr. Fieber—assistant to Professor Hochenegg—and Dr. Krasnik, all excellent doctors. I stay there until 10:00 a.m. and then travel with Surgeon Major

Ruzyczka to regimental dressing station, the twenty-fourth *Landwehr* infantry regiment, which is also well equipped, with baths for the entire regiment but a somewhat more primitive mobile delousing facility. Return at 2:00 p.m. The trip back is awful: wind drives the snow in our faces with such force, that it stings like needles.

9 MARCH. Temperature -2.5°C . Wind has almost completely abated—large piles of snow have accumulated again. I stay at home, to finish urgent paperwork.

10 MARCH. Temperature -5°C , winds calm. Complete winter landscape: huge piles of snow everywhere. It doesn't look like March at all. I travel to the dressing station of second artillery and second Honvéd regiment. The artillery of second regiment has been separated from the second division since the battle at Olyka,¹⁹ replaced by reserve cannon unit no. 10. A few days ago, the latter was moved away and our second cannon regiment returned to us. Today's trip was nice, but not easy to complete in one morning: we have to hurry to be back by noon.

11 MARCH. Temperature -4°C . Sunday! I mention this, because—as I have already remarked—only corps command really knows when it's Sunday. During this long war, I never know exactly what day it is. Church service interests me very little. Tables are covered with real tablecloths, not just sheets. Lunch is ample and excellent: everyone is in a Sunday mood. I myself am a little depressed, because of the private notification that my request for the Officer's Cross has been rejected and that now several months more must pass before I can receive some other award, for example, the silver *Signum Laudis*. Maybe I will have more luck with the German Iron Cross: the request is being sent off today from corps command.

12 MARCH. Temperature -2.5°C . Cold is lessening, but it's snowing. At 10:00 a.m. in Rogozno, I meet Consulting Surgeon Hinterstoisser, primarius [senior consultant] of the Teschen²⁰ civilian hospital. As representative of the corps chief medical officer, I have the task to meet and bring him here. His task is to inform me of surgical activity in our corps as a whole. He arrives punctually, and we travel to second medical column, where we stay for quite a time because the hospital is very busy and he wants to observe it in action. We have lunch at 1:00 p.m., and then at 2:30 p.m. travel to mobile hospital 1009 in Wojmica, where a suspected case of gas gangrene has just been admitted. Surgery is immediately performed: Dr. Hinterstoisser observes it from start to finish, thereby greatly delaying our trip to Berezowiezy mobile hospital 0412, and our return even more so. It's pitch dark, 7:30 p.m., by the time we arrive back at corps.

13 MARCH. Temperature -6°C , moderate east wind with sunshine which changes to fog at noon, and the skies darken. We leave for the fortieth infantry division at 7:00 a.m. On the way, we inspect the baths at № 243, then the ones in camp no. 5: the surgeon is especially impressed with the latter; then on to

both first aid stations of the fortieth infantry division. From there, we travel to Kruchynicy to medical column no. 13 (Dr. Fieber and Senior Physician Krasnik); we find it very busy, and witness an interesting operation: we have lunch there, leave at 2:00 p.m., and are back at command at 4:30 p.m. Dr. Hintestoisser goes back to twenty-fourth corps in Chorow.²¹ I find command in great turmoil because of an apparent case of bubonic plague²² among the Russians: I am tasked with taking the necessary precautions for our own corps at once.

14 MARCH. Warmer: 4°C. Thawing weather. Awful mud awaits us when all the snow melts. I remain busy with the plague issue, and complete the work that has piled up during my two-day absence. Rumors of a revolution in Russia increase.²³

15 MARCH. 4°C: snowmelt continues. Around noon weather changes, with snowfall that by evening increases to driving snow, with appalling cold. Dr. Hinterstoisser returns from twenty-fourth corps at 8:30 a.m. and is introduced to the commandant, and at 10:00 a.m. we both travel again to medical column no. 2, where we stay till noon, then on to field hospital 913 in Rogozny, where we have lunch; at 2:00 p.m. he leaves by train, and I return to Pavloviczy.

A real revolution has broken out in Petersburg: all the ministers have been arrested, and thirty thousand soldiers are said to have joined the movement. If that is true, we are in for interesting times.

16 MARCH. The cold has started again (−9°C). In the morning, I inspect the dental clinic and look for proper places for isolation of Russian prisoners. Daily orders with various instructions from command regarding the plague issue arrive. All Russian prisoners must be quarantined for seven days: each division has a separate barracks for that purpose. Surgeon Major Dr. Ruzyczka arrives in the morning to discuss this matter with me.

In Russia, things are heating up more and more. The Tsar has abdicated in favor of his brother Michael Alexandrovich, who is only entrusted with the Regency.

17 MARCH. Temperature −4°C. At first: calm winds, but by noon a strong, cold west wind. At 7:00 a.m., I travel via Kruchynicy—where Surgeon Major Dr. Ruzyczka joins me—to the first aid station at the thirteenth field artillery (Senior Physician Betnig), then to first aid station no. 13 (Regimental Physician First Class Dr. Grotte) and then on to first aid station twenty-fourth *Landwehr* infantry regiment (Senior Physician Mannsfeld), first aid station no. 3/24 *Landwehr* (Ensign Ossana), German first aid station 372nd infantry regiment with bathing facility, first aid station first *Landwehr* Infantry regiment (Regimental Physician First Class Trepper), and first aid station no. 1, twenty-fourth *Landwehr* (Senior Surgeon Nobel); return at 11:30 a.m.

18 MARCH. Temperature −5°C, sunshine, calm winds. Sunday! I remain at home because I have a bad cold. We are still not fully informed about the situation in Russia: whether the revolution has been caused by the peace or the

war party. News at the moment is scanty. No matter what, we win, because the people cannot look on unconcerned at what is going on. Afternoon: again clouds and snowfall, after thawing at noon.

19 MARCH. Springlike air (2.5°C), snowmelt, pools of water everywhere. Weather changes repeatedly during the course of the day. I stay at home because of my cold.

20 MARCH. Warmer: 4°C. Overcast, cloudy sky. Snowmelt continues. At 7:30 a.m. I travel to sixty-second first aid station, from there to the twenty-ninth, and fourth light infantry divisions. Roads are terrible: part of the way by wagon, part by sled. For this trip I need twice as much time as usual—it's already 1:00 p.m. by the time I return. Opening of a movie theater at Pavlovicz in the morning. Entry prices very low for men, but more for officers and 1.50 crowns for staff officers. It functions very well and is very entertaining.

21 MARCH. Temperature the same (4°C). Snowmelt, rain at times. Roads are getting worse and worse and will soon be impassable. Around 11:00 a.m., Chief Medical Officer Herzog returns from his vacation. I lunch here, and return to my division in the afternoon. Unfortunately, I have to come here again tomorrow to sign myself out, because the commandant is not here today. The trip to command is absolutely horrible. The roads are awful—potholes everywhere, in every depression water swells into a veritable San River. Horses sink repeatedly to their knees, and the wagon threatens to turn over. I am only too pleased that, after more than thirty minutes travel (usually twenty minutes), I arrive at command.

22 MARCH. Zero degrees. Again, a snow-covered winter landscape: fresh snow falls at night. I will have to get used to the miserly conditions at command again. Even my quarters—a small, low shelter with tiny little windows—make me claustrophobic: there is so little room to move! The room is hardly 3 × 3 × 3 meters, and food has also become progressively worse. I notice this more because of my recent absence. There is no more bread for officers, only usual army bread, which is very bad: it consists mainly of cornmeal, is heavy and crumbly, almost inedible—at least for me—and bread is so important to me! No more milk bread for breakfast, only this lousy corn bread, without butter—horrible!²⁴ At 9:30 a.m. I travel to corps command again, to sign off with the commandant. Travel on the muddy road is extremely difficult, and it's noon by the time I arrive. The commandant is very friendly, thanks me for all the trouble I have taken, and opines that everything is in best order. A few such words from so high a gentleman always make one happy and spurs one on to greater efforts. At lunch we say goodbye to our commandant: he is going on a gas course in Valenciennes (France). What a fine posting—only meant for a high gentleman; such a thing would hardly happen to us.

23 MARCH. Snowy landscape again (−3°C.). Thawing during the afternoon. Conditions in Russia are still unclear—but it's boiling and seething

there, perhaps more than we know. Apparently, the Tsar and Tsarina have been taken captive! A fine rabble!

24 MARCH. Temperature -1°C with clear, beautiful, blue sky and strong sunshine, allowing snowmelt to begin in the early morning hours. At 7:30 a.m., I travel to the second division ammunition depot, where I stay for an hour, and go on a sick bay visit with the physician: Senior Surgeon Dr. Sugar, a military physician of the Hungarian school, a complete ignoramus, and dishonest to boot: completely undependable. His medical activity is so bad that I cannot watch it. From there I travel to second medical column: there, surgery is so active, purposeful, and exact that it is a pleasure to see them work. Regimental Physician First Class Bastaczi is an excellent surgeon.

25 MARCH. Sunday: which we hardly notice at command, in strong contrast to the situation at corps. Zero temperature, with a strong east wind, overcast, cloudy sky. Snow is gradually disappearing, but is still very deep everywhere. Unfortunately, I am summoned to the corps chief medical officer at 3:00 p.m. and must obey. His petty attitude has no place here. I only return at 5:30 p.m.; the conference is of no earthly importance: a complete waste of time.

26 MARCH. Warmer (2°C), with rising temperature during the day. Water from melting snow literally forms streams, flowing in the streets. At 7:30 a.m. I travel to field hospital 1009 in Wojmica, where the corps chief medical officer has announced an inspection. He acts as though he is working in a military hospital during peacetime, forgetting completely that the officers and physicians are civilians, who have no idea of what such service is. This delight lasts until 11:30 a.m. Because I have to travel with him at 1:45 p.m. to the division baggage train in Chorostow, I cannot return to my quarters and must remain at table at the field hospital until the train departs at 1:45 p.m. I arrive there at 2:15 p.m., inspect the bakery (Regimental Physician First Class Herrnstadt), and finally return at 6:00 p.m.

27 MARCH. Sunshine (-4°C). It finally looks as though spring is trying to arrive. I spend the morning collecting provisions for my batman, Schweiger, to take to my family in Vienna, during his upcoming trip. At the home front, they have had shortages of everything for a long time: flour, bread and milk are unavailable. Our situation isn't good either. Bread, which is already totally inedible, is now being made with wood flour. I cannot wait to try it. The state treasury has now taken possession of our horses, replaced with old nags, which we now have to ride. In this way, the treasury wants to ensure a supply of horses after the war. I am curious to see how much I will get for my horse. Getting back to Schweiger's trip home: With great difficulty, I have succeeded in buying the following for him from corps command: one ham; two kilograms of sausage; two kilograms of salted, smoked meat; ten kilograms of bacon; thirteen kilograms of flour; two kilograms of powdered milk; three kilograms of peas; five kilograms of beans; one box of potatoes; two loaves of bread from corps

command, made of pure rye flour; two of our own loaves (corn bread). In this way, my family will at least have enough to eat for a few days.

28 MARCH. Thawing (4°C), clear, blue sky. We can hardly move one foot out of our shelters: pools of water and mud everywhere. I am happy that I do not have to go out, and can remain here.

29 MARCH. Colder, -1°C, again fresh snowfall. Winter is not finished with us yet this year.

30 MARCH. Snowmelt (0°C). Mud is getting worse and worse. Water is so deep in all the hollows that it resembles the San River. Horses sink up to their bellies in some of these large puddles.

31 MARCH. Warmer, 6°C. Snow has disappeared, replaced by lakes of muddy water that get bigger and bigger. Very nice morning weather, periods of rain in the afternoon, just when I have to go to field hospital 1009 for erection of a new barrack. There is a certain amount of excitement at command: Archduke Leopold Salvator is scheduled here for an inspection. My trip to the field hospital lasts from 2:00 to 4:30 p.m.

1 APRIL. Spring air is blowing (-5°C)! Only a small amount of dirty snow remains in places. Mud gets ever deeper, lakes of muddy water ever larger.

We eagerly and impatiently await daily newspapers with news from Russia. Things appear more serious than newspapers relate. It's certain that the revolution wants to change Russia into a constitutional state: because the Tsar can have no place in this, he has simply been removed. It's just as obvious that there is still a monarchist party, but workers and socialists demand such a wide variety of concessions that the revolutionary party is in an exceptionally difficult position. For the moment, Michael Alexandrovich²⁵ has not accepted the crown: he will only do this if the nation vote for him to do so. Quite obviously, Russia, in such a condition, is incapable of any meaningful attacks in the field. The Entente is very depressed about this, also by the strategic blow that Germany has dealt the British and the French on the Western Front: immediately before the French offensive, which they have been preparing all winter long, Germans have suddenly pulled back their troops over a distance of one hundred kilometers long and ten kilometers wide (this has also been prepared all winter) to significantly shorten the front.²⁶ The British and French are now faced with an entirely new task: it will surely take them many weeks to bring up their heavy equipment and artillery, install, and fortify it.

This is a chess move with no historical equivalent and brings Hindenburg even more honor.

Today Archduke Leopold Salvator inspects an artillery placement, as well as a few German airplanes.

3 APRIL. Warmer, 7.5°C: snow almost completely gone. Sunshine and clouds alternating. The ground is starting to dry out. At 3:00 p.m. I travel to the corps chief medical officer, to request four days' leave for the coming festival

days.²⁷ Remarkably, he has nothing against it, so I will leave the afternoon of 5 April and return after four days leave in Vienna. Leave has been granted for everybody again, but our corps command insists on the passing of a full six months since my last leave, and I still need another full month to complete this time period. Will leave be possible then? Everything depends on what happens in Russia: it's already 5:00 p.m. by the time I return from the corps chief medical officer.

3 APRIL. With 10°C, spring is definitely here. Strong west wind, and ground is drying out more and more, but trips to the front are still impossible: it would be a terrible slog for horses. The chief medical officer does not understand this and almost every day fixes a rendezvous for the day after and then cancels it, apparently after the gentlemen in corps command make him see sense. At 9:00 a.m. I travel to the baths on α 243—everything is functioning without a hitch, and delousing is now absolutely reliable, but there are still problems with personnel organization.

At 3:00 p.m. I have a meeting with all the chief physicians in the presence of Dr. Potorau and the head of the bacteriology laboratory, concerning upcoming cholera and typhoid vaccinations. This takes about an hour, after which Senior Physician Holzer (fourth light infantry) photographs us all.

4 APRIL. Cloudy early with a strong east wind that brings clearing with sunshine. I am preparing for my upcoming four days' leave, and time passes quickly. All sorts of service tasks pile up for me today. Afternoon brings the first spring storm, which lasts quite a long time—afterward just rain, then clearing. Sunny, fresh, and warm—accompanied by a plague of flies both sides of the line. Despite command's decision, my leave is approved. I depart at noon to spend at least a few enjoyable days with my family. The trip is very pleasant—by coincidence I meet my old friend and comrade Major Berner from the fourth battalion: he has a lot to tell me, about the year he spent in Schönbrunn Palace, so time passes quickly, and I arrive on schedule in Vienna at 11:00 p.m., where my wife and Tinka are waiting to meet me. The misery in the city is immediately apparent when looking for a conveyance. There are several there, but no one wants to take us unless we gave him a large tip. I don't wish to do this, so we travel slowly by tram as best we can and arrive in the Kaiserstrasse at 12:45 a.m.

7–10 APRIL. Vacation days pass all too quickly. The first and third days are completely rained out, but the other two days are tolerable. The children are very happy to see me: Miki won't leave my side, but Mary (the youngest) wants nothing to do with me—no wonder! She is nearly one year old and this is only the second time that she has seen her dad. She is not used to male company. Conditions in Vienna are very depressing. It is fortunate that, shortly before my arrival, I sent so many provisions with my batman. My wife and children look bad, no wonder! My Olga has the daily grind of finding provisions for seven

people. She must be on the street at 7:00 a.m. daily, something to which she is not accustomed. We spend one evening in the Apollo Theater—by 9:00 p.m. all places of entertainment are closed. The show lasts from 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

11 APRIL. Train departs at 7:00 a.m. After an uneventful but boring journey, I arrive at command 11:30 a.m. the next morning. The first news I get here is very good. My horse has been purchased by the state treasury commission for the ridiculous price of 2,370 crowns: as long as I stay at command, I can use the money. But happiness is clouded by the fact that the Germans have rejected my Iron Cross application, for the simple reason that they have not been awarding it to noncombatants for the past few months. This is how our high ranked medical superiors now represent our interests! The youngest reserve lieutenant at command already has the Iron Cross, but a senior chief medical officer is not worthy of it! It's a scandal! Our divisional physicians have done such an enormous job for the Germans, who have fought so often and so long in association with us and been treated in our medical units. By contrast, other gentlemen have mostly only dealt with the Germans by telephone!

13 APRIL. Nice, warm weather, already 11°C early. Ground is already hard and dry almost everywhere, so the dreaded period of snowmelt has passed quite quickly, even with the recent temporary closure of the military field railway because of flooding. I travel at 3:30 a.m. to second medical column, where I am summoned by the corps chief medical officer for 8:00 a.m. A very thorough inspection: it is already 11:30 a.m. by the time I return. Soon after, our commandant Major General Jemrich arrives after his trip to France; he talks a lot, but says nothing important.

14 APRIL. Early departure with the corps chief medical officer to first aid station no. 5/103, which has been newly established and looks exceptionally clean and appropriate. Despite this, our valiant Herzog hasn't even *one* word of recognition for Senior Physician Dr. Stein's exemplary achievement, but rather looks for reasons to rebuke and grouse. On the way back, inspection of the baths at camp no. 5: inspection completed at noon.

15 APRIL. Russian Easter Sunday! It rained yesterday afternoon, also during the night, so the new army commandant, Colonel General von Kirchbach, Tersztyánszky's successor, cancels the planned inspection at our division. I am summoned to meet with the corps medical chief at 3:30 p.m., return 5:30 p.m.

16 APRIL. Departure 7:30 a.m. to fortieth infantry . . . regimental first aid station—first battalion . . . thirteenth company . . . return 12:30 a.m. [illegible shorthand].

17 APRIL. I stay at home to deal with urgent office matters. [illegible shorthand].

18 APRIL. Weather favorable, like yesterday. Travel at 8:00 a.m. to the division munitions depot, from there to field hospital 1009, and then finally to second medical column—return around noon.

19 APRIL. Weather overcast, periods of rain; 7:30 a.m. departure with the corps chief medical officer to the fortieth infantry regiment, first battalion, then 3/40—after inspection of the first aid station, we visit the positions of 3/40, then to tenth company. On the way back, inspection of first aid station of second artillery with the twenty-ninth light infantry, return by 12:45 p.m. Russian positions are hardly fifty paces from our own: the Russians walk around quite happily on the ramparts, no shots fired from either side. News from Russia is still confused. The worker and socialist parties seem to be leading the agenda, both striving for peace.

20 APRIL. Unfavorable weather. Early rain, strong southwest wind and significant cooling—I stay at home.

21 APRIL. Our friendly relationship with the Russians has ceased, and they are shooting at us—normal war again. Corps Commandant Kritek visits us in the afternoon, with his personal adjutant Rittmeister Baron Reinlein, representing Chief of the General Staff Lieutenant Colonel Britto, as guest. Our mess is nicely decked out, and food is excellent. Weather nice, dry, warm, sunshine

22 APRIL. Weather overcast, foggy, quite cold. Yesterday I carefully inspected the baths on \square 243 and remained there for a few hours. The abbreviated description of the division is now I.D. instead of I.T.D.

23 APRIL. Early 5:00 a.m., the Russians suddenly start an artillery attack, almost a bombardment. All members of command assemble in the officer's mess, awaiting developments. But after hardly thirty minutes, guns suddenly go silent, and calm returns to the field. Fire was aimed mainly at depressions behind our positions and the entrance roads. Positions themselves are more or less intact.

During the morning I inspect the soldiers' home and the workers' section no. 9/1. At noon two Swedish officers appear as guests of our army: one colonel and one captain. They will remain at our command for five days.

24 APRIL. An overcast, foggy day—visibility practically zero. I travel with the corps chief medical officer, who has attached himself to the corps gas officer Captain Petrin, to first aid station of the sixty-second. Inspection also of first aid station twenty-ninth light infantry, and then on to the position of 5/62; on the way back to first aid station fourth light infantry; return at noon. At 3:00 p.m. Swedish officers accompany me on an inspection of \square 243, as well as the soldiers' home. Return at 5:00 p.m. Cholera and typhoid inoculations at command.

25 APRIL. Weather still overcast: cool, but not unpleasantly so. At 3:00 p.m. I travel with the Swedish Colonel Sparre and Captain Count Hamilton to Wojmica and give them a thorough tour of the medical column and field hospital. They are delighted at what they see. Back by car, arrival 5:00 p.m.

26 APRIL. Awfully cold at night, a few degrees below zero in the morning, but with a clearer, blue sky and sunshine. Surgeon General Bürkel has arrived

for an inspection. At 3:00 p.m., I wait for him at the baths on № 243, from there I take him to the baths in camp 5, then on to the regimental first aid station fortieth infantry regiment, 4/62, and then back to field hospital 1009. Because we travel everywhere by car, the trip is quick, and we are back at 6:30 p.m.

27 APRIL. Cool today as well but fine and dry, with a strong west wind. Inspection continues today: I travel at 7:30 a.m. to second medical column, where I stay until 11:00 a.m. Surgeon General Bürkel is a water diviner, and his experiments take up a large part of the inspection time. Otherwise, he is very generous, not a carper, so unlike our dear Herzog, whose only task during inspections is to carp and look for problems.

After 7:00 p.m., while we are at dinner, a Russian squadron of six to eight planes appears over our positions and the thirteenth *Landwehr* division. Despite heavy anti-aircraft activity, they penetrate № 243 and bomb the thirteenth *Landwehr*. Our pilots report gathering of troops behind the Russian positions, and increased artillery. All these are signs of a coming offensive—just when I want to go on vacation on 10 May! Gypsies play at dinner in honor of our Swedish guests: things become very jolly, and soon champagne appears to toast them. Straight after dinner, Artillery Colonel von Otto is decorated with the *Signum Laudis*—he is spending time with us as replacement for the vacationing General Rosenzweig.



Figure 4.4. Dress-up pantomime with amateur players. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

28 APRIL. Weather changeable, mainly cool, periods of light snowfall, which disappears without a trace. The Swedish officers depart straight after dinner: a moving farewell. We can see that they have enjoyed being with us and would have preferred to stay. The colonel in particular wants quite badly to experience a battle with us. Before they get into the car that will take them to the train station, another quick photograph is taken.

29 APRIL. Weather like yesterday. At 2:30 p.m. I travel by car to the corps chief medical officer: I have been summoned again! The condition of our horses is now very bad. Fodder is extremely scarce—therefore, they must be spared as much as possible. The horses are very tired and saggy; many die each day from exhaustion: we receive cars rather than horses despite the fact that gasoline must also be spared and wheels must run on the rims because of lack of rubber.

30 APRIL. Miserable morning weather. Wind, cool, overcast, clearing only by afternoon. During *Jause*²⁸ we are entertained by the Burgtheaterensemble in Pavloviczy, home of corps command. I do not participate, because my spirits are low.

1 MAY. First beautiful spring day! Sunshine starts in early morning. Spring vegetation is much delayed because of many cold days and even colder nights. There is hardly a green shimmer to be seen in the fields, and trees are still completely bare. Today the new army commandant, Colonel General von Kirchbach, comes for inspection and takes lunch with us. The corps commandant is also present; each man with his cadre of gentlemen. I am seated beside our general. Two German officers are also our guests, and the mood is very lively.

2 MAY. Beautiful spring weather. At 8:00 a.m. I travel to the division ammunition depot, from there to second medical column, then to field hospital 1009 where, coincidentally, I meet the corps chief medical officer, there with Chief of the General Staff Colonel Raschke, who is having an abscess lanced. He has always insisted on a surgical group for us, as if he had a premonition that he would be the first to use it.

3 MAY. Lovely spring weather continues, even if a north wind makes it quite brisk. At 8:00 a.m., departure with the corps chief medical officer and the corps gas officer Captain Petrin to sixty-second first aid station, where all physicians and gas officers have assembled for a presentation on gas protection. The lecture is long—at the end, we are all photographed, and return at 1:00 p.m. During the afternoon, I work on family food issues: how to acquire more provisions for my upcoming leave. It doesn't look good—even we hardly receive anything anymore.

4 MAY. Weather like yesterday, nice and sunny but the amount of warmth still leaves a lot to be desired. Everything is still cold—hardly a glimmer of green in the meadows. Our poor horses are suffering especially badly. They have received hardly any fodder for many months—hardly one kilogram of mixed fodder per day. The administration keeps making adjustments so that as many

horses as possible can be moved back to the hinterland. This is a double-edged sword, because if we suddenly need to move, half the material must remain behind. Today I receive the sad news from my father that my poor brother-in-law Eduard died on 2 May. Death came as a deliverance for him, because no one should live such a poor and miserable life, and my sister Loreia has long—in effect—been a poor, unhappy widow: her husband was only a burden to her and her family.

In the morning, I inspect the soldiers' home—in the evening I receive approval in the military mail for my vacation. I am very happy about this, but must wait for the return of Dr. Müller, my replacement, before I can leave.

5 MAY. Good weather—it's gradually getting warmer. I am so busy with my thought about vacation that I have no more patience for other matters—today I stay put as well.

6 MAY. Nice weather in the morning, not particularly warm. In my impatience, I get up at 8:30 a.m. and go for a long walk through the forest to the first aid station, second Honvéd regiment, which I reach at 9:20 a.m. I stay there and have a nice chat with Senior Physician Baum, a Bielitzer,²⁹ who has a lot to tell about the war, until 10:45 a.m., returning, arriving to command shortly before noon. This walk is a little too much for me, and I develop blisters on both soles of my feet. Dr. Müller has just returned from vacation and is waiting for me. The time is right, and now there are no obstacles to my going on leave. Extensive rain in the afternoon, lasting all night.

7 MAY. Beautiful weather, a great deal of sunshine; it's getting considerably warmer, and fields are becoming greener, even if very sparingly. Our poor horses are already trying to get at the small amount of grass: it isn't clever of them—with another week's patience, they will soon have a decent meadow on which to graze. Yesterday's rain did the vegetation a lot of good. Dr. Müller arrives at 10:00 a.m. to take over my position: however, he gives me the unwelcome news that he has taken another one to two days absence in Kowel,³⁰ because his transfer is pending. Will the grim and grisly Herzog allow me to go on leave before Müller's arrival from Kowel?

8 MAY. I speak with Herzog at 8:00 a.m.—he is not thrilled with my departure but does not hold me back; after lunch at 12:45 p.m., I travel to Rogozno by car, arriving in Lemberg³¹—where I stay at the Hotel Imperial—at 9:30 p.m.

9 MAY. At 5:00 a.m. early, I visit the grave of my dear mother and other dear departed relatives. The cemetery is the only place where there is peace and calm—the only sign of the war is overgrowth and deficient care of the gravestones, which are otherwise so carefully tended. At 8:00 a.m. I visit my father. I hardly recognize the poor man, he has changed so much. He is suffering from the war as well: he is malnourished, and what food there is, is bad. He has come down in the world and become very thin, although, subjectively, he still feels

well. My sister Loreia with her two children is still sitting *shiva*³² for her dead husband, Edouard. Everyone is very glad to see me; I must, contrary to my original plan, overnight in a hotel and only leave for Vienna on 10 May at 7:00 a.m.

10 MAY. Arrival 10:30 p.m.

VACATION, 10–29 MAY. My wife insists on meeting me at the station despite the late hour. The poor woman looks even worse than she did last time. Daily cares and difficulty obtaining enough food for seven hungry mouths has made her jumpy and very run down. On the contrary, the children look well. Mary my youngest is a lovely little scallywag: she is walking already and is very dear, despite the fact that she wants absolutely nothing to do with me: she is not used to men. Miki is a beautiful young woman: sensible and well educated. One seldom sees so elegant a young lady! Ega also looks well and has made good progress in all aspects. Tinka is a complete young lady but has great problems in school, and I will be pleased when she finally graduates and finishes with it already—she has talent only in certain subjects (e.g., languages), but subjects like mathematics, physics, etc., are closed books to her.

Miki has been coughing very badly for the past three days, and it's clear to me that she is suffering from whooping cough. She played in the garden with a child suffering from pertussis, and the damage was done. The child has been in bed since then, and the coughing bothers her greatly. She was so looking forward to Papa's visit: to the walks and trips that she wanted to take with her Dad, and now all her little plans have been destroyed. The coughing, retching, and vomiting do not let her sleep all night—I cannot sleep either, naturally, because I run to be with her for each attack until she calms down again. I ask Professor Knöpfelmacher to visit her, but he doesn't know how to treat it either, except for a rapid change of location, which is not so simple during wartime. Most summer resorts are hesitant to book, struggling with lack of provisions, even with guests, for whom all sorts of difficulties are made. All bookings must be made by the end of May, with exact details of arrival, departure, and how many days will be spent there. The city will only quasi provide from 1 July to 30 August. Upon recommendation, my wife and I travel to Sauerbrunn, to look at a summer residence rental; but we don't like it there, and return home in the evening empty-handed. Days pass very rapidly with many visits that have to be made. My Olga, who is bothered greatly by lack of provisions and has become very thin, has recovered somewhat during my visit, but my departure falls doubly heavily on her, because she will not have restful nights anymore. Miki's coughing attacks occur mostly at night, and I often have to get up every thirty minutes to an hour. I decide, just before the end of my leave, to ask telegraphically for an extra fourteen days, but will only receive the answer on 29 May. We try again to find a summer residence and finally find one in Radaun, but it's very expensive: seven hundred crowns for July and August. We are appalled to hear, on 29 May, that extension of my leave has not been granted. How typical

of the military! I make sure that Olga rents the house in Radaun quickly, and leave the day after.

31 MAY. Arrival at command at 11:00 a.m. Meanwhile, command has been transferred from the forest to Pavloviczky, former location of corps command. I am not welcomed back in a friendly manner because of my vacation extension request. After I explain the situation personally to the general, he is visibly upset that he has done so little to help me. Summer heat is in full swing here—temperatures up to 35°C in the shade. My quarters—in the former barracks (office) of the chief medical officer—are also very hot at a constant 26°C: it's quite unbearable in the afternoon.

1 JUNE. I am kept very busy with my duties but am constantly oppressed with worry about my wife and children at home. I intend to personally request a new leave period from corps command. The heat continues: not a drop of rain, so necessary for seeds to germinate. Only today does the good Herzog have the courage to speak to me by telephone. After I describe my problems at home (again), he asks why I did not request the extension formally, punctually, and in writing. Obviously, he is to blame for the whole affair; Commandant Kaiser, who has recently replaced Corps Commandant Colonel General Kritek, is a charming and gracious man, who certainly would not have said no. I indicate to him my intention to go personally to go corps command with my request: he does not answer me; obviously this makes him very uncomfortable! At 5:00 p.m. a short but heavy thunderstorm, limited to Pavloviczky only.

3 JUNE. Hot summer weather continues. At 8:00 a.m. I depart for the newly expanded reserve position no. 4/62, returning at 10:30 a.m.

4 JUNE. Weather has cooled significantly; we freeze at night. At 8:00 a.m. I depart for division ammunition depot 2, from there to medical column no. 2, then off to field hospital 1009; return at 11:30 a.m.

5 JUNE. Cool, dry, pleasant weather continues. Departure at 8:00 a.m. first to the baths on № 243, then on to sick bay twenty-ninth light infantry, from then on to first aid stations nos. 1 and 3/40—return at noon.

6 JUNE. Very hot early, becoming more humid: around 5:00 p.m. a real thunderstorm breaks out, lasting for an hour. At 7:00 p.m. we meet up with two Dutch officers: Rittmeister Godin de Beaufort and First Lieutenant von Reigersberg-Versluys: they are here to observe our position and facilities.³³ We are not sure what they think of us, so must show everything in the best possible light. All necessary preparations are made: for example, cattle must not graze on sides of the path through which they walk. Meals are ample and well prepared (during their visit), and the gentlemen disport themselves, in very good spirits, until midnight. The founders of the feast partake happily of the wine and champagne until 5:30 a.m.

7 JUNE. The foreign gentlemen observe our positions accompanied by Captain Erben. Lunch today early at 11:00 a.m. because they must depart at 12:30

p.m., again under escort. The men are very pleasant; the first lieutenant especially is inquisitive; they are treated with greatest care. My inspections are held up by their visit: at 3:00 p.m. I travel by car with the logistics officer to the corps chief medical officer in Mikulicz,³⁴ twelve kilometers from here. I make a detour at division transport command in Chorostow, and we return at 7:00 p.m. Weather pleasant, not too hot anymore.

8 JUNE. Significant cooling. So much paperwork has accumulated during the past two days that I cannot go anywhere today. It takes all morning before the work is completed.

9 JUNE. We freeze overnight; today my room is even heated. The sun shines nicely early but soon disappears behind the clouds, and it becomes cold again. Violent storm around 6:00 p.m., lasting one and a half hours. Early at 7:30 a.m. I travel to first aid station twenty-ninth light infantry, to inspect the position projected by their corps as a new first aid station. The position is badly chosen and useless, because it comes under the heaviest artillery fire during battle. But that idiot Herzog insists on it. That other idiot (just as bad as Herzog), my Commanding General (Jemrich), doesn't dare make counterproposals. I travel to the fourth light infantry on the way back and inspect the baths in camp no. 5; return at 12:30 p.m.

10 JUNE. Temperature somewhat warmer: at least my room doesn't need to be heated anymore. I am feeling miserable: I had a wretched night with



Figure 4.5. Bernhard Bardach at his desk with accumulated paperwork and reading material. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

cold shivers and nausea—during the day, I have a fever and a terribly upset stomach, which reflects the state of my entire disposition. Tales of woe from home: Mary also has whooping cough. Olga does not know what to do anymore: she has had to let the child's maid go because she has been sleeping around, staying out until 1:00 a.m. Olga takes such matters seriously, but they only serve to increase the confusion. I am exiled here, without any prospect of leave.

11 JUNE. After having fasted almost completely for an entire day, I am feeling somewhat better. It's noteworthy that almost half of the entire command is suffering from the same thing, most especially Captain Erben: he has been lying in bed with fever for the past three days. Is this the notorious Wolhynian fever or food poisoning through green salad, which we now eat in large quantities? I stay at home today as well.³⁵

12 JUNE. I am feeling much better. I depart at 7:30 a.m., first to first aid station 5/103—and on the way back to first aid station 4/62—that has in the meantime been transferred to the church mill; return at noon. Surgeon Major Gara wastes my entire morning chattering, especially about himself and his personal affairs; he shows little understanding for interests of others, so a proper conversation with him is impossible.

13 JUNE. An early walk to medical column no. 2: it takes only twenty minutes to get there. From there to the field hospital, return by wagon at noon.

14 JUNE. The number of our enemies has increased by one: upon pressure from the Entente, the King of Greece has abdicated in favor of his second son, after the first son didn't suit the Entente.³⁶ There is no doubt that now Greece will declare war on us. The situation in Russia is totally confused, a great advantage for us. The fact that they are not capable of mounting another offensive lightens our military load and lets us concentrate on uninterrupted fighting on the Isonzo and Tirol fronts. The Italians are wearing themselves out for nothing; they have already had enormous losses during the first ten battles and, apart from Monte Kuk,³⁷ have achieved nothing. Our corps chief medical officer, Dr. Herzog, has been transferred to Cholm³⁸ as chief garrison physician: he is being replaced by Oberstabsarzt I Klasse Dr. Alfred Lederer. For Herzog, this is a well-deserved demotion: one would go far to find so mean-spirited a superior. All physicians are happy about his fate, because he has not had a single good word for any of us. By contrast, he has pestered and nagged us at every opportunity. The word "loathsome" describes him very well. I detest him from the bottom of my heart, because he alone is responsible for not prolonging my leave despite my needing it so urgently. When two of one's children suddenly become seriously ill, their mother—all alone—is kept busy full time providing sustenance for seven people, and she needs rapid change of air because of children's whooping cough—what could be more urgent? God bless and keep him in Cholm—far away from me.

15 JUNE. Weather has been nice for the past few days, warm and windy, but by far not as hot as at the beginning of the month. I depart for inspection at 8:00 a.m. Today it is the artillery's turn: I visit the first aid station of the second field artillery, then the artillery group Major Zaufalek/Assistant Physician Rodler, and at the end first aid station second Honvéd regiment. On the way, I also inspect 5/2 Honvéd battalion, which is especially well installed. Return at noon.

16 JUNE. Today, a big inspection by Field Vicar Bishop Bjelik. He arrives at command at 10:30 a.m., inspects the second medical column and field hospital 1009 in Wojmica, after that the soldiers' home on № 243. He takes lunch with us: all chaplains in our division are invited, also Dr. Müller. After lunch, he travels to the thirteenth rifle division. General Jemrich has not departed yet, and he and I accompany the field vicar on his inspection tour. At 2:00 p.m. he returns to corps command. At night, Russians fire far behind us in the direction Pavlovicz-Wojmica. Our new, long bridge over the swamp sticks in their craw: they have already fired on it four times. This happens at 7:00 p.m., exactly the time when Regimental Physician First Class Bardachzi, the surgeon at second medical column goes out for a walk: he is unlucky enough to be hit in the skull by all four shells and is killed immediately. We are all deeply upset and mourn his loss because he was an exceptionally efficient and hard-working surgeon—the pillar of our medical column. The entire command joins the physicians in mourning this terrible loss. Weather very nice. Rain at night.



Figure 4.6. Memorial service in the field. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

17 JUNE. We are far from over mourning for poor Bardachzi—he informs our daily conversations. Today, the ensemble of the Vienna Intimtheater arrives. The entire command turns out for the performance, because net proceeds are for the widows and orphans fund. I do not participate in this entertainment.

18 JUNE. It has become much hotter. Today is a very sad day: our poor Bardachzi is being transported back to his native Bohemia: his brother, another regimental physician first class, has come from Przemysl³⁹ to take him home. The benediction takes place at 6:00 p.m. Our general takes me to the medical column by car—almost all division doctors are assembled, also many from the neighboring thirteenth rifles division. The chaplain gives an incomprehensible sermon: speaking doesn't seem to be his strong point. His high-flown philosophy is unintelligible, and he doesn't seem to know what he is talking about. In addition, he is a Hungarian with bad German. After him, the chief medical officer speaks, this time movingly and well, making one momentarily forget one's intense dislike. He makes *one* big mistake: when this tragic ceremony ends, he gathers us around him one last time, to say goodbye. This is neither the right place nor the right moment—he has to have seen that the general is waiting for me. He formally asks our pardon for his bad treatment of us. After shaking everyone's hand, he asks the superfluous question whether any of us would like to be transferred to Cholm. General silence! What a scene! It should have been photographed to preserve it for posterity!

19 JUNE. The heat is so unbearable that I am staying at home today. Room temperature 26°C.

20 JUNE. Weather like yesterday: no rain, no cooling down. At 4:00 a.m. the Russians permit themselves an artillery attack on our fortieth that lasts about twenty minutes—it sounds like a bombardment but is not. No losses. Some accidents, caused by clumsy handling of different kinds of ammunition, have recently caused us more losses than those from enemy fire.

21 JUNE. Despite the awful heat, I walk to our medical column at 8:00 a.m., returning by wagon at 11:00 a.m. Serious abdominal surgery: stomach and liver damaged by an infantry bullet. The operation is successful, but the patient dies with the last stitch.

22 JUNE. Heat unbearable: 30°C in the shade; no wind, no likelihood at all of rain. I am jaded and cannot decide whether to depart for the front, especially because I am leaving for field hospital 1009 at 9:00 a.m., where I remain until 11:30 a.m. Finally, the greatly wished-for storm breaks toward evening but brings only a little cooling. We celebrate the decoration of Officer First Lieutenant Kuznierz with champagne (of course)—until midnight.

23 JUNE. Early rainy weather, clearing. But heat just as bad as before. At 8:00 a.m. I travel to first aid station no. 2/40, inspect their redoubts, and return at noon.

24 JUNE. Finally, the rain that everyone is yearning for falls during the night: it starts around 2:00 a.m. and lasts uninterruptedly until noon: then, periods of rain during the afternoon, with clearing toward evening. All the greenery looks freshened up and rejuvenated. Long evening celebration in our mess. Our First Lieutenant Hoffmann, allocated to us as technical adviser, is returning to his command, before being inducted into the air force as a pilot. A small group of us remains until 11:30 p.m.—most remain longer. I have had enough: the champagne doesn't taste good anymore—I was never really excited about these champagne parties, but now they mean nothing to me. The night rain has disturbed the patients in the field hospital because the rain leaks into their barrack.

25 JUNE. Rain again toward morning, followed by clearing. At 8:30 a.m. I walk to medical column, arriving just in time for a serious abdominal operation—I remain there until noon.

26 JUNE. Weather nice again and not too terribly hot. At 8:00 a.m. I travel to first aid station no. 5/103; I go into the position with the physician in chief, returning at noon. The state of this battalion is exemplary: it looks like a well-tended palace garden—clean, neat, and tidy. During my return walk back, Russians fire more shells: I have to choose another way back.

27 JUNE. Weather very nice. Today is another theater day. The Front-theater of the Vienna Private Stage Company is staging a production for us. Great bustle and excitement in the afternoon. The ensemble of twenty-one people arrives at 10:00 a.m. Quarters and provisions must be prepared for all of them: not so easy with the present scarcity of provisions. Our senior cook, Winiary, is desperate, grumbling unendingly. In the end, difficulties are overcome, especially by the many pretty, young maidens traipsing around our village roads in their small shoes. They take lunch separately from us, because of lack of space and service. The performance takes place at 6:00 p.m.: *The Spanish Fly*, a jolly farce. Everyone laughs, but enjoyment does not last long and everything is finished by 7:30 p.m. The social part of the evening begins after dinner: they dine with us and soon everything becomes very jolly. On my left-hand side, the prompter, Miss Heiger, sits: a nice, serious person; opposite me, the main actor and director, Mr. Lessen, an unmatched, elegant comedian. Next to him, an actress for the masses, with a very large appetite. Things soon become very cozy; the wine does its job, and a Vienna Schrammel quartet plays amusing tunes—Mr. Lessen and Mrs. Felden sing and dance until late. Most of the company is tired from goings-on of last evening and go to sleep at midnight, myself included, although I have had a previous good night's sleep. The rest remain until 3:00 a.m. I hear them passing through the streets singing; then it becomes quiet. They leave Pavloviczky at 9:00 a.m. the next morning, with best possible impressions.

28 JUNE. Slight hangover, so I stay at home today. Weather like yesterday.

29 JUNE. It's already hot and muggy early in the morning, but I still depart at 8:30 a.m., first to the medical column; because there is little to do there, I go on to the field hospital and return at noon. Humidity reaches its climax during the afternoon: finally, around 5:00 p.m., an extremely violent storm breaks out, bringing a little relief. The storm lasts about one and a half hours. Immediately after dinner, the Russians begin a three-hour direct artillery attack on the eleventh division, situated south of us: several thousand salvoes are fired. effect unknown, but no following infantry attack.

30 JUNE. I am suddenly awakened at 4:00 a.m. by heavy firing in my vicinity: I first think that there is shooting in the village, but it's only our antiaircraft guns firing at a squadron of six Russian airplanes. Planes succeed in crossing our lines, and fly farther in the direction of Vladimir-Volynsky,⁴⁰ dropping bombs and directing machine gunfire. It takes an entire hour before the last pilot has returned to base, under heaviest possible fire from our antiaircraft batteries. At 8:30 a.m. I travel to second artillery's first aid station, from there I visit the baths in camp no. 5, and on the way back inspect the baths on № 243. Outside is quite unsettled. Austrian pilots are seeking revenge and fly over Russian positions, but are fired on vigorously and lucky to get back safely.

1 JULY. Continuous rain during the second half of the night, lasting until early morning; rain the rest of the morning. Clearing only around noon. The Russians have been active during the past few days: strong forces have assembled near Brzezany,⁴¹ and it looks like a new offensive is likely.⁴² Heavy artillery activity on our front and the neighboring position to our right. This is ironic in view of the decision by Russian workers' and soldiers' councils for an immediate peace settlement.

Greece, which now has a new king, has sent us an official billet-doux. One more enemy!

2 JULY. Russian pilots again, only with the difference that they appear very early, at 3:30 a.m. Aerial bombing in places. Losses still unknown. Last time, four men and one horse were wounded in Wojmica. Apparently—irrespective of our heavy antiaircraft firing—they are winding down their activities. The theater company arrives again around noon: two performances are planned for here. Today is *The Rape of the Sabines*, well played and jolly. Just as the performance is about to begin at 6:00 p.m., a violent storm develops, and start has to be delayed thirty minutes because of heavy downpours on the roof of the theater building. After performance and dinner, obligatory get-together in our mess. Music, song, cheerful recitations: time passes quickly and pleasantly, and in no time at all it's 1:00 a.m.

The Russian offensive in Brzezany is in full swing: they are attacking with forty divisions in an area hardly fifty kilometers wide: Against them, we only have ten divisions. Fighting is violent and bitter. Up until today, they have been repelled everywhere: only the village Koniuchy⁴³ has been lost. Enormous

losses: they advance in large, concentrated numbers. Heavy artillery activity on our front.

3 JULY. Weather very unstable—repeated periods of rain. Theater evening again: *Pension Scholler*—a stupid farce, but well played. After the performance, the theater group scatters to the area around Pavlovicz, invited by a few commands. Three ladies and six gentlemen remain behind with us. I leave them to the younger people and go to bed around 11:00 p.m. The remaining revelers stay until 2:30 a.m.

4 JULY. Weather unstable: transient rain toward evening, which does not prevent the announced nature show, at 9:52 p.m., of a total lunar eclipse in a starry sky. It's a full moon: the eclipse begins from the left side of the moon, with significant darkening. This dark strip moves gradually to the other end of the moon: it takes almost an entire hour before the eclipse is total, and the moon appears as a red disc behind the dark streak. A magnificent spectacle! Could this natural phenomenon perhaps be a sign the war will soon end? It is well known that the war started with another natural phenomenon—a total solar eclipse on 21 August 1914. Who dare say?! Russians have hardly begun their new offensive. If they don't have more luck than they have had during the first three days, they will not get very far and will have to retreat.

5 JULY. Russian pilots awaken me early in the morning with their revolting bombs and our anti-aircraft firing. This time their bombs drop on the village of Lukaczy,⁴⁴ south of the Germans' position. At 10:00 a.m., our new chief medical officer, Dr. Lederer, finally arrives. Hopefully he brings us salvation! Herzog officially hands over all first aid stations and personnel to him. Weather good: very warm again during the afternoon. Evenings cool and fresh.

6 JULY. A horrible day! Hot, humid, exertions all day—newly arrived Chief Medical Officer Lederer inspects the division. He inspects the baths on α 243, then the sick bay of twenty-ninth light infantry. From there we travel by car; he picks me up at 7:30 p.m. with Dr. Herzog, and we go to the first aid station twenty-ninth light infantry. All the physicians are assembled there for a talk on gas protection given by Surgeon Major Ruzyczka from third medical column, who has just returned from a gas course in Vienna. From there we travel to first aid stations [?]/40 and 62, and then onward to the baths in camp no. 5. I am back at noon, but, straight after lunch, have to travel to field hospital 1009, where I meet up with the gentlemen again and, from there, travel to second medical column. There I meet Surgeon Major Professor Raubitschek from Czernowitz,⁴⁵ who has arrived in his capacity as army hygiene specialist. I have to repeat almost the entire inspection tour from the beginning, and with a wagon, not a car. And again, to the baths at α 243, then first aid station [?]/40, finally returning at 7:00 p.m. What a day! The new corps physician makes an excellent impression: a kind and worthy gentleman who understands what we have achieved. He has participated in it as a division physician of long standing,

in stark contrast to Herzog, who until recently has sat out the war in Budapest. A storm breaks toward evening, cooling the weather off somewhat.

7 JULY. Weather again nice—I allow myself a rest day. News about the Russian offensive is very satisfying: apart from small successes in the beginning, they do not seem to have achieved anything, despite tremendous losses. That is good! A Czech and Slovak brigade is fighting on the Russian side against us:⁴⁶ more than eight thousand of them have been taken captive by us—what miserable, faithless baggage they are!

8 JULY. My main task at the moment is copying down the talk given by Dr. Ruzyczka: his talk is well put together, and of even more interest to me, because I have been seconded to attend a ten-day gas course in Vienna starting on 17 July. I am obviously very happy, because I can be with my family again. But my joy is not unalloyed, because lectures are scheduled in both morning and afternoon, 8:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 2:30 to 5:00 p.m. It is highly questionable whether I will be able to reach the rotunda—where lectures are being given—in time by train from Radaun—where my family is located. For the moment, I don't want to spoil my happiness, and hope that everything will turn out all right.

9 JULY. It rains intermittently almost every day. I don't mind, but my family are suffering because they are cooped up in the room and can get no enjoyment from the countryside. Today I am dispatching my batman, Schweiger, with Senior Physician Dr. Baum, who will obtain provisions for my family in Galicia. I am curious as to what he will be able to obtain there. From here, all I could give him were three loaves of bread and a large container of freshly picked strawberries. If they arrive safely, my family will be pleased. I have also sent two kilograms of butter. Food scarcities become worse every day; it looks as if the day is not far, when, even with German money, nothing will be able to be scraped up. Our own provisions have also become very sparse, monotonous, and insufficient. How we used to eat at command sounds like a fairy tale now. Heavy rain for my trip back.

10 JULY. Nice early weather, no more talk of severe heat. Cloudy during afternoon, rain toward evening. In the afternoon, I am ordered to go to the new corps chief medical officer for a discussion. I leave by car at 2:30 p.m. and return at 6:00 p.m., after having made a visit to the baggage train at command at Chorostow. The new chief medical officer requires a detailed report on the division's sanitary and hygienic conditions before I travel to Vienna for the gas course. I have to miss the performance by the Vienna ballet ensemble, which starts at 6:00 p.m. I am not at all sorry: we have had enough expensive entertainment this month. But man cannot escape his destiny: after dinner I attend their song and cabaret performances. Very good—the female singer copies Mella Mars in her heyday excellently, and the piano accompanist is a Bela Laski in another form and name.⁴⁷ Very jolly: the female ballet dancer dances delicately and stylishly: real Vienna waltzes. It's midnight by the time I get to bed.

11 JULY. Weather has changed significantly: cold, windy, overcast, cloudy. Temperature in my room today is 17°C. I am busy all day with the preparation of the report for the corps chief medical officer. A huge job, which I am only able to do because of my excellent notes.

12 JULY. Overcast, cool weather, rain at times. I am very busy preparing for my upcoming trip; unfortunately, this afternoon I have to travel to the field hospital Wojmica, which the corps physician in chief is inspecting. He is by far not as strict as his predecessor: more than anything, he is not annoying. From there we travel to the medical column. By the time I return to command, it is 6:00 p.m.

13 JULY. Pouring with rain since early morning. The black bread rolls, which I wanted to collect this morning for my family, have unfortunately fallen into the water. I depart at noon. May God bless my enterprise, and may the bad weather only occur on the notorious “Friday the 13th.”

14 JULY. The journey goes off without a hitch, and weather is good. Arrival in Vienna at 3:00 p.m., where Olga is waiting for me at the station. We go directly to Radaun. My children look well, even Miki who has not completely recovered from her whooping cough attack. Mary, my youngest, is developing best of all. She is sixteen months old today but still doesn't want anything to do with me. No wonder: this is only the second time that I am a guest at home, for a short time.

The gas course, which is the real purpose of my trip, begins 17 July in the army gas school nearby the rotunda—in other words, exactly the opposite location from Radaun, where my family are. Luckily, trains start operating at 6:00 a.m., so I can arrive at the school on time at 8:00 a.m. However, I must get up at 5:00 a.m. to catch the first train at 6:00 a.m., arriving at 8:00 a.m. Lectures last from 8:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. The intervening time from 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. is the most unpleasant for me. Too short for me to travel home, and food in the local guesthouse is bad: very expensive and mostly insufficient. I have to carry my bread around in a bag all day: bread has not been provided in any of the inns for quite a while now. I return home at 6:00 p.m., tired and worn out by the heat and long train journey, so I cannot enjoy anything for the rest of the day. Sundays, and the few days after the course ends, are pleasant: I spend them in Vienna or Radaun. The course is extended for two extra days.

2 AUGUST. News from the Russian front is very interesting. As we have heard, the Russians opened an offensive on 1 July in the area of Brzezany and have had some successes. They occupy Halicz on 14 July and Kalusz on 15 July, but with great losses. On 19 July, we mount a sudden and unexpected counteroffensive against Zborow,⁴⁸ which quickly turns things in our favor. Whole units of Russians collapse, throw their weapons down, and flee back. We, on the other hand, surge forward, reoccupying Tarnopol.⁴⁹

3 AUGUST. The offensive extends to the south: Stanislaw, Halicz, Kalusz, Chortkow, Kolomea, Buczacz, Zaleszczyki, Skala, Hussiatyn, and Sniatyn⁵⁰ are occupied: with these, the whole of East Galicia—in Russian hands since 1914—is once again in our hands. Yesterday, 2 August, Czernowitz and Kim-polung⁵¹ are also reoccupied. We are well on the way to reoccupy the whole of Bukowina⁵²—a phenomenal achievement. That is how our offensive looks: the enemy has melted away like the morning dew.

A few more words about the weather, which was very pleasant in Vienna throughout the entire period. During the past few days, a heat wave has settled over the whole of Central Europe. Heat has become unbearable: it's especially bad during my trip back, so by the time I reach camp, I am tired and wrung out. Another theater group traveled back with me, this time from the Wiener Volksoper. These theater companies have become a terrible pest: they cost us a lot of money, and catering has become so difficult that we are very upset indeed at the delicacies that are offered them. I do not go to the latest performance, nor will I go to any future performances. I have had enough of paying for their catering. Right at the start of the current performance, a severe storm begins and rain lasts all morning of the next day.

4 AUGUST. Clearing during the afternoon. I find a few changes at command, which is still located at the same spot in Pavloviczky. Our Chief of General Staff Heller has been seconded to corps command for eight weeks and substituted by General Staff Lieutenant Colonel Britto—I know him well from the beginning of the war, because he has been our guest at tenth corps command several times. A nice, kindly man, even though he is less than knowledgeable and therefore hesitant and nervous (as he has always been). Rittmeister Baron Hammerstein has pushed through his transfer to the Italian front. He is one of the nicest men at command, and in him I lose my best photography supplier.

5 AUGUST. Torrential rain during the night: I am lucky that my barracks is still standing and not flooded. Rain causes great damage to the trenches—most are completely underwater. It carries on raining all morning. The theater society has finally departed after having staged two consecutive productions; each time, Lieutenant Colonel Heller came for the performance, and there was a great deal of drinking, lasting through 3:00 a.m.

6 AUGUST. Weather has cooled down . . . no rain, but unstable. News from the Bukowina front is very good: Radautz⁵³ has been taken.

7 AUGUST. Inspection of second sanitary train and 1009 field hospital in Wojmica by the chief corps physician at 9:00 a.m.; I arrive there on foot and return at noon; he stays for luncheon. The inspection turns out well. Lederer is not a whiner like Herzog, and has the necessary military experience. Weather good, sprinkles at noon.

8 AUGUST. Very warm, nice weather. I remain at home to complete a large amount of correspondence.

9 AUGUST. Continuation of inspection by corps chief medical officer. He arrives in Pavloviczky at 8:00 a.m. and stays there until the entire inspection has been completed. Today is the artillery's turn. We travel to second Honvéd regiment, then Group Zaufalek (Rodler), second artillery, and on the way back we visit the sick bay of twenty-ninth light infantry and no. 4/62 infantry regiment, as well as the provisions officer. By the time we return, it's 1:00 p.m.—very hot. In the afternoon, we visit the dental clinic. Lederer obtains quarters and dines with us. Our general is in a good mood: tomorrow he is going on leave again, and how he likes his leave (perhaps too much)! This might be why he tells me in the afternoon that he wants to put me up for a decoration and requests necessary details. He has taken long enough: I received my last decoration February 1916.

10 AUGUST. We leave by wagon early at 6:30 a.m. directly for 5/103, and from there to fourth light infantry, where we inspect one company's position. Then off to the extreme right flank of our position to fortieth regimental first aid station. It is so oppressively hot and humid that we can go no farther and return straight to Pavloviczky, where we arrive at 12:30 p.m. Everything else is canceled, and chief medical officer Lederer departs back to his corps at 4:00 p.m. It's a pleasure to do inspections with him. He has words of recognition and praise for everything and everybody.

11 AUGUST. It rains during the night, cooling the air down significantly. It remains cool and overcast all morning, clearing and warmer in the afternoon. Our Russian offensive is advancing a little more slowly. In Bukowina, Gurahumora⁵⁴ has been occupied: Mackensen is starting to move in Romania and has struck the Russians and Romanians north of Focsani,⁵⁵ stopping—for the moment—their further penetration in the Putna Valley.

12 AUGUST. Weather much more bearable: it looks as if the heat wave is over. Resistance by Russians and Romanians appears to have increased. Our progress is now slow, and Russian activity in the air has increased on our front. They are dropping bombs on Wojmica and Rogozno, without success.

13 AUGUST. Command is changing in field hospital 1009. Surgeon Major Gara is being transferred to the hinterland, replaced by Honvéd Regimental Physician First Class Dr. Molnar, who has sat out the war in Budapest so far and shows neither understanding nor desire for this position. Weather good, not too hot. The new army commandant, Weber, is very busy visiting our positions. He has been governor-general in Belgrade for the past year and a half.

14 AUGUST. Once more hot and humid. I travel by train to Vladimir Volynsky at noon, where I order a shirt and trousers at the ready to wear clothing department of the fourth army—the prices there are affordable, even cheap: Both together cost fifty-four crowns, compared to one hundred crowns bought privately. They are still made of wool, already a rarity; everything now is made

of cotton. Unfortunately, the first train back leaves at 7:00 p.m., leaving me with a few boring hours in this miserable dump. I arrive in the mess at 8:30 p.m.

15 AUGUST. Hot, humid weather continues, at least with a respite toward evening in the form of a short period of rain. At 8:30 a.m. I travel to the baths at № 243, then to camp no. 5, and then to sixty-second first aid station, and to the advanced first aid station of this battalion north of the fox redoubt. On the war back, I inspect the soldiers' home with our logistics officer: return at noon. Cool, pleasant weather continues.

17 AUGUST. Our first celebration of the birthday of our new Kaiser Karl. Unfortunately, rain starts at dawn and becomes heavy, lasting all day with only a few interruptions. The field mass is canceled, but not the opulent Kaiser dinner. Chicken and new potatoes appear again—delicacies that we have not seen for the past two months. Plenty of champagne, but the mood of the men is subdued. Some of the main drinkers are dead or transferred, others on leave; nevertheless, the celebration goes off wonderfully. The commandant and General Rosenzweig are on leave, probably celebrating with their families. First Lieutenant Zorn has become a captain after hardly six years of service as an officer—there are no more youngsters in this army.

18 AUGUST. Heavily overcast early; clearing around 10:00 a.m., fine the rest of the day. Depart at 8:30 a.m. for the baggage train at fourth light infantry, then to field hospital 1009 and second medical column. Return 11:30 a.m.

19 AUGUST. Weather nice and warm. The Italians have begun the eleventh battle of the Isonzo: hopefully they will have the same luck as they have had up to now. Only now are we informed of the large amount of booty taken in the fighting for Bukowina and Galicia: by contrast, the number of prisoners taken is surprisingly small, only 41,000 men, and 655 officers. By comparison, 257 artillery pieces, 546 machine guns, 191 mortars, 50,000 rifles, 25,000 gas masks, 14 armored cars, 15 trucks, 2 armored trains, 6 loaded railway trains, 26 locomotives, 280 train coaches, several airplanes, and a significant quantity of provisions.

20 AUGUST. Nice warm weather continues, becoming really hot during the course of the day. It's especially noticeable when one must run around sweating, visiting first aid stations and troop positions. At 7:30 a.m. I travel by wagon to first aid station 2/40, then 3/40, 1/40, and finally fortieth regimental first aid station. This trip is exhausting; there are many new first aid stations in the previous vicinity of the thirteenth rifle division.

21 AUGUST. Weather like yesterday; I feel it less because I spend the day at home. In the morning, Dr. Lederer favors me with a visit, because he has just gone to the dentist. We chat about all sorts of things until he departs. Lieutenant Colonel Britto is attending the gas course for the next eleven days; Lieutenant Colonel Heller has arrived to substitute for him.



Figure 4.7. A visit to the dentist in the Austro-Hungarian Army. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

22 AUGUST. Weather warm, strong wind during afternoon, with a great deal of dust. Overcast by evening, but no rain. I spend the morning at second medical column: I walk there at 8:30 a.m., returning by wagon at noon.

23 AUGUST. Warm weather. Today all baggage trains need to be inspected: I travel with our administrative lieutenant colonel at 9:00 a.m. to the management office, from there to baggage train fortieth infantry regiment, twenty-ninth light infantry, 4/62, 5/103, and fourth light infantry; return at noon. At 3:00 p.m. I travel with Lieutenant Colonel Heller, the logistics officer, and technical adviser Captain Szoljom-Feketc to the bakery and division train in Chorostow, return at 5:00 p.m.

24 AUGUST. Moderate warm weather continues. In the morning I am occupied with office work. During the afternoon, a German officer gives a lecture on the Battle of the Somme, with slides. Many German officers attend. The lecture is interesting—but it's so hot and stifling in the barracks, that it becomes unbearable. After an hour, we come up for air: it's good to breathe fresh air again.

25 AUGUST. The Eleventh Battle of the Isonzo rages for the fourth day, with unheard-of intensity. Apart from small local successes, the Italians have achieved nothing. Our troops are achieving amazing things there. By comparison, the battles in Bukowina, Galicia, and Romania have waned. We get the impression that the existing positions will be held and defended. Weather still nice and warm. Cloudy toward evening.

26 AUGUST. Heavy rain overnight, cloudy in the morning, clearing by noon. We have acquired yet another enemy: now the Chinese have declared war on us!

27 AUGUST. Our Army Commandant Colonel General von Kirchbach has been taken ill several weeks ago—apparently stomach ulcers, maybe even cancer. He is operated on and a gastroenterostomy⁵⁶ is done: he is doing better. His replacement, Colonel General Wurm, has been named Commandant of the first army on the Isonzo, and he in turn is substituted by Colonel General Hauer, who up to now has been in command of Cavalry Corps Hauer. He arrives at 9:00 a.m. and introduces himself to everybody. I am present as well and cannot go out and visit the troops, as previously intended.

28 AUGUST. Pouring rain during the night, everything is wet in the morning, but then weather clears. I walk at 8:00 a.m. to field hospital 1009, staying there all morning. Defective barracks have to be repaired and modified, so there is much to advise and to discuss.

29 AUGUST. Very hot again today, but it is even hotter on the Isonzo. Fighting on all other fronts is now overshadowed by that on the Isonzo—even the heavy fighting by the Germans in Flanders.⁵⁷ Unfortunately, the Italians have successfully occupied Monte Santo, and our troops have transferred the front back about six to seven kilometers. The Italians are wildly triumphant: they report having captured two 305 mortars. If nothing but this happens, they still will not have won, and Trieste is still beyond their reach. May God let it be so!

30 AUGUST. Today's report is very favorable: the Italians have achieved nothing. After extreme heat yesterday, sudden cooling down today, after a little rain during the night: I almost had to close the windows. I remain in my quarters awaiting inspection by Surgeon Major Wach of fourth army command.

31 AUGUST. Something new: officers are now being sent to the front by order of high command, with the task of listening to requests and complaints from the men, but in reality just another inspection, followed by detailed reports. Today is the field hospitals' turn. At 9:00 a.m. I walk to the medical column, where I meet with Dr. Lederer. At 10:00 a.m., Surgeon Major Dr. Wach arrives in Wojmica by train, met by our Dr. Müller. Inspection of both field hospitals lasts until noon. I travel back; the other two gentlemen remain for lunch and, in the afternoon, travel on to Rogozno. Our newly minted commander returns from vacation with the same train. I greet him at lunch. The two stars and pompous title of "Excellency" haven't changed him a bit: Tepp remains Tepp. Weather, after rain during the night, very pleasant. Some mud, which dries quickly.

1 SEPTEMBER. Doctors Lederer and Wach pick me up by car at 7:00 a.m. We first go to the soldiers' home, then to the baths on № 243, supply depot 2, sick bay of twenty-ninth light infantry, sick bay and first aid station 4/62, and the baths in camp 5. After all these have been inspected, we want to go farther,

but the Russians begin to fire at our area. A Russian plane appears, and it looks as if it is aiming at us, because the pilot flies very low (about four hundred feet) and circles around, despite very heavy anti-aircraft fire. One shell after the other explodes, also shrapnel. Hardly one hundred paces from us, a man from the fortieth infantry regiment, who wanted to draw water from a well, is instantly killed by a shot to the head. Both gentlemen, especially Wach, who are not used to this, are overcome with fear, and run into a shelter; Wach, who is in front, stumbles over the step, falls to the ground, and Lederer falls on top of him. I follow them. I am no hero, but have become such a fatalist during the course of this war that when such things happen, I always think, "If a bullet is meant for me, it will hit me no matter what. There is plenty of time for this to happen." We wait for a good half hour: the situation changes every five minutes. We finally make use of such a pause to get to our car, waiting for us in the nearest hollow. Both gentlemen have lost all desire for more inspections, and on suggestion of Lederer, they end abruptly. Because it is still too early, we find the first aid station of second field artillery regiment in the forest and travel directly to Pavloviczy, where we have time to inspect the dental clinic. They allow time for a nice, long, safe visit and around noon travel on to Rogozno, from where Wach departs to his regular station and Lederer travels back to corps command by comfortable car. Lunch today tastes particularly good; after that I have an afternoon nap longer than any time previously in this war: by the time I awake, it's already 4:45 p.m.

2 SEPTEMBER. After a rainy night, weather significantly cooler. I spend the morning in the field hospital, where there is a commission walkthrough of necessary changes by technical adviser Captain Szoljom-Feketc and me. I walk there (as usual), return by wagon.

3 SEPTEMBER. Russians use moonlit nights for flying and aerial bombardment. This time they search out our main traffic hub in Rogozno, where they cause significant damage: one man dead, two wounded, one ammunition depot hit by a bomb, and a portion of the ammunition blown up. Also a German catering store. Weather today very cool: I have already closed the windows. Afternoon transient rain.

4 SEPTEMBER. Germans have taken Riga. A great success, but it does not change our position, especially in view of the fact that we trumpet to the world that we want peace without annexation. It's a pity about each man whom we lose, penetrating deeper into Russia. Our fighting in Galicia and Bukowina is very significant, because we must drive the Russians out of our territories so that we need nothing from them—but further annexation in Russia makes no sense. How much more valuable would it be, if the Germans—with troops at their disposal—would attack the Italians in the Tirol, to relieve us on the Isonzo! But pride and prestige take the lead here. We want to finish up with the wops, as the Germans want to do with the French. Hopefully, we will succeed.

Today it rains all day, with short interruptions. It's quite cold. How good that at least we have a proper roof over our heads—something that we didn't have this time last year.

5 SEPTEMBER. Cool, overcast weather continues.

6 SEPTEMBER. Much warmer today; sunshine, the ground has already dried out. At 5:00 a.m. I visit the field hospital, return at 6:30 p.m. Barracks there are being completely rebuilt, and strict control is necessary.

7 SEPTEMBER. Beautiful, sunny fall day, characteristic cool mornings and evenings. Departure for the front by wagon at 7:30 a.m. Inspection of dressing station twenty-ninth light infantry, 2/40, fourth light infantry. The Russians seem very nervous and are shooting out of fear; we could seek to advance on this front as well, but it makes no sense, because we are really quite weak here! Our entire fourth army consists of the twenty-ninth infantry division, our second infantry division, one German division, and Cavalry Corps Hauer—that is all. Our division consists of eight battalions, commanded by one brigade, one division, and one corps command. No matter how strong the twenty-ninth is, it's understandable that we do not move and are happy that the Russians don't move either, out of mutual fear.

Today's visit relates mainly to troop supplies with medicines and medical material. They have a lot more than their allocation, but complain constantly that they receive too little. Meanwhile, army command is constantly told that supplies must be economized, because they are exhausted.

8 SEPTEMBER. Good weather continues: it has become warmer. The Italians seem to have paused for breath, but, despite attacking it for twelve days already, they still have not taken Monte Gabrieli. By contrast, the Germans are greatly expanding their success in Riga. Their booty is very large: 316 artillery pieces and correspondingly large amounts of other material. The Russians appear to have bolted, leaving everything behind.

9 SEPTEMBER. Weather unchanged, partly cloudy toward evening, no rain. I am very busy with correspondence, plus sending a man from the mess with provisions to Vienna. I have succeeded in collecting six kilograms of bacon, five kilograms of flour, eight kilograms of potatoes and cucumbers—enough so that my family can eat decently for a few days

10 SEPTEMBER. I travel at 8:30 a.m. to the forty-second infantry regiment, which recently has been assigned to us with two battalions. They are demanding so much medical material that I must first see exactly what they already have. Return at noon. I inspect 1/42 and the regimental first aid station: they are being housed in reserve in Kruchynicz, together with the thirteenth medical column. Weather favorable, really nice.

11 SEPTEMBER. At 9:00 a.m. I go to the medical column. Our own Dr. Müller has been transferred to Cholm. He is very upset indeed that he will have the pleasure of our old friend Dr. Herzog's company again there. I feel

sorry for him: he is an anti-Semite in disguise but has always been very decent and upright with me. He is very strict with his subordinates and does not allow any intimacy, which is good for maintenance of discipline but does not endear him to his subordinates. He often does not dine with them in the mess. He has always been erect in bearing, and brave: always at the front of his column, leading them personally, often in dangerous areas. The only thing: he is too much of a Pole and makes no secret of his pro-Polish sentiments. He has apparently no confidence in Austria and has never subscribed to war bonds, despite having a large amount of savings. He believes strongly in Poland's resurrection, and his ideas for new Polish borders are presumptuous—he believes that Danzig must become Polish as well. I avoid political discussions with him in order not to get on each other's nerves. He openly protects Polish officers and physicians in his medical column.

I have put him up for the silver *Signum Laudis* and handed in a glowing report about him to division command. At 1:00 p.m. I depart for Vladimir Volynsky by train to get the clothes that I have ordered: return by train at 8:00 p.m.

12 SEPTEMBER. The night is noticeably colder: temperature in my room is only 6°C, and I am quite chilled. It does become somewhat warmer during the course of the day and quite hot at noon. During the morning, I have a large amount of office work to complete and a series of conferences during the afternoon.

13 SEPTEMBER. I am granted a raise in pay, retroactive to 1 September. I am very happy about it: if only things were not so expensive at home, I could even manage to save something. But the increased sixty-six crowns a month disappear without a trace with all my expenses. Weather overcast in the morning, short periods of rain in the afternoon, through 8:00 p.m.

14 SEPTEMBER. Weather has cleared, but mud dries slowly. Straight after lunch, Dr. Lederer arrives unexpectedly by car. His visit is really to the dentist: he needs to have a tooth extracted. We travel together to the field hospital and to the column in Wojmica: return at 6:00 p.m.

15 SEPTEMBER. Weather unstable: nice early, then cloudy, strong wind, and cold. Nevertheless, I travel to first aid station fourth light infantry, because several cases of dysentery have occurred there recently. I visit their positions as well. On the way back, I inspect our first aid stations no. 5/62 and twenty-ninth light infantry, returning at 12:30 p.m., just as it is starting to rain. Heavy rain in the afternoon, continuing until evening. It is already quite uncomfortable in my room. I make sure that the room is heated at night; otherwise I would freeze because of lack of warm blankets.

Today the request was sent off by command for an additional financial award in connection with my silver *Signum Laudis*. It has taken a long time to get this through: the gentlemen don't think of what others are going through, just so long as they get what they want as often as they want it.

16 SEPTEMBER. Weather unstable. Sunshine alternating with clouds—no rain. Temperature somewhat higher. I am busy all day with more and more office duties.

17 SEPTEMBER. During the night, clocks have all been put back one hour: not appropriate for the current conditions, when the whole day is not utilized. At both 5:00 a.m. (old reckoning) and 7:00 p.m., it is pitch dark. According to the new reckoning, one sleeps further into the day, leaving a lot of work for the evening. Weather like yesterday: clearing in late afternoon, temperature pleasant. I take a walk to the field hospital in the morning and bump into Dr. Lederer and then return with him to Pavloviczky where he visits the dentist. Today is Rosh Hashanah: unfortunately, for a while now, our situation with horses, wagons, and cars has not been good enough to allow me—as during previous years—to obtain one of these to travel to Vladimir Volynsky, and train schedules are unsatisfactory.

18 SEPTEMBER. Weather significantly warmer, quite warm during the day. Heating stopped for the moment. At 8:00 a.m. I again walk to Wojmica, after having been interrupted yesterday by Chief Medical Officer Lederer. I visit the medical column and field hospital, returning by wagon at noon. Dysentery cases keep me busy: they are scattered all over the division.

19 SEPTEMBER. Early at 7:30 a.m. I travel to the bakery in Chorostow, after two dysentery cases have appeared there; I also visit second baggage train. What they are doing there is very impressive: they have installed a butcher, a dairy (where butter and curd are manufactured), a vegetable and fruit canning house, and a soda water factory. They manufacture marmalade, pickled cucumbers, and cabbage—they have quite a large concern going: I have heard of nothing comparable in size and scope in the hinterland. Return 11:30 a.m.: weather quite hot.

20 SEPTEMBER. Weather nice today as well, warm, even hot during the day—toward evening very humid and cloudy, as if before a storm: but clouds disappear in the evening and the sky at night is clear. Lieutenant Colonel Heller returns from his seconded position today, and Lieutenant Colonel Britto returns and takes over office directorship. He is probably better suited for deskwork, since his assistant First Lieutenant Patterer does most of the work for him. But he is not suited to be a chief of general staff: he is an idiot in uniform, just like General Jemrich.

21 SEPTEMBER. I travel to Rogozno at 8:00 a.m. to inspect the new hospital in my capacity as corps physician. I am most surprised at what I see—so excellent in its planning and establishment that it could compete with many peacetime hospitals. An exemplary hospital, such as has not been seen in war up to this time. Weather good, but strong wind makes it uncomfortable. Skies darken during the afternoon, but cold weather does not allow it to rain.

22 SEPTEMBER. Weather good; nothing new.

23 SEPTEMBER. Morning begins friendly and peacefully. We have German General von Stocken as luncheon guest: he deputizes for our corps commandant. A very nice lunch with chicken, etc. A band from the fortieth infantry regiment supplies the music. At 4:30 p.m. I receive a report that dysentery bacilli have been found in one of wells used by the fortieth infantry provisions train. I immediately order that the well be buried; to convince myself that this order is carried out, I travel there at once by car. Burying the well is a difficult decision, because it was built at great cost and effort, and was eighteen meters deep. But better to sacrifice it than risk an explosive outbreak of bacillary dysentery. I make sure not to leave until the well has been made unusable. Return at 6:00 p.m. Weather overcast, not as cool, a lot of wind and even more dust.

24 SEPTEMBER. Weather good with some wind, evening quite cool, so my room is heated once again.

25 SEPTEMBER. Early in the morning at 8:00 a.m. I travel to the fortieth infantry provisions train, to convince myself that the well has been completely buried. From there, on to the baths on № 243 and camp no. 5, then to first aid station 5/103 which has been occupied by twenty-ninth light infantry, then to first aid station fourth light infantry. Overcast early with fog, clearing around 10:00 a.m.: I return at 12:30 p.m. in nice, sunny weather.

Unfortunately, bad prospects for Yom Kippur—last year I had a car at my disposal all day and spent the day at the temple in Vladimir Volynsky. Now we are short of rubber and even worse off with horses; the train schedule is no good, so I will have to stay in my quarters.

28 SEPTEMBER. Yom Kippur! I honor the holy day by fasting and absolute rest. Weather very nice, sunny, and warm. I fast easily; unfortunately, I only started last night. We were celebrating the departure of our technical adviser Captain Szoljom-Feketc. I wanted to withdraw from dinner but was kept behind by Lieutenant Colonel Heller. I did not drink any champagne, although I was charged ten crowns for it: it was midnight before I went to bed. At 4:00 p.m. I take a walk to the field hospital, where I remain until 6:00 p.m. After it becomes dark, I travel back and eat alone: a combination of lunch and dinner.

27 SEPTEMBER. Days are still lovely, warm, and sunny, really hot during the afternoon: I take advantage of this weather and, at 8:00 a.m., travel to the front. A good photographer joins me, and I look for the best places to take photos—first, the connection for the locomotive light railway. Then on to camp 5 and its baths, which I also photograph. From there on to first aid station 4/62, where we make a nice photo compilation, including Senior Physician Felter and myself. On the way back, we also photograph the sick bay of the sixty-second, and return at noon.

28 SEPTEMBER. Weather remains good. A restless night, so different from what we have become used to for many weeks. Russians attack our neighbor-

ing division. The cannonade, which occurs around 4:00 a.m., interferes with my sleep, so I go over my depressing thoughts in my mind. I am very worried about my dear Olga. Her current hypersensitivity is getting on my nerves. I remain here. Dr. Müller says goodbye to me—I toss a few well-chosen words at him, which move him so deeply that he embraces me. For a change, I am now reading a great deal. The cats are away, so the mouse can play: the corps physician is on leave, the commandant is at a gas course, and Heller is in Kowel for a meeting, so the only thing left for me to pass the time is reading. Newspapers have become interesting—they report an offensive against the Italians in which Germans have taken part. It costs us prestige, but that doesn't matter as long as the wops finally get what is coming to them. Great transfers are taking place, and all leave is canceled for the next fourteen days. There is talk of our division being transferred "below" (to the Isonzo). The idea does not please me at all. I am already tired of war and pleased to leave its laurels to younger men.

29 SEPTEMBER. Weather change. Cloudy and humid in the morning, heavy rain at times during the afternoon. I travel to field hospital 1009 and return by wagon at noon.

30 SEPTEMBER. The heavens smile again, and the sun shines—but it does not warm us up any more. It's quite cold, and I see to it that my room is heated in the evening.

At 4:00 p.m. I walk with Lieutenant Colonel Heller to the medical column. He absolutely has to peek at the three new nursing sisters who have just arrived and are said to be very pretty. At the same time, he inspects the entire unit: what is he trying to achieve? Has he been ordered to do this, or is it just the matter of the three nurses? From there we go to the field hospital, which he also inspects from top to bottom. I do not see the point of initiating the three nurses at the medical column. As long as static war continues, good—but if we move, they will be a burden on the unit. They need transport for their baggage, and today we do not even have enough transport for ourselves, so a lot would have to be left behind. Then they will need quarters; the unit often works and sleeps outside in the open. If a small house would become available, they surely would not get it. The situation is completely different for the field hospital, twelve kilometers or less behind the column. The nurses can have a permanent base in which to work there, but they will have to be immediately evacuated if we have to move. Over and above this, they do not make a good impression or reflect the seriousness necessary for their profession. Two of them are young girls who would be more suitable as cashiers, and the third older one is too buxom. But I don't want to jump the gun—let us see. Return 5:30 p.m.

1 OCTOBER. The weather has suddenly changed again: it rains in torrents almost all day. The weather corresponds with how I feel. My innate pugnacity, and my wife's hypersensitivity, does not help matters.

2 OCTOBER. Weather remains cloudy all day; nevertheless, I visit the medical column and then the field hospital with Senior Physician Wechsler in the late afternoon, return at 6:30 p.m.

3 OCTOBER. Weather lovely and clear again, sunny and warm. Ground has dried out completely. Unfortunately, I cannot go to the front today no matter how much I would like to, because I am occupied with providing my batman, Schweiger, with provisions for my family: 6.5 kilograms of flour, 3.25 kilograms of bacon, 1 rucksack of potatoes, 2 kilograms of nuts, 3 loaves of bread, 100 eggs, 9 kilograms of chicken fat, 1 kilogram of sausage, some tea, biscuits, 5 lemons, and a pair of shoes for Ega. This should be of some help to them; in Vienna, conditions and provisions are too sad to contemplate. Apart from this, I have to travel to the medical column and field hospital again with the technical consultant to inform him about the work that must be performed there. Return around noon.

4 OCTOBER. Weather nice, sunny and warm especially during the afternoon. In the morning at 7:30 a.m., I travel with Surgeon Major Dr. Konopki—the new commandant of the medical column—to the front; after that to the provisions store at fortieth infantry regiment to see whether new wells have been dug in correct places. From there, we visit the soldiers' home, the fortieth infantry regiment convalescent home, then the fortieth infantry regiment first aid station, [?] first aid station which is being newly built and finally the position of [?]40, which doesn't impress me at all. Back at noon. The staff physician is delighted at everything: all is new to him, because so far he has spent the war in the rear.

5 OCTOBER. Weather still good, but I stay at home again to deal with office work.

6 OCTOBER. Rain at night, overcast all day, heavy clouds and uninterrupted rain all afternoon, which softens the ground.

7 OCTOBER. Very overcast, rain hanging in the air. Despite this, I travel to the field hospital 1009 by wagon to send some provisions home with someone who is traveling back to Vienna. One must use every possible opportunity. This time I cannot send much: three loaves of bread, five kilograms of flour, two kilograms of beans, and five kilograms of apples.

8 OCTOBER. Weather somewhat better, only quite cold because of a strong north wind. At 8:30 a.m. I travel to field hospital 913 in Rogozno, again accompanied with Dr. Konopki, to inspect their building progress, which is not good: work has stopped because they have no nails. Return at noon. During the afternoon, we receive the news that our Kaiser will visit fourth army in Vladimir Volynsky tomorrow at 9:45 a.m., so there is naturally great excitement. Our commander has just returned from a gas course; his main current concern is how to obtain (and boast with) with the Crown Order First Class. Maybe after having spent the entire afternoon working on this, this idiot might even learn something from what he sees here!

9 OCTOBER. Sun appears early: maybe this is Kaiser weather? Unfortunately, it gets cloudy very early and, from 9:00 a.m., rains heavily. The deputation to welcome His Majesty consists this time of one officer and one soldier per corps; from command, only the commandant and his chief of general staff, Lieutenant Colonel Heller. Some clearing toward afternoon, which doesn't last long. Starting at 4:00 p.m., it pours with rain. Von Kirchbach has taken over army command from Hauer, after having returned from sick leave. He has had problems with his stomach for a long time and had to undergo surgery. I could not find out whether it was a stomach ulcer or carcinoma. Surgery was very extensive—a gastroenterostomy. He has recovered so well that he is able to take over command again—just in time to welcome the Kaiser.

10 OCTOBER. Strong southwest wind cleans clouds from the sky. The sun shines again in all its glory but cannot warm anymore like it did earlier. I take out my small fur collar, which makes me feel very comfortable.

11 OCTOBER. Significant rainfall overnight—I did not hear it, but the many puddles and the mud testify to the rain. Soon it's clear again, sunshine and blue sky. At 7:30 a.m. I travel with Dr. Konopka to the front. First to fourth light infantry baggage train, where I present the armorer with twenty-five cigarettes as payment for a beautiful frame for my wife's photograph, which now decorates my writing desk. From there, we travel on to the baths on № 243, camp 5, after that to the first aid station twenty-ninth light infantry, which now includes the position of 5/103. We visit their position, and return. The visit



Figure 4.8. Kaiser Karl praying with the troops. Photograph courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute.

lasts until noon. It becomes very hot during the afternoon, and we sweat during our visit to the positions.

12 OCTOBER. Weather quite good, sharp, cold northwest wind that dies down by noon. Around 9:00 a.m. I go to the field hospital and observe the surgeons at work, then on to the medical column. Travel back by wagon around noon. Fall is in full swing, leaves are turning, and what is left of the greenery is limp and fading.

13 OCTOBER. Nice, sunny morning—all roads dry again. At 8:30 a.m. I travel to the first aid unit, the second field artillery regiment; inspect 4/10 sapper company and then first aid station third artillery regiment; return at noon. The mail brings me the Honor Cross Second Class from the Red Cross. A nice decoration: I will consider whether to put in for the Officers Cross. Rain toward evening, then clear skies.

14 OCTOBER. Pleasant summerlike weather: everything shines again. It's Sunday, and I stay home.

15 OCTOBER. Warm, sunny weather continues. Lederer is back from vacation, and we have already spoken by telephone.

16 OCTOBER. I leave for the medical column at 7:30 a.m.: Dr. Lederer is also there for the inspection: we arrive at more or less the same time. From there, on to the field hospital; it's already noon by the time I return alone, while he goes back to the corps.

At 4:00 p.m. another artistic delight. This time four gentlemen and four ladies, led by a German captain—a Berlin ensemble who produce and present plays. The enjoyment lasts until 6:30 p.m.: actually, it really is quite jolly. A Viennese lady is naturally part—and certainly the best—of the troupe. After the performance, there is a communal supper, which in such cases always lasts long into the night. I remain until 11:30 p.m.; the bulk of the staff leaves an hour earlier. Enough, already.

17 OCTOBER. I meet Dr. Lederer at 8:00 a.m., and we set off together for our inspection tour. First the soldiers home, from there to the storm battalion, then to baggage train 4/62, twenty-ninth light infantry (sick bay), then the baths at \approx 243, provisions depot 2, baggage train fortieth infantry regiment. Return at 12:30 p.m. Lederer remains here overnight. Beautiful morning weather, heavy fog early, then complete clearing. Overcast in the afternoon. Senior Physician Felter leaves tomorrow for the gas course in Vienna; I give him ten kilograms of flour, two kilograms of sausage, and three loaves of bread for my family, and send the shoes back to my Olga.

18 OCTOBER. Rain begins during the night, lasting all morning. Because of bad weather, the corps physician interrupts his inspections and travels back at 8:00 a.m. Before leaving, he participates in the official decoration of General von Rosenzweig with the Iron Crown Order Second Class. Clearing in the afternoon, rain again toward evening.

19 OCTOBER. There is already a significant amount of mud. Overcast in the morning, clearing during the day, starry, clear night.

20 OCTOBER. Rain begins early and pours down in torrents all day. Some clearing in the afternoon, but overcast again toward evening. Traveling on such a day is out of the question, and I fill the hours with paperwork.

21 OCTOBER. Dark, gloomy, damp cold weather with fog—a real fall day, just like November. Leaves are falling off the trees in large numbers: they will soon be completely bare.

Vacation leave is once again permitted, but for how long? My darling wife is completely to blame for the fact that I do not wish to take advantage of this. Her hypersensitivity and sour, sarcastic manner have made me very angry. Because of this instead of going home, I keep busy with application for the Charles Cross. I have only been in frontline service in the fourth battalion since 15 October 1915, for a total of seventy-four days, and eighty-four days of frontline duty (reckoned from the day of leaving for combat) are required; I lack twenty-seven days.⁵⁸ To make up this time, I want to serve as regimental physician first class in the fortieth infantry regiment, while Senior Physician Kantorek goes on leave. This decision is facilitated by the fact that my wife is making me so miserable, that it is easier for me to take such a risk. Ten months or so ago, I might perhaps have thought more about this: my wife had not yet shown her true colors.

22 OCTOBER. After everyone in charge has agreed with my plan, I leave for the regiment tomorrow: today I am busy full time with preparations for the trip. Weather like yesterday: cloudy, overcast, dark, fog, damp cold.

23 OCTOBER. Beautiful fall day, a great deal of sun, deep blue sky. After completing all necessary formalities, I depart for the fortieth infantry regiment at 10:00 a.m.: arrive one hour later: the regiment is located eight kilometers from division command. Good horses and very good roads facilitate my rapid arrival. Conditions here are different, and I will have to get used to them. Regimental Commander Lieutenant Colonel Raktelj is very pleasant and friendly to me; his adjutant Captain Fuchs has just gone on leave, and the other ten gentlemen in command are only first and second lieutenants of the reserve. In other words, we have little in common, which makes for difficult table conversation. Rations are also worse than at division command: this, according to the young waiter who brings the food—the amount is for example “three potatoes per officer” and no more cooked dessert. For dinner, only two potatoes each; half a roll daily, and we must bring our own bread for meals. The same thing with coffee: each man gets tinned coffee that must last for ten days, and half a liter of milk daily. We must supply more of this ourselves, because breakfast and *Jause* are not included. We get daily cigarette rations and about one liter of petroleum per week. This is perhaps necessary for so large a corps of soldiers. I take over the dugout from the vacationing Dr. Kantorek, including the ubiqui-

tous mice, cats, and dogs. A wonderful, safe shelter, right up to the thin ceiling, which isn't even good enough to withstand a light shrapnel attack. I will have to get myself a better one soon: I must obtain the necessary windowpanes.

24 OCTOBER. Yesterday's beautiful day was an exception—today again the same miserable, overcast, foggy fall weather, and I must make the long trip to the medical units in Wojmica: about twenty-four kilometers both directions. I leave at 8:30 a.m. and arrive at 10:00 a.m. Soon after that, Surgeon General Bürkel arrives for an inspection, accompanied by the corps physician. He arrives because of an anonymous denunciation about immoral activities of the three Red Cross nurses who were assigned to the unit three weeks ago. There you have it! They are too pretty to be decent and will be removed. I take lunch at the field hospital and arrive back to the regiment during quite a heavy rainstorm.

25 OCTOBER. Weather is somewhat better, but the sun cannot penetrate. No rain all day. Quite a lot of mud, but the sandy ground dries up quite quickly. I visit the first regimental battalion that is waiting in reserve on a daily basis: they have no physician, only an officer orderly.

Yesterday, the twelfth battle of the Isonzo began:⁵⁹ it differs from the previous eleven in that we are taking the offensive. Unfortunately, we are doing this together with the Germans, who will surely take all the credit. But it makes no difference as long as the wops get the thrashing they deserve. And they will: from the first day, we are successful, with ten thousand prisoners including division and brigade commanders and a vast amount of war material. We have penetrated their positions. The offensive starts off in Tolmein;⁶⁰ the artillery is fighting in the Tirol, which is where the advance is taking place.

26 OCTOBER. Things are going beautifully on the Isonzo: thirty thousand prisoners and more than three hundred artillery pieces. The entire Italian first position has been taken. Weather still unstable, but no rain and not unpleasant. Early in the morning, I visit the fourth regimental battalion, which is at present in position. I inspect their first aid station and their medical supplies, and then, with Assistant Physician Lang, go to sixteenth company, which is the battalion reserve, housed in foxholes in the middle of the forest. Back around 11:30 a.m.

27 OCTOBER. Beautiful fall day, glorious blue sky, strong sunshine. This morning I visit the second battalion (Assistant Physician Seitz). His new first aid station is still being built, but when it is finished, it will be very nice and secure from firing. Back at 11:00 a.m., in time for the press report that seventy thousand Italians have already been taken captive, with seven hundred artillery pieces. More soon.

28 OCTOBER. Things are going better in Italy than anyone expected. The number of prisoners has risen to eighty thousand, with six hundred artillery pieces. Amazing! Görz⁶¹ has been retaken. Morning weather very nice. Like yesterday, afternoon cloudy and overcast, moderate wind. Today I travel to first aid station 5/103, because of the report of several cases of diarrhea in a unit

that has come from Vladimir Volynsky. Then on to first aid station 3/40, back around noon. I have a lot of paperwork to do during the afternoon—so the day passes quickly. It seems like forever for me to have to remain here until 20 November. I have no one to talk to: the men are all so young, and the good Raktelj is an old grumbling bore who can only criticize.

29 OCTOBER. Weather nice, warm and sunny, wind early on that calms down quickly. Usual early inspection of first battalion, then the splendid regimental convalescent home. I inspect the entire area, and return around 11:00 a.m. Things are going excellently in Italy. Our troops have already taken Monfalcone and Cormons; the Germans have taken Cividale and stand in front of Udine. The number of prisoners taken has increased to one hundred thousand and the number of artillery pieces to more than seven hundred. The amount of other war material cannot even be calculated. The Italian second army has been routed. Trieste can breathe again—this is surely the last battle of the Isonzo.

30 OCTOBER. Overcast early, clearing later. Moonlit nights are beautiful. Very inviting to go for a walk, if it wasn't so dangerous here. Rifle bullets whistle all over in the evening. News from Italy becomes better and better: Udine has been taken, so fighting is already taking place on Italian soil. The number of prisoners now exceeds one hundred thousand, and the number of artillery pieces is now nine hundred. A huge number.

31 OCTOBER. Good weather, with sunshine and deep blue sky; just a fairly brisk north wind. At 8:00 a.m. I travel to the first aid stations of fourth and then twenty-ninth light infantry, return at 11:00 a.m. In Italy, the front is moving south to Caporetto; more than 120,000 prisoners have been taken.

1 NOVEMBER. Weather overcast, clearing around noon. Temperatures generally mild. In the morning, I travel to first aid station 2/40. Construction of the new first aid station is proceeding slowly. Return around 11:00 a.m. A colossal victory has been reported from Italy. Our forces have succeeded in defeating the Italians, who have been blocked from streaming home by the high waters of the Tagliamento River. We have cut off their path of retreat and taken 60,000 prisoners and 600 artillery pieces, for a total of 180,000 prisoners and 1,500 artillery pieces so far. These are tremendous successes, such as have not occurred in the war so far, and are all the more praiseworthy because we are quite exhausted in the fourth year of the war.

2 NOVEMBER. All sorts of troop augmentations, consolidations, and transfers are taking place. Weather still mild. Overcast morning, clearing during the afternoon.

3 NOVEMBER. Weather like yesterday, but nevertheless I travel with Medical Corps Lieutenant Skoczek, my adjutant, to first aid station 3/40 (Assistant Physician Vissich) to inspect the first aid station whose building has been deployed to the forward redoubt; I bathe in the officer's facilities there and return at 11:30 a.m. In Italy, our troops are in Tagliamento; the entire left side of the

river has been cleared of Italians. The number of prisoners taken is now more than 200,000 and of artillery pieces more than 1,800.

4 NOVEMBER. Heavy fog, but mild. I travel by foot with my adjutant to first aid station 2/40 (Assistant Physician Seitz): we go together to the position of fifth company, because of a case of dysentery, return 11:30 a.m.

In honor of the Kaiser's name day, the quartermaster surprises us at dinner with two bottles of champagne; the gramophone provides music, and with the music, a cheery mood develops in all present. This is significantly raised when suddenly at 10:00 p.m. the telephone rings: one officer per battalion must appear as billeting officer tomorrow at 10:00 a.m. Additionally, one officer must appear early at 6:30 a.m., for receipt of important tasks. So, naturally, the regiment is marching off to Italy! On to Udine! Great rejoicing! Two more bottles of champagne, wine, and one bottle of liquor are trotted out. With music and cheering, the evening passes in a very jolly way. Around midnight, a *drugi obiad* [Polish second dinner] is served; everyone chips in with his own provisions—sausage and fine baked goods, and there is tea, a drink that is not usual at regimental command. By the time we part, it is 1:15 a.m.

5 NOVEMBER. An overcast, foggy day, which becomes very rainy: plenty of mud. Officers returning from the brigade bring us disappointing news: the regiment is remaining where it is; only two battalions are being transferred! Tonight we go to sleep earlier than last night: by 8:30 p.m., the mess is empty.

6 NOVEMBER. Rain, mud, nothing but mud and rain—I cannot even go out of my hut, and the time passes twice as slowly.

7 NOVEMBER. No more rain; the ground is beginning to dry out again. The sandy, loamy soil allows it to dry fairly rapidly. I cannot decide whether to make a long inspection tour and in the end just visit the soldiers and convalescent homes: even this takes me one and a half hours on foot. The Italians seem to be avoiding battle more and more to save what is left of their army—there is no real resistance against us in Tagliamento, and they are in headlong retreat—also on the Tirol front. Our own territory is now completely cleansed of wops, and our troops are near Venice. The Italian desire to “liberate” Trieste has been replaced by worry about retaining Venice!

8 NOVEMBER. Overcast early, but complete clearing by 10:00 a.m. and beautiful sunshine with corresponding warmth. Because of the good weather, I travel at 8:30 a.m. with Adjutant Lieutenant Skoczek, who is leaving tomorrow for Constantinople, where he will be responsible (together with Senior Physician Holzer) for a field hospital at Kaldini camp, to which a battalion of the fortieth infantry regiment is coming; baths of the second division of the fortieth; first aid station 4/62; fourth light infantry (Holzer); 3/40. Back around noon.

9 NOVEMBER. Weather pleasant and sunny: ground has already dried out completely. After Lieutenant Skoczek's departure, I go with my new adjutant

Medical Corps Lieutenant Teitelbaum to first aid stations 4/40 and 2/40, return around 11:00 a.m. Continued excellent news from Italy: the Italians have already retreated behind Livenna. About 350,000 prisoners and 2,300 artillery pieces.

10 NOVEMBER. Very foggy early, then warm. Fog changes to rain that lasts for most of the day. Wild activity in Russia: Kerensky's government has fallen: he himself has fled, and most of his ministers have been arrested. The Russians want peace at any price. We obviously want peace as well, but it still seems far away. Serves England right!

11 NOVEMBER. Early sunshine and pleasant weather: I prepare for a longer excursion. But soon heavy clouds roll in and it starts to rain. I travel at 7:45 a.m. to Wojmica (about twelve kilometers), inspect medical column no. 2, then on to field hospital 1009; on the way back, I visit my command in Pavloviczky which looks as it has disintegrated. Commandant Jemrich is on vacation for a change. His rich aunt is in the process of dying again, and he must absolutely see her before she passes away. Up until now, she has caused him to take several short vacations, and no one knows how much she is leaving him. But she appears to want to part from this world even less than from her money.

Lieutenant Colonel Heller has been seconded to the gas course in Sedan, which no doubt pleases him well. Life in France must surely be better than that in Pavloviczky. It is 12:45 p.m. by the time we get back to the regiment.

In Italy, our troops are already on the Piave; Venice and Verona are trembling. The wops have gotten what they deserve.

Tremendous upheaval in Russia continues. The new authorities—there is still no new government—have apparently requested a three-month cease-fire. Is this true? For the moment, Russian artillery is even more active than before.

12 NOVEMBER. I am busy all morning with office work. Apart from this, weather is not very inviting, so I stay at home. It's overcast and humid; rain hangs heavy in the air. In the evening we get the news of our Kaiser's accident in Italy—he nearly drowned, but thank God all turned out well—that's all we Austrians still need!

13 NOVEMBER. Pouring rain all day. Appalling mud—no one can move anywhere

14 NOVEMBER. Weather like yesterday. Rain and mud, nothing but rain and mud. Under such conditions, time passes very slowly, and I cannot wait for this isolation to end. Good news from the Italian front continues: our troops are already in Feltre—everything is going according to plan. Confusion in Russia continues.

15 NOVEMBER. Some clearing; rain has stopped. Sun has not penetrated through though. At 9:00 a.m. there is a thanksgiving service for the saving of the life of our Kaiser, in which I participate.

16 NOVEMBER. Weather like yesterday; no rain, but nice days are becoming less and less common. The trees are almost completely bare—fall is in full swing.

Around noon, Senior Physician Kantorek returns to the regiment from vacation. My stay here cannot last much longer: command here is beginning to get on my nerves. I will definitely remain here through tomorrow though.

17 NOVEMBER. Weather no better than the past few days, but I still go out, inspect the baths at 2/40, which has now been taken over by the Germans and been renovated. Like all their other baths at the front, it is constructed according to their own system: a small, narrow yet functional room, oven sufficient for eight to ten uniforms. There is no room for more than these eight to ten men to bathe together, yet, properly used up to about 150 men can use these baths on a daily basis. From there I walk with Dr. Kantorek to the newly built first aid station 2/40, which is finally ready and very nice. There are still working on the foxhole. Back around noon.

I spend the entire afternoon with regimental work. The regimental medical staff have been badly neglected: nobody thought about recognizing their importance. This is a special gift from Regimental Captain Fuchs, who has always been doctor-unfriendly. But now that he has been on leave during my entire time here, I try to make amends. Lieutenant Colonel Raktelj, a very upright gentleman, approves all of my suggestions: I put thirty-two men up for the Bronze Medal for Bravery, promote and put several up for Iron and Silver Service Crosses. I must complete this work today.

There is a festive meal at dinner, not only in my honor but primarily to honor Communications Officer Lieutenant Westphal, who is also leaving the regiment tomorrow: Westphal established communication between the 377th German infantry regiment and our fortieth infantry regiment. Not that this was difficult or demanding, but he still managed to endear himself to the regiment, so much so that all subalterns call him “du.” That says a great deal about a German officer.

An excellent supper, chicken and stewed fruit: also—as a special treat—onion bread that is one of my favorites. There is plenty of wine and schnapps, as well as music. The bandleader comes out with his zither, which he plays well. Lieutenant Koprzywa takes turns with him playing his guitar and singing (both very well). A jolly atmosphere quickly develops; the German officer starts the proceedings off with a rambling speech about the regiment, and the Lieutenant Colonel responds. Many other speeches follow, and high spirits become even higher. Of course I am honored as well, especially by the Lieutenant Colonel.

Speeches become ever-more abundant and maudlin. Long before midnight, the German lieutenant passes out, followed by several others, who disappear without a trace. My adjutant Lieutenant Teitelbaum feels morally obliged to

give an especially flattering speech about me, which pleases me no end: he is one of the few men who is still sober and whose words don't come out of a bottle. Apart from the three chaplains, only we three physicians remain sober the whole time. At 8:00 a.m. the next morning, our number has almost melted away and the party is finally adjourned.

18 NOVEMBER. Obligatory photography at 8:30 a.m., before the Germans depart (myself as well). The lieutenant colonel does not appear because he has forgotten about it and already gone. The other gentlemen are still in bed with terrible hangovers and have to be dragged out. Eventually, photos are taken at 9:00 a.m., and I depart immediately thereafter. Weather miserable, wet, a strong, biting wind—short periods of snow, which melts almost immediately. Finally, after a detour at the fortieth baggage train, I arrive at command at 11:00 a.m. and am greeted noisily by some of the gentlemen. I spend the entire afternoon reinstalling myself—everything is topsy-turvy here, and I cannot even have my afternoon snooze, which I really need today because I hardly slept three hours last night. Hopefully I will sleep better tonight, because lately I have not been sleeping well at all: I wake up at 3:00 a.m. and then cannot go back to sleep. Additionally, there is a lack of petroleum oil at the regiment, so I must toss and turn in bed for hours, without even being able to read a letter: awful, and it makes one really tired.

19 NOVEMBER. Weather somewhat better; the sun even tries to break out during the afternoon but doesn't succeed. Conrad von Hötzendorf's Italian Army is active south of Asiago—going is very heavy in this mountainous region, and they must slog from place to place. The front on the Piave remains static. In Russia, no noticeable resolution of the chaos.

20 NOVEMBER. Weather: horrible. Rain, wind, overcast gloomy sky, appalling mud. And yet I must go out today. First to the baths on № 243, then to baggage train 5/103. But at the last minute, I must cancel the trip and send the wagon back: it is just raining too hard.

21 NOVEMBER. It pours with rain all night. The ground has softened horribly, and going out is impossible. At 9:00 a.m., we have a mass for the first anniversary of the death of Kaiser Franz Joseph. I must unfortunately stay at home today as well: it's raining too hard, with little interruption, all day.

22 NOVEMBER. It's snowing hard: roofs and ground are snow-covered. The last leaves of fall have fallen, and winter has arrived.

23 NOVEMBER. Snow has disappeared. Temperature during the night around zero. The weather looks good, and I make ready at 8:30 a.m. to walk to the units in Wojmica. Ground is very soft in places; I sink into the mud several times and arrive at the field hospital in a sad and muddy state. I remain in the operating theater until 10:30 a.m. In the meantime, a strong southeast wind develops, and I request a wagon to the medical column. I return from this expedition around noon.

24 NOVEMBER. Wind howls violently with periods of rain the whole of yesterday and last night. It's so bad today that we cannot leave our quarters.

The new Russian government, which still is not stable, is now in the hands of workers, soldiers, and farmers with Lenin at their head.⁶² Lenin wants peace at any price, at the very least a three-month cease-fire.

Renewed fraternization at the front: Russians walk unarmed around their positions freely during the day and converse with our people, after they have first ensured that we will not shoot at them. There is no more firing: our propaganda is hard at work. We hear that the Russian government has given the Entente an ultimatum with a maximal period of two days to fix their immediate war demands, or else they will make a separate peace. The days to come should be very interesting indeed.

25 NOVEMBER. Wind howls unabated, and we are forced to stay in place. Colds are the order of the day. My poor batman, Schweiger, has had it, and coughs pitiably; his cheesy-pale face is quite frightening—like someone suffering from nephritis. He is off to hospital today.

26 NOVEMBER. Wind continues to rattle and shake windows throughout the night, and from 3:00 a.m. I cannot sleep anymore. By morning it dies down and appears to have swept the sky clean, because, finally, the sun appears early. I cannot stay inside anymore and leave at 8:30 a.m. for the twenty-ninth light infantry battalion in Kruchynicz, which is stationed there as army reserves. Weather is still unpleasant, wind blows sharply in the ears, although there is no frost. But mud and puddles of water are deep and ubiquitous.

Return around 11:00 a.m., by which time the sun has disappeared again and the gray, overcast sky of the past few days has returned in full force.

In the evening, we hear that, for a change, Jemrich is taking another eight days' leave—the rich aunt doesn't even give him rest even after death, but why should he mind? I take the opportunity to present my request for three weeks leave to him. I am not disappointed, because he says to me: "Of course, go. You have not been home for a long while." I want to file a request for today as well, but this must be discussed beforehand with Dr. Lederer.

27 NOVEMBER. Weather not bad, dry everywhere. Sky still mostly cloudy, even though sun breaks through at times. At 9:00 a.m. I am off to the baths on \square 243, which has been prepared well and functionally for the winter. This is the only facility that functions perfectly, without problems: troops use it more and more. Senior Physician Wechsler, its supervisor, takes great care of it. I inspect the new well in the fortieth infantry regiment battle train, return 11:00 a.m.

28 NOVEMBER. A violent storm breaks during the night: it tugs so violently at the windows and doors that at times I am worried that my barrack might be blown over. The whole day, there are alternating periods of rain, although sun shines early. This unstable weather lasts all day. My medical orderly, Demkowicz, has finally returned from his expedition home and his visit to my family

in Vienna. This time, unfortunately, I was not able to give him a lot in the way of provisions: seven kilograms of bacon at sixteen crowns, half a kilogram of butter at twelve crowns, three kilograms of flour at sixty-four heller, six liters of six-rowed barley, three liters of millet, and three liters of beans: all together for fifty crowns. These are horrendous prices, but one must be happy to obtain any provisions at all. As a small compensation, I send them, for free, twenty kilograms of potatoes, some vegetables, one kilogram of sausage, a few eggs, and bread.

29 NOVEMBER. Weather the same. Strong southwest wind, which often rises to gale force. Hardly does the wind calm down when it starts raining again. Going out of doors is impossible, and time passes twice as slowly. I am writing up my request for three weeks' leave, after having first conferred with all personnel involved with its approval.

30 NOVEMBER. Weather same as yesterday. Wind only dies down toward noon. Intermittent periods of rain, which last all day. It remains overcast the whole time, skies are deathly gray.

Things are quite peculiar on our front. The new powers that be in Russia—one cannot yet talk of a government because it still has not been formed—yell for peace, or at least an armistice. In an attempt to counteract this, the secret agreement between Russia and the Entente of September 1914 is published, to the effect that no one is allowed to make a separate peace. The Entente wish to divide our Austro-Hungarian Empire up. Alsace Lorraine must return to France, and the German states on the West Bank of the Rhine must act as buffers, separated from Germany and made independent.

This is how the Great Protectors look at the smaller countries! A few north-erly situated, special German divisions are said to have, on their own initiative, agreed to an armistice. It is hard to say whether this is true: what is a fact is that today a Russian staff officer, with a first lieutenant as peace envoy, appeared in front of the lines of section 5/103, and that Major Mrekewa with an interpreter went to meet the same two men in front of our own lines, both to negotiate a cease-fire. Negotiations are not yet complete. However, since I have returned from the fortieth infantry regiment, there is almost no more shooting. A few artillery salvos here and there, answered by our own guns. A direct hit yesterday caused five wounded, by coincidence in the same 5/103 section. How careful one must be!

1 DECEMBER. Weather mild and calm. Only mud keeps me indoors.

2 DECEMBER. A historic day of the first magnitude! An armistice between the Central Powers and Russia has been drawn up! News came this evening during dinner, through an official telegram from Army Group Linsingen. General Linsingen has concluded an armistice in the name of his entire army group, and there is no doubt that this will—either simultaneously or very soon—be extended along the entire front. Another armistice has been concluded in

Kowel, in the presence of a Russian government representative. Conditions are purely military in nature. The armistice begins at 10:00 p.m.: troops must remain in their existing positions, and no commerce between the lines is permitted, only at specific points on the front. During the first three days, no soldier may be removed from the front; after that it's permitted. The same applies to improvement of their positions, but not with a view to new fortifications and establishment of new barbed wire obstacles. Fliers are allowed to fly over enemy positions, but no firing or bombing is permitted. This applies for the next forty-eight hours: during this time no attacks or hostility are permitted.

Joy over the news is mixed. Is it apathy caused by this endless war, or does the upcoming peace hold in it a sort of disappointment? Who can say? I freely admit that I, personally, fear material loss: this peace can lead to a future drop in the stock market, in which I am invested. Other than that, I am in a bad mood today because corps command has only approved fourteen days' leave instead of the three weeks that I requested. It's clear to everyone that today is a day of enormous historical significance. Lenin is the hero, who has dared—independently, and against the will of the Entente—to accomplish this great task. It is certain that peace with Russia will soon come. What is the Entente going to do now? That is a complete mystery at the moment.

I spend the morning at field hospital 1009, return around noon. The weather is good: clear, sunny, ground already dry in places, mild temperatures.

3 DECEMBER. I get an early call from Lederer that according to military gazette no. 226 of 28 November 1917 I have been awarded the *Signum Laudis* with swords. I am obviously very pleased about this, even though I could and should have received this a year ago.

Otherwise, I am very pleased about the cessation of hostilities. A discussion between our commander and the Russian representative between the lines has been set for 2:00 p.m. General von Rosenzweig, substituting for our vacationing Commander Jemrich, arrives punctually but must wait a whole hour for his Russian counterpart. The Russian commander does not appear in person, only a lowly staff captain (major) and an ordinary soldier as representatives of their commandant. Asked why the commander has not come himself, the soldier responds: "It makes no difference: we speak in his name." It becomes clear that the Russians only know about a three-day cessation of hostilities and have come only to ask for an extension. Our general clarifies that cessation of hostilities is for an unspecified time, with a forty-eight hour termination period. This satisfies them; we share cognac, cigarettes, and cigars, and part company. Weather good, increasing wind in the afternoon and cold, some snow.

4 DECEMBER. Temperature -5°C , complete snowy landscape, first real winters day. Nice blue sky, wind quite calm—snow around noon—just when I am leaving for vacation on 6 December and have potatoes to take along! Today's military gazette has finally fulfilled what we have wanted for a long time:

(1) Rank above auditors in judge advocate's office: It's about time! A pity that it needed this murderous war to be approved, to differentiate between those who do and those who don't serve at the front.

(2) Rank at performances and parades. This problem has also needed to be solved for a long time. Assembly by rank, and, among rank, according to succession. That is the way it should be! Because of lack of clarity in this paragraph of the regulations, physicians have had to put up with many humiliations.

(3) Service armband exactly like other officers of soldier's rank.

(4) Military Service Badge exactly the same as other officers of soldier's rank.

They still have not approved a change in how junior noncommissioned officers are treated. There are still no clear differences between first and second class and full combatants.

5 DECEMBER. Vacation draws closer. This morning I am busy packing, down to the last small details; -7°C early, so winter continues. It seems that I will have to forgo my potatoes completely. Toward evening it gets even colder: at 6:00 p.m. it is already -15°C . Happiness about my leave has become a bit clouded. The armistice, better said truce, that has just been concluded has been canceled, and hostilities begin again at 10:00 p.m. How, when, why? Don't ask, no one knows. It is all beyond our comprehension.

6 DECEMBER. Temperature -5°C , light snowfall. Still too cold for my potatoes. I am not here anymore in spirit. I quickly pack the last of my things. I have collected a great deal: 16.5 kilograms of flour, 5 kilograms of fish, 1.8 kilograms of peas, 5 kilograms of barley, 3 kilograms of bacon, 60 eggs, three-quarters of a sausage, 1 goose, 2 tongues, 4 loaves of bread, 1 bottle of wine, 1 jar of cucumbers, 1 tin of tomatoes, 1 of marmalade, 4 tins of sardines, 200 grams of tea, 1 crate of potatoes (despite the weather!), 1 kilogram of butter. Added to that, a brass Russian samovar and plenty of other miscellaneous things.

Yesterday evening, before the end of the armistice, there was a meeting between the lines of our intelligence officer and a deputation of Russian soldiers. They are very sorry that, because of a misunderstanding, they have only signed off on a three-day armistice—but ask that we do not shoot at them anymore, and keep to the present conditions: we agree. After the discussion is complete, we empty another bottle of cognac and depart. This interruption in the truce appears to have only occurred on our front: the armistice holds everywhere else.

Punctually at noon, I am on the train; an hour later, I am still on the train. In Chorostow, according to plan, I receive my crate of potatoes and one kilogram of butter from corps command. After a long layover in Vladimir Volynsky, we depart for Lemberg, where we arrive at 9:45 p.m. To my sorrow, we do not meet my father there, although I have informed him of our proposed meeting by telegraph. As it turns out, despite it having been sent a day earlier, it only arrives at 9:00 p.m. the next day, when he is already in bed. At 11:30 p.m. I travel on to Vienna, unfortunately in an unheated coach with six people in the coupé. And

so we arrive in Vienna on 7 December at 5:00 p.m., two hours late. My Olga is waiting for me. Because of the many packages, I have to take a one-horse carriage, which costs fifteen crowns. The potatoes are not on it: I arrange for them to be delivered the next day by carrier, which costs another 4.80 crowns. Despite the cold, they are in very good condition; I do not regret the expenditure.

I find all of my children well. Tinka has become quite slender, but she looks good like that and, thank God, she is still in an almost jaunty mood. She is a splendid person, my pride and my greatest joy. I have no idea why she rankled me so much as a child. She looks so much like my unforgettable Henia of blessed memory, whose picture I always have with me.⁶³

Ega is, by contrast, calmer, and serious for her age—she is thirteen and has thawed out somewhat during my absence, much livelier than before. These two young girls hang on to me and won't let go. Miki is a delightful young scamp, bright and lively, but doesn't look too well and is somewhat pale. However, she is healthy, strong, with a good appetite. The youngest, Mary—eighteen months old—is very cute and looks well. She is talking a great deal already, but doesn't understand strangers. She is strong-willed and very well developed. All the children make me happy: only my Olga looks very, very bad. She has great difficulty with the hired help, who are now worse than useless. Only demands—no feelings of duty. Apart from that she is most irritated that I am constantly in the field, while so many of her acquaintances have been at home with their families for a long time. Not everyone can—or wishes to—fake illness.

The first three days I have quite a bad cold, after the trip in the unheated coupé, especially in view of the fact that I already had the sniffles when I left. It does not improve, and I must spend a few days in bed, but then I improve and am fine for the rest of my vacation. Time passes only too quickly, and very pleasantly. Of course, many visits and receptions; four times in the theater. We see *The Rose of Stamboul*, a delightful operetta; *Procurist Pold*, an excellent comedy of a Jewish nature; *The Beautiful Saskia*; and operettas, beautifully outfitted and played: the music is not popular yet. And finally *Der Blaufuchs*, a comedy, with Konstantin as guest player, and a Berlin lady who makes a great sensation with her dated and unnatural movements.

It's soon 30 December, and I must depart. I travel again via Lemberg to see my father. He is supposed to be at the station on 31 December at 7:00 a.m., but prefers to wait for me at home, because I have two and a half hours between trains. However, my train is again delayed, this time for about two hours. My father does not reckon with this delay, so I must travel off again without having seen him. Around 9:00 p.m. on New Years Eve, I arrive unexpectedly in the middle of our celebrations. Despite being exhausted—the train was overfilled and I couldn't sleep a wink the previous night—I have to remain seated as long as the commander is present: it is 1:00 a.m. before I finally can go to bed.

Notes

1. Voynitsa (Ukraine).
2. Brăila (Romania).
3. Dobruja or Dobrudja is a historical region in Eastern Europe situated between the lower Danube River and the Black Sea, and includes the Danube Delta, the Romanian coast, and the northernmost part of the Bulgarian coast.
4. Aleksandrovka (Ukraine).
5. Pavlovychi (Ukraine).
6. Khvorostiv (Ukraine)? Too far to be likely.
7. Focșani (Romania).
8. The word *landesüblich* used in this context really means horse-drawn wagons. It may be assumed that the motorized medical columns used up to now were rendered increasingly useless because of the blockade, and that the word “column” instead of “unit” did not change its basic function.
9. W(V)olhynia is a historic region in Central and Eastern Europe straddling Poland, Ukraine, and Belarus.
10. A breakdown in the smallpox vaccination system must have occurred.
11. Szolnok (Hungary).
12. Bacillary dysentery is a fecal-oral infection caused by bacteria of the genus *Shigella*.
13. Di(u)browa (Ukraine).
14. Shel'viv (Ukraine).
15. Berezovychi (Ukraine).
16. Rogoźno (Poland).
17. Khorlupy (Ukraine).
18. Krukhynychy (Ukraine).
19. Olyka (Ukraine).
20. Cieszyn (Poland) and Český Těšín (Czech Republic). Town lies on the border of both countries.
21. Khoriv (Ukraine).
22. A communicable bacterial disease transmitted by bite of the rat flea, or directly by droplet infection (the “black death” of the Middle Ages).
23. Bardach's first mention of the First Russian Revolution (8–15 March N.S.), which deposed the Tsar who was replaced by a provisional government headed by Kerensky.
24. Lack of provisions (military and especially civilian)—first noted mid-1916—will gradually assume catastrophic proportions.
25. Brother of Nicolas II.
26. Operation *Alberich* was a planned withdrawal to new positions on the shorter, more easily defended Hindenburg Line, which took place between 9 February and 20 March 1917 and eliminated the two salients that had been formed in 1916, between Arras and Saint-Quentin and from Saint-Quentin to Noyon, during the Battle of the Somme. Bardach does not mention the scorched earth policy of the Germans along the withdrawal route, nor the French suffering caused by it.
27. Passover began the eve of 6 April 1917.
28. Afternoon Viennese coffee, cakes, and perhaps something more solid.
29. Bielsko Biała (Poland).
30. Kowel (Ukraine).

31. Lviv (Ukraine).
32. The first seven days of mourning following a first-degree relative's death.
33. Holland remained neutral during World War I.
34. Mykulychi (Ukraine).
35. Wolhynian (trench) fever, a louse-borne fever caused by *Bartonella quintana*. About one-fifth of the Austro-Hungarian Army in World War I were infected with trench fever. Green salad prepared in contaminated soil or water would have transmitted fecal-oral pathogens such as *Salmonella* (including typhoid fever), *Shigella* (bacterial dysentery), cholera, and amebic dysentery.
36. In June 1917, King Constantine abdicated, and his second son, Alexander, assumed the throne as king. Prime Minister Venizelos assumed control of the entire country, and Greece officially declared war against the Central Powers on 2 July 1917.
37. Monte Cucco (Italy).
38. Chełm (Poland).
39. Przemyśl (Poland).
40. Volodymyr-Volynskyi (Ukraine).
41. Berezhany (Ukraine).
42. The Kerensky Offensive (1–19 July 1917) was the last Russian offensive of the war, but collapsed by 16 July.
43. Konyukhy (Ukraine).
44. Lokachy (Ukraine).
45. Chernivtsi (Ukraine). Capital of Bukowina (see note 52).
46. The Czech Legion.
47. Viennese cabaret couple.
48. Zboriv (Ukraine).
49. Ternopil (Ukraine).
50. Ivano-Frankivsk, Halych, Kalush, Chortkiv, Kolomyia, Buchach, Zalishchyky, Skala (Podilska), Husyatyn, Snyatyn (Ukraine).
51. Câmpulung Moldovenesc (Romania).
52. Historical region of Bukowina, former part of Moldova and now split between Romania and Ukraine, or the administrative unit Duchy of Bukowina, a constituent land of the Austrian Empire from 1774, and crown land of Austria-Hungary from 1867 until 1918.
53. Rădăuți (Romania).
54. Gura Humorului (Romania).
55. Focșani (Romania).
56. Surgical creation of a connection between the stomach and jejunum.
57. The Battle of Passchendaele (Third Battle of Ypres) was a major campaign fought by the Allies against the German Empire on the Western Front, from July to November 1917, for control of the ridges south and east of the Belgian city of Ypres in West Flanders. It aimed to break through and capture German U-boat pens on the English Channel. Nothing of the kind happened, and terrible slaughter ensued under atrocious rain and mud. The offensive was a failure. See Robin Prior and Trevor Wilson, *Passchendaele: The Untold Story*, 3rd ed. (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2016).
58. This does not make obvious sense but is exactly what is written.
59. The Battle of Caporetto (also known as the Twelfth Battle of the Isonzo) took place from 24 October to 19 November 1917 near the town of Kobarid (now in northwestern Slovenia, then part of the Austrian Littoral). The battle was named after the Ital-

ian name of the town (also known as Karfreit in German). Austro-Hungarian forces, reinforced by German units, were able to break into the Italian front line and rout the Italian forces opposing them. The battle was a demonstration of the effectiveness of the use of storm troopers and infiltration tactics. Use of poison gas by the Germans also played a key role in the collapse of the Italian Second Army, and the retreat of Italian forces one hundred kilometers to the west.

60. Tolmin (Slovenia).
61. Gorizia (Italy).
62. The second (Bolshevik) Russian Revolution occurred on 7 November (N.S.).
63. Bardach's deceased first wife.