

Joseph Lindon Smith diary 3

Extracted on Apr-19-2024 05:33:13

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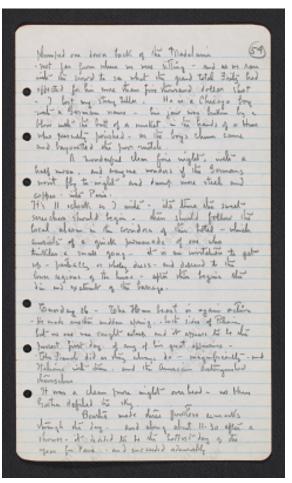
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plunked one down back of the Madeleine - not far from where we were sitting - and as we ran with the crowd to see what the grand total Fritz had effected for his more than five thousand dollar shot - I lost my story teller. He is a Chicago boy with a German name - his jaw was broken by a blow with the butt of a musket. in the hands of a Hun who presently perished - as the boys chum came and bayonetted the poor wretch. A wonderful clear fine night, with a half moon. and everyone wonders if the Germans won't fly to-night and dump more steel and copper - into Paris

It's 11 oclock as I write - its time the sweet screeches should begin - then should follow the local alarm in the corridors of this hotel - which consists of a quick promenade of one who tinkles a small gong - it is an invitation to get up - partially or wholy dress - and descend to the lower regions of the house - after this begins the din and excitement of the barrage.

Tuesday 16 - The Hun beast is again active - He made another sudden spring. - both sides of Rhine but no one was caught asleep and it appears to be the poorest first day. of any of his great offensives - The French did as they always do - magnificently - and Italians with them - and the Americans distinguished themselves

It was a clean pure night overhead - no Hun moths defiled the sky. Bertha made three footless remarks through the day. and along about 11.30 after a shower - it decided to be the hottest day in the year for Paris . and succeeded admirably



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