

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 antiaircraft 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 Pavloviczky, 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 Kruchynicy, 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. Krukhnynychi (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.