

Edith Elizabeth Appleton Diaries - Volume 4 (21 June to 27 December 1918)

July 1918

July 1st. Today - is Dominion Day with the Canadians which probably accounts for the band & cheering I heard a short while ago - 6 a.m.

Yesterday - a procession of Sisters, Officers & men - headed by their band - marched to all cemeteries where Canadians are resting - & held short services - & sounded the Last Post. The Sisters marched well - & looked rather pretty in the distance - quite a long line of them four deep - in their bright blue dresses & white caps.

July 3rd. The Canadian's Sports went off well - I did not go - but those who did - say so, & they gave a good concert in the evening.

Tomorrow is *[Inde - crossed out. Suspect she really meant 'Independence Day' on July 4. Ed]*

Thanksgiving Day - & the Americans will be en Fête.

I went for a country walk yesterday - nearly as far as Eu. The country is very beautiful - in places - quite scarlet with poppies. The one drawback - is when one meets Portuguese soldiers - they are an ill-mannered lot - & very objectionable to meet. I can't think why it is - The colouring at Étretat was about triple what it is here - sunsets, sunrises - clouds - sea - were all, far more glorious there. I have heard it said that it is so, but never believed there could have been such a great difference. Sister Gregson took a patient there two days ago - & did not come back until quite late. She asked me what sort of sunset we had - I told her - 'ordinary' & she said that Étretat was aglow - like it used to be of many colours. No wonder we all liked it so much.

I love watching the life on the strip of sea opposite me - just now - a line of steam trawlers is heading out to sea - & there is a tiny tug with three queer looking - lighters? in tow - hurrying after them, & there are - I should think hundreds of fishing smacks out. I sometimes wonder - if I realize that I am living in one of France's smartest Hotels - beautifully situated - good rooms - wide corridors - bath-rooms galore - I always choose one that looks towards the rising Sun - & over the Harbour & Town - it is so quaint & beautiful in the early morning. And all - free of charge! Influenza is still raging - & my poor surgical patients, are surrounded & swamped by them - my ward & corridor all full of them - and still they come!

The Huns have scuttled another Hospital Ship! They did not take the trouble to board her - to see if all were correct - just torpedoed her without warning, & then fired on the small boats full of survivors, because they thought there were American airmen on board - There were none - but that of course was a detail to them - It made an excuse!

They are asking for trouble - & they will get it. - It would do them good - I find it soothing myself - to see the men's faces stiffen when they read a thing like that, & the comment I heard many of them make was "and all those sisters gone". only 14 after all! but men are so wonderfully chivalrous. Then you hear them say "H'm! catch me taking any more prisoners - we don't want them & they have to be fed." It doesn't matter what nationality they are - there blood is up - & they are going to remember it. It was luckily not carrying patients - was on its return journey from Canada - fully marked as a hospital ship. The Llandoverly Castle. Brutes!

July 5th. This is my day off. Thought I would sleep late, but Nature can't do with such irregular habits - & it was business as usual at 5 a.m. A great blow! some one is sharing my room - & it makes early rising rather an agony as I am afraid of waking her. A staff nurse - quite nice - she objected to sharing rooms with the one she was supposed to - a Bart's contemporary of mine & an absolute Prize grouser - so - if I get tired of this child - I know what to do - start bemoaning my Fate - & perhaps she will again ask to be moved. Major Martyn is working at Etaples now - No 24. He likes the work by day - but does not like spending hours in a dug out at night.

It is absolutely dead calm this morning - & I feel tempted - first time - to bathe.

The grouser - & one other day off sister want me to walk to La Madeleine - the day will see what we do do.

Yesterday was the Yanks great day - They gave a Baseball match & invited all of us & the officers to it & to tea - I went to the Match but did not stay to tea - I hear the tea - was a feast

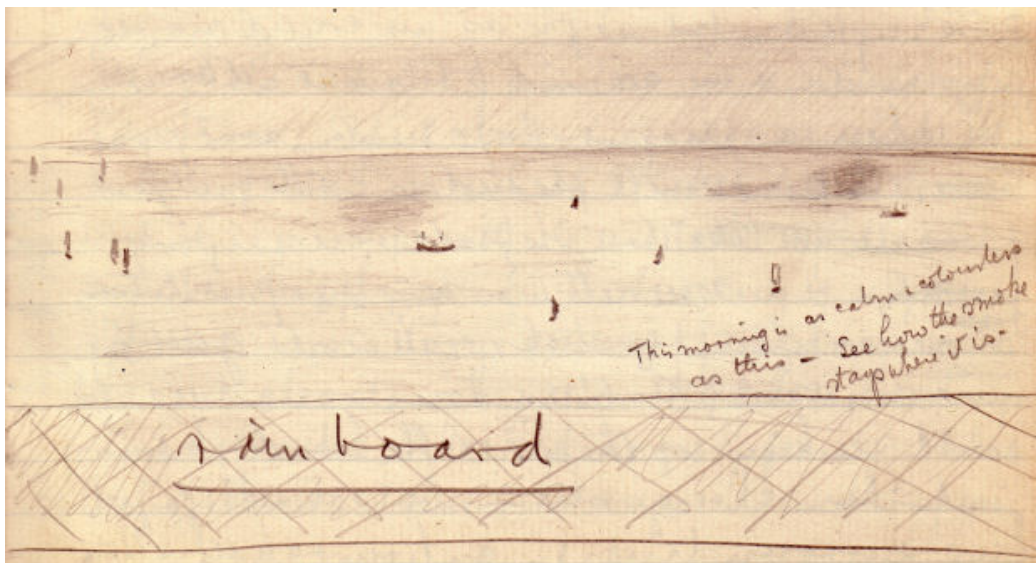
to remember [-] cocktails - iced tea & coffee - wonderful cakes just like in pre war time - I am not sorry I missed it - all the same.

The Yanks at play - are most un-English. They loose all scrap of self control & act like so many lunatics - not knowing the game - I can't judge it - but it gives me far greater pleasure to watch a good game of Rugby - than Baseball - any day. They are queer folk - Sisters & orderlies were all crowded together & standing on seats - & yelling - for their side - I suppose they were so much excited. The Town was full of tipsy Yanks before 2 in the afternoon.

I tremble to think what they were like later on. My staff have insisted on sending my breakfast to me from the ward - good of them! The order of the day here is - to draw your rations over night & make your own breakfast.

The Germans seem rather long winded about making their next great attack, perhaps they don't fancy facing the music -

There is a rain board - across my window - which obstructs my view - why shouldn't I remove it - I must try - I could replace it when the rain comes.



Now I must call my room mate.

July 6th. Had a delightful day off yesterday. Breakfast 8.45 a.m. brought by my kind ward V.A.D.s. Sewed & enjoyed myself until 10 o'clock, then dressed & prepared lunch - for two of us - Hansard - the other - & at 11.30 - we started for a long walk - to the Woods of Eu. Post arrived just as we were starting, & so I took my 3 unopened to enjoy at leisure! The day was very fine & calm - & the way there along pleasant country roads. The Woods themselves are EXquisite. The property belongs to the Count d'Eu - very large & beautiful grounds & woods & a fine old Chateau! He is poor - & has let the place to the English - but as far as we could see, no one was in it - & we seemed to have it all to ourselves.

7/7/18. We chose a pleasant slope under some pine trees, the pine smell pleased us - & the midges & flies do not like it - The birds were singing joyfully - & a squirrel was very busy in the tree above us - quite big sticks & all sorts of debris were constantly hurtling down round us - We could see him up there. After lunch - ham - sandwiches, cheese - & tea - we sat & enjoyed our surroundings for an hour & a half - & then walked on to Eu. It is a quaint, very old place I should think a gay place in ordinary times. Close round the Count's chateau, are many very fine old houses with large grounds. Besides them there is the small village - the College & its chapel - & the old Notre Dame church a very fine structure. The only date we could see anywhere on the building was 1308. Perhaps it was built then. We came back by tram - in time for first dinner, & a dramatic performance given by the Americans. The orchestra was enjoyable - & the piece funny.

The view out of my window is a never ending joy to me - The colouring at eventide is not a patch on what Étretat can show - but it is very pretty - & we look right down on to the shipping. On the evening of my day off we saw a large convoy of steamers - big merchantmen

– about 30 of them, heading for England. It looked so very funny – like a fleet of them. There is always something going on.

I rather think we must have invented an aeroplane like the Gothas – sometimes I hear the same noise – brrr – brrr – brrr – first one engine, then the other – they take it in turns. It still makes my heart jump into my mouth – it is so much like a Gotha. Heard from Miss Wilton Smith yesterday – she thinks the Office will quite soon be moved to Boulogne. I'm glad.

Yesterday I took myself for a long country walk & gathered an armful of poppies, cornflowers - & corn & white flowers – (wild) & today the ward is a blow of red white & blue. The “up” patients in blue suits with white shirts & red ties. & huge vases of poppies daisies & cornflowers dotted about look very gay.

Most of our influenza patients are a good deal better, but some are still very ill indeed.

8 p.m. The picture on the next page needs an explanation. I have never seen anything like it before – I am in my bedroom – above is clear blue sky - & an unclouded Sun. The cliff also is clear – but over the sea looks like nothing else – than mountains, covered in thick soft snow & glistening in the sunshine – I suppose it is a fog bank & we are above it. I remember once in Wales – you (Mother) & I saw the same thing from a mountain top. Under all that fog – bells are ringing - & horns being blown – there must be quite a number of vessels there but we can see absolutely nothing beneath the glistening top of snow like cloud.



6 a.m. 8/7/15. Fog bank still there & I am in clear air & bright sunshine. There are some vessels so close – we can hear rattling of machines, but cannot see a thing of them. The original is much more beautiful & soft & billowy than the picture would lead you to believe.

9/7/18. Yesterday was a boiling day. Sea dead calm. I took my first plunge - & enjoyed it A.1. Bought a gown from Sister Hansard & made up my mind all on the spur of the moment. She is about 2 sizes taller & bigger round than me – So I cut off a good bit of the skirt of the coat – that was all right. Made a deep tuck in the body of the trousers, & made them short enough – never thought about the elastic being too loose - & when I began to swim – the way of the sea nearly washed them off – I had to swim two strokes – pull up my breeches - & so forth & so on- but they did keep on all right. For a change, this morning is stormy – but quite warm. Hope it is true – that the Germans are suffering so many losses of men through influenza that they cannot attack, more the merrier, because in the meantime the Americans are still arriving.

14th July. – last Thursday – I had a lovely walk along the sands – shoes & stockings off – It was very beautiful, the varying lights & colours of the setting sun – reflected on the Cliffs & wet sand & rocks were beautiful – people were out crabbing & shrimping – quite tiny crabs they use for food.

On Friday – I took patients for England – sisters - to Abbeville to join the Ambulance Train there.

We had a fine run there - Spent 5 hours in visiting my old hospital - & friends - including Miss Wilton Smith - & started back for Treport at 2.30 p.m. We came through a field so blue with cornflowers- we had to stop & gather armfuls - The lady driver was a good sort - & like us - in no hurry to get back - we left at 6.30 a.m. - got back - 4.30 - & did not go on duty as the wards were slack. The other Sister who came with me - arrived back - with a high temperature & influenza - & has been a patient in Sick Sisters ever since.

I had a strong feeling all along that I had been sent in disgrace from Abbeville - it was so sudden and unexpected. I heard - on Friday - that it was the Matron of the Home - who had me ejected - she told Miss McCarthy that I influenced the Staff - so that she could do nothing with them. The truth is - that she tried to boss me & run the hospital when I was in charge. I would not have that - & told her so - After all - when I am in charge it is quite sufficient for me to boss the staff. She hated me for not allowing her to - & so got me thrown out! The dirty dog! Being in disgrace does not sit heavy on my chest.

Austria seems to be in a fine old muddle - The Army is in Retreat & loosing heavily. The Germans are anxious to put Germans in command - but the Austrians say, as they have never sent the twelve Divisions they promised - they refuse to have German generals over them until the Divisions are sent. Sensible folk - & poor creatures - their plight seems to be deplorable. Today - the 14th - is a National Fete - & all ships in the Harbour are decked with flags - & those poor dears in the cemetery - had another service held over them! on June 30th - the Canadians held one - Today - the French & Americans did. It is the Anniversary of the taking of the Bastille? Isn't it?

A convoy is due to arrive tonight. The hospital has been terribly slack this week - & it has been difficult to find enough for the Staff to do - let alone myself.

The two last evening skies have been lovely - but not up to Etretat effects. I think it would be difficult to equal that.

Col. Barfoot the A.D.M.S. of Etaples is in here a patient - He has had a rough time through the war & very little leave - he has been spitting blood - is to go home.

My new dresses arrived today & fit well.

I went for a long walk yesterday along the Dieppe road - quite pretty - the corn is ripening - & though it is a pity - from the corn's point of view - it is all very gay & bright - with myriads of poppies - I suppose it was not weeded when it was young.

Miss Baldry! the Matron of the Home - came up to me - on Friday - as if she had never been fonder of any one - but it didn't last - as I was duly polite to her - & saw as little of her as I could - She knew she had done wrong! So did I. Now I want to watch the Sun set - it is beautiful again - Goodnight.

15th July. Many happy returns of the Day to Mother! & many of them - will there be biggeroo cherries for tea at home? I wonder. We had a convoy in last night - I fancy chiefly wounded - the sister who shares my room - was called up - for the Theatre - a head case.

July 16th. I took 15 patients only from the convoy - but most of them were badly wounded - One poor thing had a shot across the back - from side to side - & it seems to have left a furrow of about 4 inches across & very deep. He is D.I. very cheerful - lying on his water bed - says he is as comfortable as a ship at sea. Another one S.I. has a gash across the left chest - & a biggish piece of shrapnel in his lung. He belongs to the Tank Corps - & says going over the top in a Tank is "great". Telling me about one attack he said "A hundred tanks went over - each tank has a crew of 6 + 1 officer - each one has his allotted job - we just go on until we see the infantry held up somewhere - then we make straight for the place & fire on the MG nest - & if they won't shift - we ride over them."

One sergeant brought down two beautiful little photo maps - taken from the air - showing the country round Hamel. Nowadays when they are ordered to take a certain position or space - the Sgt is given one of these maps, showing his objective. The maps - or photos have been

useful in another way - they have shown how very distinctly even tiny foot paths show - & of course when the Bosche takes photos, he sees them too, & gathers from them often where a Battery is. Paths to Batteries are to be camouflaged - he thinks - & rightly too. Yesterday - was so hot & heavy. I did not go out - & during the night we had two or three very heavy thunderstorms, squalls of wind & torrents of rain. It does not feel much cooler this morning. The Sunset was beautiful, & reflected on a mill pond like sea - made quite a picture - with the fishing fleet coming in - so slowly, they hardly seemed to move. I had to get up to shut my window - & saw a wonderful sight, about half a dozen small vessels were at anchor - just beneath - each burning a huge light - the sea was calm - & the lightning very vivid - & incessant - I could distinctly see all the rigging - by the glare of lightning. People living on the other side of the house say there was a heavy bombardment two nights ago - patients from this convoy think we are going to make an attack soon. The Bosche devils have got a new gas - odourless. Its effect is to paralyze people - the first they know of it is - that they have lost all power of voluntary muscles.

July 18th. The Boschies opened up on a 50 mile front on the 15th - against the French & Americans. I think they made a poor show - they threw in 40 of their best Divisions, but did not come on much - and by the end of the first day the attack was counted "broken." I think the French Airmen didn't give them much chance of bringing up supplies & reinforcements in comfort. The Americans made a brilliant counter attack at one place & drove the enemy back. Our counter preparation artillery fire seems to have upset them also & killed large numbers of them who were assembled to make the attack - but I hope before the end of the Battle they will get more than that.

I read in yesterday's paper that America has a great number of bombing planes ready to come across - that will not be pleasant reading for the Bosche.

We have been having intensely hot weather with stormy intervals - thunder, lightning - rain - & a hot strong wind off the land.

July 20th. We sent several patients to England today - so shall be pretty slack - bar convoy. My half day has been a dead failure - so least said soonest mended. A Sister whom I do not like tied herself round my neck & would not be shaken off. Poor thing! Nobody likes her - she talks nothing but unpleasant things about everybody & anybody - which is very boring to folk who are forced to listen. The Bosche offensive seems to have met with a speedy nip in the bud. The French & Americans have done magnificently. Today's paper says 17,000 prisoners 360 guns! That really is good. Naturally all Americans have been on tenter hooks - waiting - & wondering how their men would do in an important affair. They need not fear now - I hope. Their men have done capitally. I think I won't write any more diary - I am far too much on edge - at having wasted good afternoon hours - in a dreary slouch round the dirty little beast of a town & tea in a horrid place - instead of having a decent country walk - this person - said she was coming - & then after the first few steps was too tired for the country. Do come to the town!

July 23rd. Up to the present the news keeps good. The British are in it now - near Reims - & are doing as well as the French & Americans are South. The Italians are with us.

The total of prisoners in the paper two days ago was 20,000 - & nearly 400 guns. We are using a deadly gas that eats through the German helmets. I really wish both sides would give up gas - it is a devilish way of fighting - it isn't fighting. One patient told me yesterday that one time they were using this gas - a German rushed across to give himself up & said it was terrible they couldn't stand it. He died almost at once.

One poor creature in the ward is very ill indeed. D. I. & has gas gangrene. He wrote home yesterday - "Dear Mother - You will be pleased to know I am wounded in the left leg & am in hospital". I have never yet known a man write a letter home that could worry his people. They are a wonderful lot.

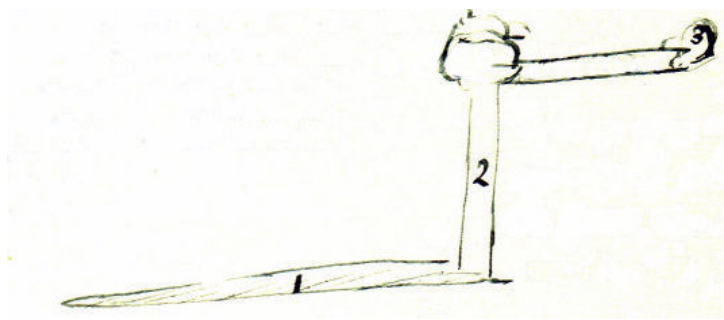
July 26th. I heard a convoy arrive in the night - I wonder what came - our last batch are doing well - the Mother of the boy with g.g. is here - & the one with the badly wounded chest is extraordinarily better in spite of - as shown by X ray - having a large piece of metal near the

1st sacral vertebra, which has fractured one of the bones of the pelvis & another biggish piece in his chest! They cannot possibly operate, until he is able to breathe a bit better.

The news still keeps good! What a thing to be grateful for - & how very disquieting pour les Bosches - if they know. Many of our orderlies have been taken away - we have heard - that a general hospital is being mobilized to be sent with the 47th Division to Russia. They say 3 General Hospitals are going. I should like to go too - unless I could be where I could see something of brother Taff - no luck in that direction so far. I watched the French Army tailors at work the other day. They are established in what was well I don't really know - in my own mind I had always called in Swimming baths. The room I looked into was about 60 feet long & wide in comparison. It was filled with tables running nearly the whole length of it - just one table ran across - at one end.

All tables had the light blue serge of the French service uniform - running the whole length - I tried to count how many thicknesses - & came to the conclusion "24". On one table a girl had a trolley laden with a huge roll of the stuff. It ran up & down on rails - same idea as a breakfast tray on legs is across the patient - & as it went the roll of stuff unwound on to the table - two girls followed it & laid the material smooth. The middle table was already covered with its twenty four layers. At the small cross table - a tailor was chalking out the pattern of a greatcoat - the middle table was waiting to be chalked into greatcoats.

At the table nearest the window the cutter out was at work - wonderful, he has an electric apparatus something like I'm going to try to draw - of course like a silly I did not leave enough room.



1 is a great steel hand shaped plate very thin at the far end - that runs under the part that is to be followed by the knife. No 2 is a deadly sharpe blade - that I imagine is worked up & down by electricity - although it only appeared to shiver - No 3 is the handle the tailor pushes it by & the cord is the connection with a battery which was out of sight.

He changed some part of it while I was watching - & it seem to burn his hands - he put it down in a mighty hurry. He was a careful cutter, & all the little bits from the pattern were cut into small squares - to go behind buttons, or something. Behind him came a girl - with a huge bundle of self-edge - of calico. She tied all the different parts in bundles. Then came a trolley & neat bundles of front sleeves - back sleeves - shoulder straps - backs - & fronts - were piled up on it - to be taken to the machinists I suppose. I could not see them.

The weather has been very unsettled all this month - but not bad - windy - but of course we do feel every puff of wind here.

It makes one almost nervous to look at the paper - lest the news shall not be good. I do hope it still will.

July 27th. Weather still notable for devastating heavy showers of rain & hail. Yesterday a sister - McCorqudale & I had half days - took our tea & went for a most glorious walk. To Eu by tram - then straight out & up - up - up - all the way - first through cultivated land - then woodland. When we had walked what seemed to us about 4 miles we came upon an old man - tidying up a chateau garden - Chateau - as most, closed. We asked if we were nearly at "La Madeleine" - our destination. He laughed and said he hoped we were not in a hurry - as we had "encore cinq kilometres"! More than three miles more! We had plenty of time, so didn't mind a bit - & went on - still up hill for a little way - then a gentle down - through heather clad moorland - & then La Madeleine!

La Madeleine is a huge - forest owned by the State, - pines, larches, oaks, mountain ashes - birches - every sort of tree. The pines & larches keep very much to themselves. It was like walking on velvet - going through them - the ground thick in last year's needles - & the scent was refreshing & good. The mountain ashes were just red - & it was very pretty to look far into

the depths of the forest - all the tree trunks were covered in brilliant green moss - & the bright red berries of the mountain ashes - peeped through - & all the many tints of greens & browns - & above - violet blue sky & dead white clouds. There is only one house - & that is a trim red brick one - with lots of quaint old out houses - The Forester lives there - the head forester I suppose - judging by a photograph on the wall - there are quite a lot of them - The wife & daughters have quite a good sized farm - We had tea there, (saying nothing about having had one at 4 o'clock by the road side). Fruit, & cream rusks & butter & tea. They put a bowl quite full of cream on the table & are hurt if you don't finish it - we did. The walk back was very beautiful - after the one little up hill - it is a gentle slope down into Eu - all the time. The view of the place was interesting - the church, the many fine old châteaux, round about the Château of Le Conte d'Eu -, the rambling quaint old town, - & just now - what looks like another town outside - Camps upon camps upon camps, all in huts, of Belgians & Americans - there is a war on. We might not have known it - from the blessed peace & quiet of our half day beyond all signs of it. We meant to go - weather or no - & luckily it was kind - one tremendous shower - while we were waiting for the Treport tram to Eu - & were in shelter - & one on our way home - just where the Forest was very dense - & it didn't come near us. We got to Eu - just as the tram was starting, & with the rest of people anxious to ride to Treport - threw ourselves at the way in - & were successfully packed in - on or off our feet by the crowd behind. I should think there were about twice too many on board. I was standing with the knees of a sitting Belgian shoving me into the middle of the car - & the behind of a very fat Frenchman standing behind me - shoving me towards the Belgian. I was carrying a huge bunch of mountain ash etc. & had to plant both hands firmly on the wall over the Belgian's head - to keep myself in any sort of shape at all - The berries hung - just where they hit his nose every time the car rattled, & he did look cross - but as he might have at least - offered me his seat - I left things as they were.

While we were waiting for our tram in Treport, a lorry arrived from somewhere near Amiens - bringing twenty officers down - on a few hours leave. Just about there I was looking in a Café. Some tables were occupied by soldiers - at one - were two girls, dressed & painted to a high degree - "playing cards" & laughing loudly. They did not seem much interested in their game - but the lorry load of clean young officers seemed to need all their attention. There are hundreds of such in every big French town.

I asked the lorry driver if Amiens has been much knocked about. He said - as I thought he would - not so much - only once the Cathedral has been hit. I marvelled at that - then he told me - that we had billeted German officers there! Oh, clever thought! I would pack it with them - it is such a beautiful cathedral.

July 29th. An old friend of mine appeared here yesterday. She is going on leave - from her train - A.T. no 20 which brought us a convoy last night.

She & I went for a long walk last night Eu - Road - & home Dieppe Rd - & cliffs - all very beautiful. We found quite a lot of mushrooms.

There are a great many of the "Guards" out at rest at Mesnil Val. Grenadiers - Coldstreams - Irish. It is noticeable - how dearly they love us to say even "Goodnight" & one man said, "I was hoping you were going to speak. It is 18 months since I heard an Englishwoman talk." They do like it. We had an air alarm at 11 a.m. yesterday - I think there was a raid about 25 Kilometres away. Sister Woods (from the train) told me they had been having disturbed nights. They were never allowed to sleep on the train - when they had no patients on board and wherever they happened to be - they were sent off either to some one's dug out - or with blankets & pillows to the fields! This moon - I must say has had greater decency than the last - in the way of shrouding its treacherous face. I'm sick of the moon - it seems to be always there - other times we used to get dark nights. Abbeville & Etaples have been raided again too. It is the railway they want. There is a man out here - a Col. Boden - who started the war in the munition department - but I think he is sort of Specialist at the job he is doing now. That is - he is in charge of making light railways - & trucks & cars to run on them - right the way from the base to Kandas (?) *[Edie's question mark. I think she meant Candass - 30 miles East of Abbeville. See: www.westernfrontassociation.com/the-great-war/articles/research/lightrail.htm. Ed].* There is an 'up' rail & a 'down' & junctions & by rails - innumerable. They say it is a marvelous organization & saves a tremendous amount of traffic on the main railway - Ammunition,

supplies – patients, troops, can now all go up on his rail so leaving the other less congested & also greatly relieving the lorry traffic & leaving the roads alone – très bon.

July 30th. I have come to the conclusion that we are so high up – that we do occasionally get that cloud effect. Here it is this morning. I am looking down on to a leaden sea with bunches of soft cumulus cloud over it - a long strip of (cirrus ?) cloud at the horizon & here I am in the clear pink melon colour of sunrise - never a cloud.

Yesterday was calm & two trawlers & three aeroplanes were very busy – looking for a mine or a submarine - instead of going out, I stayed in my window & watched them. The aeroplanes reminded me of seagulls over sewage - they would swoop down - & along - almost on the water - then up – & circle round - then down again. In the meantime there was a great deal of tooting going on from trawler to trawler & they were steaming - what looked like round in circles. I don't know if they “found”.

Another convoy came last night. I don't know how big - or how bad.

20 Canadian Sisters were added to our strength yesterday! For temporary duty! It is a great education and I am sure - very good for us to rub shoulders with all sorts. In my ward I have two sorts of Americans. One a Yankee – & one who would scorn to be a Yank – & now – a Canadian, as well as English – Scotch & Irish! Not a single letter yesterday – better luck today.

July 31st. Yesterday was wonderful – from a spectacular point of view – the sea – for the whole enormous spread of it that we can see – like glass. I should think hundreds of fishing boats were out – chiefly sitting in the one place – with all their sails up – not moving an inch. They are about the size of Deal luggers – & have all coloured sails – blue – red – brown – white. Think of them all in reflection! If it hadn't been upside down you wouldn't have known which was boat - & which was reflection – some drifted home to harbour - & as soon as they were near enough sent a long tow rope ashore in the dingy - & a long line to men & women pulled them in – they had a fine catch of mackerel.

I only wish you could have seen the sun set last night – you could have drawn it with a ruler. I have never seen such a straight strip of brilliant gold – of course the glow – couldn't hold a candle to Étretat, it must have been wonderful there last night.

