With shells whizzing over our heads and shrapnel bursting around us, three army officers laid their hands on their revolvers ready to pull them at any instant in case the men in the trenches who have not seen a woman in months dared approach me. I visited the battlefield on the lower Piave which was the scene of the desperate fighting on June 20th when the Italians forced the Austrians to give up the small points which their offensive had yielded.

In an Italian admiral's motor boat we poked through the lagoons, stopping first at Porto Grang where there is a Red Cross base and where the Am. Red Cross has a supply base. We found the two Am. boys in charge of the station, in their hut with mosquito netting over their heads, which made them look like Greek Queens on their wedding day.

From Porto Grang it was about a twenty minutes' ride to Cape File. We passed floating artillery along the way. The guns are mounted on fountoons and are moved to the bank of the canal.
showed discover their position which is difficult for they are painted the same color as the reeds in which they stand, they simply move to another place.

Observation balloons are up all the time. They have observers whose business it is to watch every shot fired from these batteries the balls are equipped with wireless and if a gun is shooting too far or too short it is wirelessed to the commanding officer of the battery who to a paper changes the range.

I bent over the side to dip my hands in the water. Capt. Fernando said “This water is not clean; there are hundreds of bodies of dead Austrians lying on the bottom of this canal.”

This was the first idea I had of the desperate fighting which had taken place. At Capejille, which five months ago was a thriving, pretty village was now a heap of bricks leveled to the ground. Just the four walls stood – like a hinger crust.

We walked as far as the pine and crossed on a pontoon bridge built next to the old bridge which had been destroyed by the enemy. After he found out he would never hope to cross it. Over the other side of the river the Italians had made their dugouts in the woods. Here they were sleeping on the damp earth.
As many as twenty in one case. Some of the bodies were playing cards, some were clearing up the debris and burying the dead. All about were fresh mounds with tiny wooden signs on top and heaps of Austrian bayonets, bullets, helmets, guns and clothing.

The Italian front moved in a slow, flat line to Musil, over a high embankment, which was the main road of communication to the various Italian battalions. Again the Italians had drowned the plains on either side, which they shelled thoroughly last November when the Austrians made their great advance.

The fertile land was completely submerged with only here and there little fortified fractions of dry land.

On one side of this high road were large straw mats, interwoven with green, the purpose of which was to hide it from the view of the enemy.

Big guns (called 210s) which shoot shells 18 inches in diameter and 28 long were camouflaged. They were covered with big branches of trees.

Camouflage is mainly used to protect against aerial observations of the enemy's lines. As soon as the observer returns, the pictures are developed, enlarged and handed in to head quarters. With a powerful glass they
photographs are examined to find trench-batteries, supply stations, ammunition bins, aeroplane camps, batteries.

Artists have discovered, by painting bits of rag-paper, dots of various colored paints, blended on together, that it gives the idea, from a great height of nature, and from a picture, the enemy is unable to discover important positions.

Murice is only forty yards from the Austrian front lines. Instead of walking down the main street, we were compelled to take a side path which turned into a thick bush to prevent being seen.

We went to the church, which had only the front wall on one side one standing.

Capt. Popa found an German maps among the refuse which was marked with a blue pencil showing the distance they hoped to advance.

The ground bore evidence traces left by its shell-pitted breast of the desperate fighting that had taken place.

It had happened so recently that there had not been time to pick up or to clear the place of its debris.

In an officer's dugout I found a cane and an overcoat hanging on the wall.
3. All about weapons, ammunition, etc. 

The enemy had evidently sighted me for he sent over some shrapnels which were only a few yards away. We ducked twice in tim to be finding one.

Meola, another little village along the road was torn to pieces by Austrian shells. It looked like stage settings as we passed by—just the front walls of many of the houses, shops, and churches were left standing. The heaviest fighting took place at Groce. The piles of corpses showed how heavily the Aths lost. The Aths took this town four times; four times were beaten back; they finally were completely exterminated.

At the side of the road was a stretcher on which the Aths soldiers were using to carry the dead bodies to the graves. The stench was terrific. 

Meille. There were new made graves everywhere we looked, with tiny wooden crosses marking them. As many as twenty and thirty soldiers are buried in each grave.

Italian aeroplanes whizmed over our heads and the enemy aerial barrage opened up making a black cloud of smoke. The big Capronis dodged above successfully...
and returned unchanged. Immense motor lorries passed us continually laden ammunition wagons
and trucks loaded with immense packs also. A long line of 18 mm guns loaded on trucks and on each gun were
two 4.2 men all singing favorite melodies from grand opera.

At little further on we passed open teams & carts loaded with home furnishings. They were families who
had fled when the allies advanced & were now returning to their battered homes & shell pitted
fields.

Our next stop was at a supply base which was swimming with soldiers. Long
lines of carts and cattivions. He stopped
to salute some officers in command and
to watch the endless line of carts & motor
waiting to be filled & driven to the front
lines.

_ was the next pretty village we
came to. The first man we met was

Donaldson of the Am. Red Cross who
lies as a canteen.

The kitchen is a queer arrangement on
wheels. It has 6 big boilers. Think Donaldson
at present only serves coffee and one morning
in one hour he served 1500 men.