

THE FLEDGLING

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649179015

The fledgling by Charles Bernard Nordhoff

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

THE FLEDGLING

THE FLEDGLING

THE FLEDGLING

By

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1919

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

D640
N7

COPYRIGHT, 1917 AND 1918, BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

NO. 100
AMERICAN

CONTENTS

I. A WATCHER OF THE SKIES	1
II. THE FLEDGLING	70
III. FULL-FLEDGED	94

THE FLEDGLING

I

A WATCHER OF THE SKIES

January 22, 1917

WE were put on active duty at the front about the first of the year; in fact, I spent New Year's night in a dugout within pistol-shot of the Germans. It was quite a celebration, as the French Government had provided champagne, cakes, and oranges for all, and every one was feeling in a cheery mood. When dinner was over, each of us chipped in his day's ration of army wine (about a pint), and with a little brandy, some oranges, sugar, and a packet of spices I had been commissioned to get, we brewed a magnificent bowl of hot punch, or mulled wine. First "The Day of Victory" was toasted, then, "France"; then, with typical French consideration,

"The United States." After that, each man's family at home received a health; so you may be interested to know that your health and happiness for 1917 were drunk in a first-class abri by a crowd of first-class fellows, as all French soldiers are.

The next day was a typical one, so I will sketch it for you, to give an idea of how we live and what we do. When the party broke up it was late, so we turned in at once, in a deep strong dugout, which is safe against anything short of a direct hit by a very heavy shell. Once or twice, as I dropped off to sleep, I thought I heard furtive scamperings and gnawings, but all was quiet until just before daybreak, when we were awakened by a terrifying scream from a small and inoffensive soldier who does clerical work in the office of the médecin chef. The poor fellow has a horror of rats, and usually sleeps with head and toes tightly bundled up. I flashed on my elec-