

of their
and they applaud one little
Annamite who has gotten way
behind the column and is trotting
along to catch up, holding his
horse's bridle, sweat running
down his face, his helmet
joggling down over his eyes. The
little Annamite smiles happily.

Hemingway left Germany as
soon as he had mailed that tenth
dispatch. He had spent six weeks
on the assignment and written
almost twenty thousand words.