

but hardly any distance, first to Reumont, then Bertry, then Maurois, where we opened a dressing-station, and wounded were brought in immediately. These three villages were all by Cateau and that battle was being fought. Half an hour after noon came the second cold *douche*—our abrupt flight thence: and so, for many days, the great Retreat.

During a halt of several hours, on that first night, more wounded came in, and the horrible rain came with them: our camp was a boggy stubble-field.

By eight o'clock next morning we were in Quentin, where our wounded were "evacuated" handed over to a Clearing Hospital. By night or so we were off again: in the afternoon, I think, the Germans arrived.

By Ozeley we came to Cugny, and at six next morning were off once more, reaching Noyon before noon. The Ancient had leave to stay behind for an hour, and so was able to see the glorious Cathedral, like some huge stone caravan drifted down from the middle ages and moored to this; a stately ship of memories in a by-way of time, dozing in the dreamy yellow light. Once back from the main streets, full enough of troops, all the pleasant prosperous little cities seemed asleep in peace. In a few hours