

WAR'S WEEKLY

WHEN the British Tommy to the left reads the war news to the inhabitants of a liberated French village, there is joy such as the village has not known since the iron heel began to dig into the life of that little community what seems like a lifetime ago. Women, boys and children listen to him.

"Readin' the pyper," as he puts it. "Now all of you—" with such broken French as he can piece together for the occasion—"listen to me."

They do. It doesn't matter so much just what he reads. They know by the fact that he's there at all, by the good old smelly English newspaper he has got, by the light on his face, that the news is good. He tells them about the great German retreat and the bally old Hindenburg line that keeps crawling away like a snake nearer the Rhine. He tells them about the British supply columns rattling over the roads with waggons of food for the conquering troops; about the way his comrades—some of the



great pushing army somewhere—occupied Bapaume (picture below) and sat down among the ruins that they simply had to make to keep the Germans from making worse; about the things that others of his comrades go about picking up on the battlefields—may be he has a picture on the page of something like it, where they collect rifles, helmets, cartridges, clothing and what not from a battlefield near Bapaume.

It's all good to listen to. The villagers don't mind the destruction caused by the British advance, because they know how the Germans have ruined their little homes, taken away their daughters, robbed them of most they had, but the clothes they wear. They know the awful enemy is on the move and that the British and the Canadians and the Australians are helping the French Army to move him. Ah! he is going, slowly back to the frontier. Very slowly, but he is going. Tres bien!

Some people seem to think that the great spring drive should settle the war in a very few weeks. But they don't understand the philosophy of the Hindenburg line, which is—to keep moving out of the way so that the Allies can't break through it and divide the German armies.