

station at the Sacré Cœur—you saw it, just outside the town.

I. I saw where it had been.

M.P.F. We did about seven hundred dressings in a day there once—soldiers, civilians, anyone, fetching them in from all over the town. We had to move further out after that. There's no object in doing dressings under fire when you needn't. They'd smashed it badly by the next week.

I. I notice that though it's against your principles to fight, that's not because you mind being shelled.

M.P.F. Well, we're not all Friends; but most of us are, and they can't enlist, of course, or do anything of that sort. And I think some of them feel—I know they do—that because of it, they must care less, if possible, for the danger than men who may hit back when the chance comes. I have to tell them not to be reckless. But we're as frightened as everyone else is.

I. I don't think you're frightened; indeed, I don't think anyone is. Nervous, yes; horrified at the thought of disgusting wounds. But not frightened of death. After all, it was the first lesson man ever learnt, that he had inexorably to face it. Therefore it remains one of the things that, on the whole, you can't frighten him with. Lawyers and doctors and over-clever folk like that still try. But the soldier knows better. War, I suppose, will teach us once again a few such things that you'd think we need never have forgotten.