

“MY BELOVED POILUS”

the various experiences we have had since the beginning of the war — the terrible things we have seen — the sad stories we have heard, and the strange but very true friendships we have formed — and we all agree that we could never have carried on our work in such a satisfactory way if it had not been for the gifts which have come from time to time from our home friends. The extra food that we have been able to give to the very sick men has made all the difference in the world to their recovery, and then the warm clothing when they go out, and the bit of money to help them over the hard place. You cannot imagine how much it means to them.

I remember so well one poor little man who had reached the limit of endurance, and when I found the sleepless nights were due to worry and not to pain, the whole pitiful little story came out. His wife was ill, his sister-in-law dead and