

frequent intervals by great barricades made from bathing machines, hauled in a row and filled with sand and paving stones. Asphalt tennis courts were scarred with shell-holes. No open space had been spared during the weeks of itinerant bombardment.

As we approached the town French batteries of "75's" were firing hard from positions in the dunes by the roadway.

The French General Officer Commanding arrived as we alighted from our car. But one house was standing in the northern edge of the town. Into it we filed on the heels of the French General, up its stair to the garret, and still up a rickety ladder to a point of vantage under the very eaves. Through shell-holes in the tile roofing, French observers directed the fire of the batteries below. Across the Yser, in front of us, we would see the French and German trenches among the low sand hills. For long spaces they ran but fifteen to twenty yards apart and in one sector a German sap was but five yards from the French escarpment.

For a time we watched the shells from the "75's" bursting over the German trenches.