

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

On our return journey we passed a row of houses, most of which had been reduced to ruins by shell fire. At the end of the row there stood a church, which had been shelled three or four times a week for the last four months, and the tower of which had been blown to pieces three days ago. The church was little more than a heap of ruins. The Germans have a machine gun trained on the corner where the church stands, and now and then they open fire in the hope of getting somebody. And yet the curé has lived in his house all through the winter, although that house is only fifteen yards from the church, and every window in it had been broken. At any hour of the day you may see the priest going about visiting the sick, comforting the bereaved, burying the dead, and cheering the survivors. That is what Kipling would call "a proper sort of padre." *

This afternoon I actually went to a variety entertainment given by some of the —th Division, who call themselves "the Follies." The performance took place in a little building adjoining the technical school, which must have been built

* A month later the curé was killed at his post of duty.