

Extract from Miss Powicke's Letter. Somewhere in France.

I am so busy that I cannot attempt a proper letter—it is all I can do to write home now and again. There are over three thousand émigrés here, and they all have to be visited and helped. Some of the things I see and hear are terrible, and there is an appalling amount of misery to combat—it is difficult to know where to begin or to end. We are the nearest point to the battle line—in the war-zone—under the Third Army; at night we can hear the guns sometimes very clearly. We heard that the Germans intended to bombard us, but so far they have done nothing except drop a few bombs over the aviation sheds. It is very hot.

I spent three days at Germaize, in the Marne department; there the whole town has been destroyed. Anything more desolate I cannot imagine. Fortunately the crops have grown up, so the country round does not show signs of the battle in so marked a way. We have an "équipe" there, and the men are building wooden houses as fast as they can.