

**THROUGH FRENCH  
EYS:  
BRITAIN'S EFFORT**

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Through French eyes: Britain's effort by Henry D. Davray

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**HENRY D. DAVRAY**

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THROUGH FRENCH EYES

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BRITAIN'S EFFORT

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# THROUGH FRENCH EYES



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## BRITAIN'S EFFORT

BY

HENRY D. DAVRAY

LONDON

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1916



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# BRITAIN'S EFFORT

## I

### CROSSING THE CHANNEL IN WAR-TIME

**B**EWARE of submarines! With this warning in my ears, I take the train for London. The same warning is bestowed upon me on all sides, sometimes in a facetious tone by people of a merry disposition, sometimes with a note of distress by those prone to indulge in gloomy prognostications. In parting from the latter, I affect to share their apprehensions. I bid them touching farewells with a tremolo in my voice, though I cannot succeed in shedding tears of emotion. But how can I possibly bid a joyous *au revoir* to people in whose imaginations I am already foredoomed to provide nourishment for the fishy inhabitants of the Channel!

The people who believe that submarines are ambushed in hundreds all round the English coast are only too numerous. Let them come and see for themselves, and they will soon be disabused.

Although it is no longer possible to travel with the pleasant facility of pre-War days, and

## BRITAIN'S EFFORT

though one has to be able to furnish passports and papers which are strictly in order and to submit to innumerable visits and cross-examinations, none the less the decks and between-decks of the vessel are soon encumbered with a crowd of passengers of all classes. With the exercise of infinite care and precaution they have even embarked several horses, with their passports attached to the front of their halters.

As we put off from the landing-stage the shore is covered with a swarm of loungers and bathers. The coloured sunshades and the light dresses glisten gaily in the sunshine.

Ahead of us the sea is so calm that a periscope might be seen at a distance of several miles. We shall not see any! In the morning, we are told, a French torpedo-boat spoiled the symmetry of one of those instruments, which was so imprudent as to emerge in its neighbourhood. And, in fact, to the west, a small warship is darting about with extraordinary rapidity beneath long streamers of black smoke. Not far off are a few fishing-boats, with all sails spread.

Our boat proceeds at its maximum speed. The air is still, and the dense smoke from the great funnels is not dispersed, but hangs suspended