

COPY.

Labliau,
near Enghien,
BELGIUM.

9th December, 1920.

Dear Sir,

I received yesterday your letter of inquiries, and at once, I will give you an answer.

You have been correctly told: Vincent Waterfall, your brave brother and Bayley, both lieutenants of the English army are buried, not between Labliau and Enghien, but in the cemetery of my parish of Labliau, a small village near Enghien (Belgium). I am parish priest of that little place and nobody better than I can tell you the truth: from the very beginning I have been the witness of the all tragedy. On the 22nd of August 1914 when leaving my church at 9 o'clock in the morning, I saw an English flying machine turning round my steeple church; I suppose they were about two hundred yards high, too low for their security. Indeed, many thousands of German soldiers had left the village very early in the morning, but a great many of them were still along the main road, about twenty minutes' walk from the centre of the place. It was really a great danger for those vaillant English soldiers who did not know how the matter was. I felt sorry knowing the greatest danger: with my handkerchief I tried to show them another direction, and to ascend higher in the sky, but in vain: perhaps they did not see the signs or did not understand them. Poor fellows! they went directly to the barbarians. No five minutes after they were fired by platoons, and I saw the airship raising pendicularly, but being always within musket-shot, it was frequently touched and came down. I am sure the brave were killed before reaching the ground.

I never forget that tragedy which occurred in my parish at the very beginning of the War: it made me ill for a whole week.

Mournful, I ran to the glorious spot, reddened with the blood of the brave, their eyes closed for ever, amongs wreck, far from their parents, and own country, surrounded by cruel foes who like bad dogs were barking terribly, hurrah! hurrah. God was there to protect their honour, and to cover the sons of dear old England with the greatest glory. A friend was there also to represent the family and the native country of those brave; I was there at once, prepared to do everything necessary: though I am not English by birth, I am English by heart.

On that occasion I had many troubles and to suffer a great deal. I was looked on as a spy by those dreadful barbarians, and several times I had to appear before the "commandantur". Was I not a friend of English people? I had taught "God save the King" to Belgian pupils; I had buried by myself in the village cemetery English soldiers buried in a meadow, etc. etc. All those miseries are gone and the barbarians also, now I feel happy

because I have done my duty.

Your dear brother and his fellow Bayley after having been buried coffinless for a fortnight at the very spot where they fell, I took them up and placed each body in a zinc and wooden coffin and took them to our little cemetery. Each body has a coffin, and here they remain in their resting place. It will be very consoling for you to know that they are not looked on as strangers. They are ours, vaillant friends who shed their blood for us and an ideal. Death has not been dull and gloomy for them, but very glorious! United in life, in fight and in death, Lieutenants Waterfall and Bayley lay now in the same grave in a poor little village, now faithful to England's memory.

I take care of the grave by myself. I dig the earth and plant flowers in the summer. Allow me to say, the cemetery being behind my garden, very often I pay a Christian visite to their grave and pray for their soul. Every year on Soul's Day, I go with my people and pray for them. It is a pity they have got no tombstone, only a poor wooden cross with a French inscription. The cross being too small, I will place another one very soon with the same inscription: Lieutenants Waterfall et Bayley, aviateurs anglais, tués à Labliau le 22 aout 1914.

I have got no photo yet, but I'll care about it very soon, and I'll send you one.

Nothing to pay for that, neither for the past expenses. Though I am poor, I am highly rewarded in getting the opportunity of showing my grateful feelings. England has shed the blood of her best children for our sake.

My dear sir, excuse my mistakes: I am a poor Belgian father fond of English language, but very imperfectly acquainted with the beauties of Shakespeare's tongue.

This is my address: G. Kindt, curé à Labliau-Mareq, lès Enghien, Belgique.

I won't forget yours.

I remain yours very truly,

(Sgd) G. KINDT.

Parish Priest.