

than we had mendin' it. The shells was fair rainin' down that road, an' the air was just hummin' like a harpstring wi' bullets an' rickos.¹ We joined up an' tapped in an' found we was through all right, so we hustled back to the Post. That 'ouse never was a real 'ealth resort, but to-day it was suthin' wicked. They must 'ave suspicioned there was a Post there, an' they kep' on pastin' shells at us. How they missed us so often, Heaven an' that German gunner only knows. They couldn't get a direct with solid, but I must admit they made goodish shootin' wi' shrapnel, an' they've made that 'ouse look like a second-'and pepper-caster. The F.O. was 'avin' a most unhappy time with shrapnel an' rifle bullets, but 'e 'ad 'is guns in action, so 'e just 'ad to stick it out an' go on observin', till the wires was cut again. This time the F.O. sez to look back as far as the wire ran in the trench, an' if I didn't find the break up to there come back an' report to 'im. But I found the break in the hedge jus' outside, an' mended it an' went back, the bullets still zipping down an' me breakin' all the hands-an'-knees records for the fifty yards. I found the F.O. 'ad reined back a bit from 'is corner an'

¹ Ricochets.