

A SURGEON IN ARMS

one-quarter mile overland, only about six hundred yards from the enemy front line. The field ambulance stretcher bearers made the trip twice daily, and one day when I was crossing over with their sergeant I asked him why the German snipers did not hit us.

"Oh, 'Heiny' is too busy keeping himself out of sight to notice us," was the careless reply. But at times those crossing this space heard a bullet whistling nearby, or ping-thudding into the ground close to their feet!

After a raid by our troops one early winter's morning when I had been attending the wounded for some time I came up to take a breath of air. A trench led from this cellar of mine some two thousand yards to a village of reasonable safety, but the road cut off two or three hundred yards of that distance. This road was in plain sight of the Germans, yet some of our wounded Tommies, walking cases, were leading a crowd of five or six wounded Huns by the road, the party altogether numbering ten or twelve. As we watched them, suddenly, within a few yards of them, burst two shells. All the men broke into a double