

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

duced a somewhat unpleasant sensation in one's scalp. By this time shrapnel and bits of anti-aircraft shell were beginning to patter on the roofs around, and things were assuming a general air of liveliness. Presently, however, the terrific explosions ceased, the airship drew off, and quiet reigned once more.

This morning I went to have a look at the damage. The holes were enormous, one being twelve feet deep and sixty feet in circumference. As usual, it was the wretched civilians who were the sufferers. Three were killed, an old woman of seventy, a girl of eighteen, and a baby of three months, and a number were seriously injured. The military escaped altogether, with the exception of one sentry, who got a slight scratch. It was a typical night's work on the part of the Bosche. The apparently selective action of these great engines of destruction is responsible for some remarkable escapes. Two bombs fell close to a house where several of our men are billeted. They blew a kennel to pieces, but the dog inside escaped, although rather badly shaken, and the men in the house were unhurt. A man was sleeping on a wagon close to which a bomb