

ern area—immediately west of Marcelcave—this ran over a wide sweep of prairie, pock-marked throughout with shell holes in regular sequence, like one of those round boards on which children play at marbles.

Nothing could have lived there. Nothing did live, as is attested by hundreds of Boche dead among the ungarnered wheat; it had afforded good cover to snipers—and now to corpses. Here since March the tide of battle ebbed and flowed and the crop will not pay the reaping. Some of our men engaged in “mopping-up” are laden with great store of Boche gear. Hereabouts too we captured many heavy guns.

Dead horses testify to the heavy shelling which caught our cavalry as they pushed forward. They offered a clear target to distant gunners. Where a line of infantry, patiently working its way along, is almost indistinguishable from the dun color of the landscape, horsemen stand out boldly against the skyline.

This plateau, unlike the heavy wooded area on our centre and right, which fell only after a bitter struggle, offers no natural impediment. And the enemy, over-confident of his power in the open field and with the fixed idea of breaking away from trench warfare, had been to but small pains to dig himself in. His trenches were rudimentary and the barrage wiped out much of their outline. There was surprisingly little wire. More might have been done, because a vast amount of it was captured—it lay in rolls everywhere. But the Boche was lazy and arrogant; the wondrous superman caught napping.

It was over these trenches our air men performed so gallantly. They were to aid the attack by bombing the front and support lines, but the mist came down in such dense folds that they must either abandon their job or take perilous risks. So they flew as low as fifty to a hundred feet, sweeping the trenches with their machine-guns. Their losses were heavy. Extraordinary to relate, an enemy trench-mortar secured a direct hit on one of them, cutting it in two. Their crumpled