the shell carries the sound with it, something like a vortex coming at you or the widening concentric rings in a pond into which a stone has been thrown. All naval guns are like this and on land of course nothing larger than a 6 inch gun is usually used because they are so heavy. Anything larger than a 6 inch. requires a truck on rails. You see one of these babes weighs over twenty-three tons—practically a ton for every foot of its length, and throws a shell averaging 100 lbs. about 12 miles. Whereas a howitzer of about the same calibre weighs about one-sixth of that, throws the same shell nearly half that distance, uses 1-4 the charge and makes one-twentieth the noise. In fact some of these high velocity guns refuse to acknowledge or conform to the laws of acoustics, and one hears the gun boom about two or even three seconds before the shell arrives; and the shell travels all of twice the velocity of "normal" sound. Another form of petty annoyance is to have one or more of these guns within a quarter of a mile of your ruins or huts, because the noise at night will rouse all but the soundest sleepers — especially the first two or three nights out of the lines when your nerves are a bit raw and highly strung. Or perhaps a hun plane comes over and lays eggs nearby, if the jar to the earth doesn't waken you the cresh certainly will. Lately he has taken to dropping them near the front line, either he is after the morale of our troops or else he is afraid to venture further inland. In the support line last trip (our defences are organized differently from what they were before the hun drive) a hun plane came over and laid six eggs at about 1 a.m. At 5 o'clock when it was light enough, I went over to see the place of his oviposition. Five bombs had the long range fuse caps—things about a foot long, so that the bomb itself explodes actually before it strikes the ground—and one delayed action fuse which went so far down that it didn't form a crater—it upturned chunks of sod 2 ft. long one over the other for a diameter of 20 yards, and in the centre was a large mound of finely pulverised earth. I suppose this latter type he uses to reach cellars of houses, while the former is for street use. However, this time they fell far from anywhere in the waste fields. The instantaneous bombs made holes perhape a foot deep—some less than that, but the blast has cleared smooth a circular patch 30 yards in diameter, and the outer ring 10 yards farther still on each side. They were small bombs too. Curiously enough while the lateral blast is so terrific the vertical one is comparatively small; because the vanes or tails on the end of the bombs were in the small hole of the explosion and must have just dropped afterwards. Of course they were torn and twisted, but one would imagine that they would be blown far away. However, for every bomb he lays, our machines lay six.

From here we can see the ruined towers of what must have been a truly imposing monastery, standing on a little hill. In the war of 1820 the huns destroyed it, and have still further battered it in the present war. It is a wonderful landmark still. For a wager, a pilot recently flew his machine between the twin ruined towers which were too close to allow his passage normally, so he had to take it banking on a curve—an extremely dangerous and daring feat. It was a double seater