

"By Jove, I believe you are right," said the Major. "Here, just send that gunnery officer to me."

The artillery observing subaltern came up.

"Look here, they've got a Maxim in that church tower—see, over there—thing hit me in the foot just now. Can you telephone back and get your guns to it?"

"Yes, sir," said the gunnery subaltern.

Soon four heavy guns were playing on the church tower, and the tower crumbled. So are churches and other things destroyed in war time.

It was now nearly ten, and we returned to our trench. Soon bullets came whistling overhead, and we knew the attack had been launched. We lay low in the dug-outs waiting till we were wanted. Knowing the ground, I could picture clearly what was going on in front, and I did not envy the Westshires their task. I could imagine them getting out of their trenches and advancing in line over that murderous stretch of ploughland. When we had been in the trenches they were then leaving we had hardly dared show our noses above them; but now the Westshires had the order,