

CHAPTER IV

KELLY

KELLY is my batman or personal servant.

His name tells his nationality. His philosophy, especially as regards the war, is usually interesting and always instructive. Yesterday he accompanied me to headquarters out in front of the railway line at Vimy. We had to cross a few hundred yards in the open, where the Huns had an annoying habit of dropping shells at irregular moments.

Suddenly we heard the horrible shriek of an approaching whizz-bang. It passed over our heads and banged into the earth twenty feet or so beyond us. Knowing that others would probably follow it, and that they might have twenty feet less of a range, we jumped into a four-foot-deep shell hole which happily was beside us. We hugged affectionately the German side of the hole to take advantage of what-