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A DAY WITH THE GUNNERS

April 22, 1915.

YESTERDAY I had a great day with the artillery. I had to go and visit my friend A——, who is medical officer to the —th artillery brigade, in connection with some work. The headquarters of the brigade is at the little village of Kemmel, behind which rises Kemmel Hill, one of the great artillery observing stations in our line. It was a delightful afternoon, and the ride to Kemmel took me through far and away the most charming bit of country that I have seen since coming out here; up hill and down dale, through woods where the young green of the larch was a constant delight to the eyes, with the birds singing in the branches, and wood anemones, celandines, violets and wild strawberry flowers on every side. There is just one little bit of hilly country like this; beyond in every direction stretches the great plain