

"GETTING THE RANGE"

All day long we go up and down the lines. We enter villages where every single room in every single house has been built by shells, where absolutely the whole village has been pounded level with the ground.

The roads are jammed with traffic. On one side the men are marching up by the thousands—the great motor lorries are going forward with men and supplies—the gun carriages are carrying up fodder for the guns. The Despatch riders are going by on their motor cycles. All traffic makes way for these Dare-Devil riders. They go dashing by bearing their orders. The pigeon carriers with the cages of pigeons on their cycles are rushing for some objective far up the line. In this war, man, beast and bird have all been drawn into service. Wire and wireless may break down, so the pigeons are daily given their practice flight preparing for the time when they must do their bit in this death grapple.

On the other side of the road the men who have done their turn in the trenches are coming out, the empty lorries are coming back for