

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

your head it is not bad form to take what cover you can. You may be sure that we did not take long to reach the nearest house of the hamlet, and no sooner were we under the shelter of its wall than "bang" went the gun again, again that long-drawn shriek, and this time the shell burst right over the square where we were standing, lighting up the darkness with its angry glare. The effect produced, however, was very different, and the symptoms of terror did not return. Shells kept passing overhead, but the range was gradually increased, and we could hear them bursting on the road to Neuve Eglise. It was evident that the Germans had opened fire on the village in the hope of catching transport in the square, and now they were searching the road between Wulverghem and Neuve Eglise. When things had quieted down a bit we picked up the wounded from the second post and made our way home in the rain and darkness without further incident, except that the whole ambulance was nearly capsized in a huge shell hole. Thus ended a great and memorable night, the night of Good Friday.