

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

crobes of putrefaction. You may imagine what the condition of these great gaping cavities was at the end of forty-eight hours. There were all sorts and conditions of wounded, from a Colonel of the Guards, who died shortly after admission, to English, Scotch, Indian, and even German privates. One poor Scotch laddie, whose bowels were hanging outside his abdomen, told me that he came from Fife. It was quite like a message from home to hear the broad, kindly Scot's tongue again. "I've an awfu' sair belly, doctor," was the only complaint the poor boy made. The general behaviour of the men was superb; not a cry and hardly a groan was to be heard, while lumps of shrapnel and jagged pieces of shell were being extracted from deep down in the muscles. In some instances the men appeared to be partly anæsthetised by the extreme fatigue from which they suffered—a merciful dispensation. The head injuries were the most frightful, for in some cases the greater part of the face was smashed in by shrapnel, while in others the nose, eye, and greater part of the cheek had been torn away, leaving a great, red, bleeding cavity.