

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

fire." Bullets began to hum or rather whistle through the air, and strike the road or the mud on each side of the road. I found that my experience at Armentières stood me in good stead; it is the first time you meet a bullet in the dark that it produces its peculiarly disquieting effect; the acuteness of the sensation becomes blunted with repetition, although it is difficult ever to get on really friendly terms with these presents "made in Germany."

When we were within a hundred yards of the hamlet of Wulverghem, through which we had to pass, a gun went off somewhere behind the German lines, followed by the weirdest shriek or screech that I had ever heard, which increased in intensity until it reached its maximum just over our heads, and then with an ear-splitting crack the shrapnel burst. I was reduced to a condition of abject fear, and crouched trembling in the middle of the road, for I thought that my last moment had come. I had been walking with our two guides, but when I assumed a more erect attitude I found myself alone. Soon, however, a couple of dark forms emerged from the ditch at the side of the road, and I learned that when a shell is going to burst just over