

A SURGEON IN ARMS

was now a mass of ruins, the trenches ran through the streets. Our mess was situated in the cellar of a house to which we could get either in a roundabout way by trench, or by crossing a road overland. No one ever dreamed of going any other route than the overland, despite the fact that the road was in plain view of the Germans who had fixed on it a machine-gun with which they now and then swept it from end to end. I admit frankly that I never crossed that road without a sigh of relief when I reached the other side.

It was on a Christmas day. I started out to make an inspection of my lines with my sanitary sergeant and a runner who knew the best routes. Arriving at a support trench, and wishing to go to the firing line, the guide started over the parapet. On being asked the purpose he said that it was a much shorter way, but, to my relief, the sergeant told him to go by trench, for often one would rather go through a dangerous zone than appear afraid of it in the presence of his men.

However, we made the examination of the lines. After we had finished the firing line and