

CHAPTER II

THROUGH BELGIUM

It is strange how people act in a crisis. I mean, it is strange how quiet they are, and composed. We stood there on the top of the trench, without speaking, although I knew what had happened to us was bitterer far than to be shot. But there was not a word spoken. I remember noticing Fred McKelvey, when the German who stood in front of him told him to take off his equipment. Fred's manner was halting, and reluctant, and he said, as he laid down his rifle and unbuckled his cartridge bag, "This is the thing my father told me never to let happen."

Just then the German who stood by me said something to me, and pointed to my equipment, but I could n't unfasten a buckle with my useless arm, so I asked him if he could n't see I was wounded. He seemed to understand what I meant, and unbuckled my straps and took everything off me, very gently, too, and whipped out my bandage and was putting it on my shoulder with considerable skill, I thought, and certainly with a gentle hand — when the order came from their officer to move us on, for the shells were falling all around us.

Unfortunately for me, my guard did not come with us, nor did I ever see him again. One of the others