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and out they had to go, and forward. Phzz-phzz-phzz. The bullets began to come over more quickly, and we could hear the answering fire of the Westshires. It may have been half an hour that we lay there, and then a hot, dusty figure crawled round the corner of the trench.

"Is the Captain of B Company there?"

"Yes, I'm here," Goyle answered.

The new arrival squatted down in the trench. It was the Adjutant of the Westshires. He pulled out his pouch and started to fill his pipe. His hands shook so that he could hardly get the tobacco into the bowl. I shall never forget the way he breathed—hard, noisy gasps. The man was evidently at breaking-point.

"How is it going?" Goyle asked.

"Oh, it's hell," the Adjutant of the Westshires answered.

"It is impossible to expect men to advance over such ground. We have only got about twenty yards. We have had a hundred down already—Leary and Blake are gone—Jones and Barty wounded. It is no good—they can't carry on. Look here; what I came back for was, would you send an officer with me, so