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the bank
vicious

XVII. BETWEEN ACTIONS

JUST before dusk I was sent up with my platoon to join D Company, who had more line than the number of men in the company could safely hold. After being shown the section of ground where my men were wanted, I went off to join the other officers of the company, who were having a bit of dinner in a cottage, leaving the men to improve the trench, and telling Jenkins, my soldier-servant, to make a good big dug-out for us both.

It is interesting now to record that the officer commanding the company to which I was lent was a man I had known in times of peace and loathed to the point which drives a man to homicide. He was a fine great fellow, but a bit rough with subalterns, and had, as he no doubt thought for my own good, made my life a burden to me when I joined the regiment. I often used to say to myself, when discipline and mess etiquette prevented my replying to his remarks to me in the ante-