

came of the death of George, and, a fortnight later, that of Raymond also. George had been mortally wounded at Fresnoy, Raymond at La Coulotte. Had the news come earlier, I think that I should have moved heaven and earth to keep Alan home. But, though I might have moved heaven and earth, I know that I should have failed to move the stubborn resolution of a boy in his 'teens, made more adamant as it would have been by the loss of his two friends. And somehow, though I often wondered what he had meant when he had said, "I know what I am going to," I was buoyed up by a faith that the last of my beloved Trio would bear a charmed life, and, winning through the war, come tapping at my door again some happy Saturday morning.

He was in England only a short while—England was dull and uninteresting to him now—and presently word came that he had rejoined his old Unit, now under Col. Harbottle, in France. That was in August, 1917; and, since that time, with the exception of two brief furloughs in "Blighty," he was at the great and grim game in France and Flanders to the end. For a long time he was Scout Officer for the Battalion, and his work was, of course, very dangerous. But, as I heard from other officers, he seemed to know no fear. "That boy," said a returned Captain of the 75th to me once, "used to go up and down No Man's Land as if it had