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reached Shrapnel Corner where we turned east towards Zillebeke. At Transport Farm, to the south of Zillebeke Lake, we were met by the guides of the 7th Battalion from whom we were taking over. From this point each company advanced separately with its own guides. The night was dark, illumined only by the flares from the front line which swept in a large semi-circle to right and left. The flares threw into relief the broken and twisted stumps of trees and the uneven sand-bag parapets of the trenches. The night was very still except for the occasional crash of a hand grenade or the crack of a rifle.

We moved along the open road until the rising ground brought us in line with some of the lead from one of Fritz's "typewriters" which was traversing that part of the scenery. We "flopped" in the ditch a couple of times and then turned to the left between Observatory Ridge and Maple Copse. Shortly after this we entered the communication trench which took us to the front line.

The ordinary trench is narrow enough for a man wearing full equipment, but when a relief is going on the trench is filled with men loaded down like pack mules, waiting to go out as soon as the relief is completed. We bumped and squeezed our way along to the accompaniment of many ejaculations never heard in Sunday School. At length we came to the section of trench we were to occupy. It was on the extreme right of the Third Division.