

and recoiled for more, as if they too felt the insult. Around the "saphead" the ground blazed with the stabbing shell flashes, the heavy yellow smoke of the high explosive lay heavily on the German work, skyward shot fragments that evidenced good shooting. It was a grand little "shoot," one of the battery's nicest touches delivered with precision and effect. "Let us show 'em" set to Wagnerian music.

But inexplicable was the behaviour of the enemy. Through the remaining days of a maddening week, he erected crosses for his dead in great numbers and with apparent indifference, for the shovels performed their morning sun dance with engaging persistence. The battery damned and shot the saphead to pieces, the F.O.O. cursed under his immature moustache, and everyone took to heart the supercilious remarks of rival "gunner men" who came to see the battery's cemetery and listen to the tales of dead Huns.

The infantry finally solved the mystery of the shovels and gave a new joke to the army. They raided the supposed "saphead" and found two long wooden horses, to which shovels were firmly secured. These were worked to flash up and down above the earth line, by ropes which ran on pulleys, into some perfectly shell-proof dugouts. The neat, symmetrical rows of wooden crosses which decorated the background were placed where they would do the most good. Two of the German humourists, brought back as souvenirs, naively explained the finer points of the game, the success of which seemingly gave them huge enjoyment. They admitted that it was sometimes tiresome making new wooden horses for the guns to play with. But the shooting had been excellent, and prevented attention being given to a real saphead which had been completed two hundred yards to the left.

The —th Battery moved shortly afterwards, but the story and a nickname, which we must not tell, still follows them. It is only necessary to walk down to the battery lines and murmur "Let us show 'em," to find out how strongly rankles the memory of Fritz's *ruse de guerre*.

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