

—I put the tin straight on the fire, thinking to warm it up quicker. We were sitting round talking when Evans suddenly exclaimed, "Gad, look at that tin!"

We looked and saw it swelling itself out. The gravy had turned to steam, and the thing was on the point of bursting. I seized the tongs and snatched it from the fire, placing it on the table. The thing still seemed to be swelling gently.

"Quick," said Goyle, "prick it—it will go off."

I opened my clasp knife and gave it a jab. There was a sound like an engine-whistle, and a jet of gravy steam shot into Goyle's eye.

"Oh, oh, you blithering idiot," he shouted, dancing about the room with his hand clapped to his eye.

I watched the tin, wondering if all the stew had turned to steam. However, happily it had not, and we had a good meal.

After lunch I strolled across to have a look at the field-dressing station, which was in one of the farm outbuildings.

The doctor was attending to one or two