

Extra.

IT is past ten and he is two miles from Camp on a country road. "If I can get around that corner on the Elstead road I can get by" he keeps repeating to himself. It is just dusk and he fervently curses Daylight Saving. The corner is in sight, "nobody on the road anyway." He steps out briskly. Will he make it? Where is the picquet? Only a few yards now. The Elstead road opens on his right. "Halt! your pass please?" Away he sprints for Elstead and freedom. One hundred yards; two hundred yards, and no pounding feet behind. A farmhouse with an "Out of Bounds" staring white in the half-light catches his eye. One leap and he is over the gate but crouches in the shadow for fear of the barking dog. No sound but his heavy breathing and pounding heart stirs the air. The traffic on the Godalming road is clamorous and insistent. He makes a stealthy reconnaissance and then starts a long stalk across the fields judging his direction by the Water Tower silhouetted against the pale sky. Buildings loom up ahead—the Officers' quarters. What's that? He stands rigid, every muscle tense. Only a dog chewing a bone. Another advance: his hut is just a hundred yards across the road, but no cover. There at last. Thank God. And just to think that a short forty minutes ago everything was at peace in a cheery living-room where he unravelled a tale of the summer moon on a Canadian lake to an admiring audience. Of how many? Well I'm not going so tell.