

Paradoxical as it may sound, the only safe place was the trench. All honour, I say, to the men in the front line who undergo dangers, and risks, and discomforts, but there are those outside the firing-line who deserve their meed of praise, and none more than the Battalion Transport. Rain or shine, food, ammunition and water must be supplied, and sometimes it seems as if they were being taken to the very gates of hell. In the face of perils unprecedented the Transport presses forward with a cheerful devotion and a staunch courage beyond all praise.

The forenoon is busy for the commissariat—all supplies are checked and divided: it is a process of division and sub-division. The rations are divided for companies, and handed to the cooks for further division and distribution. Every man is allotted his portion; bread, bacon, meat or tin rations, tea, sugar, cheese, jam—on special occasions little extras such as fruit, and at stated intervals tobacco, cigarettes, and matches. If the men are wise and prudent, they augment this by purchasing at the various villages we pass through, eggs, pickles, tinned fruits, and the hundred and one little things which just make all the difference in the monotony. Not that there is anything to complain of so far as food is concerned; there is always plenty of it, it is well cooked—indeed, if we think of other campaigns within living memory we may be said to live in comparative luxury. Ask those who went through the South African War what discomforts are. We never know what it is to be on short rations; in the quickest possible manner the wounded and sick are cared for. It may seem absurd to compare the South African War with this gigantic struggle, for after all it was what Carlyle would have called a chimney smoking, but nevertheless they did endure hardships—the nature of the struggle was different—they were far from their base—there were not the facilities nor devices for the care of the wounded—the wide and rambling nature of the country told against speedy treatment. To-day it is what you might call motor-car warfare—field soup-kitchens. Imagine—to give but one example of modern warfare—imagine being able to read your letters and Old Country newspapers in the thick of