

task, that was his reward. A great pride swept through him; even so should it be.

With a friendly nod towards the two motionless boots, with a half-uttered greeting, "So long, old man; we're only just the pawns in the game, but it's a big thing even to be that," Bunny got over the top. The time for dreaming was past. Only a mound, a dirty little lump of mud, filled his thoughts.

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Thus ended the education of Bunny Smith, captain and sometimes bank clerk. You may perhaps have seen it in the paper, if not I will supply the deficiency. It ran as follows:

"Captain John Smith, late Royal Rutlands, for very conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. In the course of an attack this officer was ordered to hold a certain advanced position at all costs. He successfully resisted four separate counter-attacks by the enemy, to whom the position was of great tactical value, and then, running short of ammunition, although already wounded twice, rather than disobey his orders he charged the enemy who were massing for a fifth counter-attack with the remnants of his company, thereby disorganising them so much that the attack did not materialise. When found later by a reconnoitring patrol, this very gallant officer was surrounded by enemy dead."

Thus the *official* account, which came under the heading of eight new V.C.'s. *Unofficially*, can you