

At 4 A.M. a regiment came to take over our lines, and we were sent back in reserve. We marched back about a mile to a big empty farm, where we were told we were going to spend the day. I had rejoined my own company, and, as caterer for the company officers' mess, set about getting breakfast for the five officers.

One of the latter, Edwards, was fresh out to the Front, and had not quite got out of the way of being waited on by mess waiters. We had sat down to the meal, which I had got ready on a table in the garden. Edwards came up late, and found there was no tea left, so I sent him to the kitchen to get some. Later we all wanted another cup, and I dispatched him again, as he was the junior of the party, and I did not see why I should do all the work. He came back and said there was no one there; what was he to do about the tea? I said, "Make it." He said he did not know how to. I took him gently by the arm and led him to the kitchen to show him. When we had finished breakfast, Goyle and the senior platoon commanders lit their pipes, while I cleared away the things. Edwards pulled out