

not manage it, and it devolved upon me to carry the whole 80 pounds. Strange as it might seem, those tins were not in a sack, but we discovered a sheet and wrapped them in that; but we had not gone far, when r-r-rip! it gave way and precipitated the contents into the mud at the gateway, "ut supra." By groping in the mud we recovered only 20 tins! These we stuffed into our pockets and haversack and a few we carried, but after numerous other adventures we finally arrived at the trenches with about 10 tins. What had befallen the bread party? They had had ill luck at the gateway to the field and had abandoned their sack of bread in the mud and water there! It would have been useless anyway, for it had been left out in the rain along with the "preserved meat"—as a staff officer termed it.

As dawn broke we gazed out on our "abode of discontent and misery." What a sight! How these male species of the Human Fungi could live under these conditions baffles the keenest student of humanitarism. On my right and left men were in agonies of rheumatism, trench feet, sickness of all sorts, and not to be wondered at considering what they had undergone in three days and nights. A march of thirty miles in two days and on the night of the second day to be placed in this filthy, water-logged, muddy hole, which afforded no possible relief to their agonies. The only communication with the rear headquarters was by runner at night; the wounded had to remain in the trench until night fell, no matter if he received his wounds at 6 a.m. in the morning.

And here was our temporary—thank God, only temporary abode—with the living, the sick, the wounded, and dead. We were weak, not wholly from hunger, but from exposure and no rest after our long, tedious and burdensome march. The rain had soaked us through and through, until not a dry stitch remained untouched. The mud was everywhere, almost all the rifles were clogged up with it and rendered useless—my fighting partner had lost his in the mud last night when the parapet of mud and filth, for there were no wall retainers, gave way and pinioned him. He had cried to me for assistance, and luckily for me, for it saved my life, for my sleep was the sweet sleep of death. Having fallen into a sort of coma or sleep, my dream visions were of kith and kin; all my relations were seated around a large open fireplace, in a spacious dining room, in the centre of which was a table spread with all that humanity desires; we felt in the very acme of comfort, the warmth of the fire could be felt; in fact all was so realistic, but in the midst of it all came this yell from my fighting partner (he was killed afterwards at Vimy!). It was dark and my senses came back to me slowly, but painfully on realization of my predicament—and his! On making a movement the water around my waist made itself felt by its coldness, as also did a stream down my back! However, realizing my chum's predicament, and remembering reading of Capt. Scott, Lieut. Oates and the other heroic members of his party in the fateful South Polar expedition, it gave me courage. There was not a spade to be found for miles, so it became necessary for us to use our hands. At first he resented my suggestion, on the ground that he had not been accustomed to such misuse of his digits, being a watchmaker by trade. After working for many hours, we succeeded in throwing back most of the clay, but in our eagerness we had covered up the loophole and were now robbed of our only viewpoint, and as it was early dawn the enemy would be on the watch. However, it had to be cleared, and quickly too, and it meant climbing on the parapet in full view of the enemy. My partner said, "Don't attempt it, one life

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