

GENERALS DIE IN BED

“What the hell did you think this was—a privates’ war? Listen, brother, all we gotta do is fight it. That’s all.”

We are lying on our stretchers on the quay at Boulogne, waiting to be carried on to the hospital ship.

We wait for hours.

It is nearly evening.

A light drizzle begins to fall. Under the lights the fine drops of rain sparkle on the gray regulation blankets.

The wound in my foot begins to ache as though it were being probed.

An orderly passes. I ask him for a cigarette. He stops for a moment to talk with me.

“Is it dangerous crossing?” I ask. “They say they torpedo them once in a while—like the *Llandoverly Castle*.”

“The *Llandoverly Castle*?” He laughs contemptuously. “That was bloody murder, brother. Our officers oughta be shot for that. She was carryin’ supplies and war material—