

“ ‘Lieutenant,’ says I, ‘when the Lord calls you it doesn’t matter if you’re out in the open gathering fish, or behind a dressing station waiting to charge.’ And I rolled my eyes on the boys that had gone since I went for my fish. And the Lieutenant saw the point.

Enlisted Because He Likes to Shoot.

“And that’s my idea of war. It don’t matter whether you’re asleep in billets miles back from the line or between the trenches stickin’ with your bayonet at everything that wears the Dutch uniform. You may stick, and stick, and stick with the steel, and only get your clothes soiled from the blood spurting out over your rifle stock as you drag the blade out of them, and back in billets you may get so blowed up in your sleep that the friends who are hitting the hay with you will have to pick you in pieces off their tunics.