

lunch, Don and the men of the other car went off to hunt for fuses, a delightful sport in which you poke around old shell holes—obus nests we call them—looking for the fuse of the obus.

The two remaining cars had come in and I was waiting for the boys to come back before returning to the Bureau. They appeared at last and Don wandered up to me, and while searching in his pocket said, "I have got something for you here."

I supposed naturally, it was an obus or a fuse, or something at least warlike, and answered, "What is it? a nasty obus."

"No," he replied, "something altogether different. You'd never guess, but it is something you will like better than a whole flock of obi." And diving into his pocket, he pulled out a lump of brown clay and handed it to me.

Even before I worked with it, it seemed like bully good material, but whatever may have been its merits as modelling clay, I was very touched and pleased that he should have brought it.

It is very seldom that you would find any man in his job, or any other, with the kindness and understanding that he showed for he knew that I played about with clay, and appreciated how much joy it would bring me, and so he dug up a lump and put it in his pocket and lugged it a mile or more to me.

I have had some thoroughly satisfying moments with it, and the great contentment that passes all understanding.

Dug out of a shell-hole—it is the best modelling clay I have ever worked with; a beautiful brown in color, it is stiff and still and workable—it follows the hand and stays put.

Perhaps my ability has grown, but I have never seen clay which stayed, not only where you put it, **but where you thought you wanted to put it.**

I started the night we returned on a bas-relief, three-quarters round of Eric, and worked on one of the supports of the old fireplace. Eric has a face much like Walter Emory's and at one stage of the work I had an amazing likeness of Walter.

He is a joyful, lovable young cuss—Eric is—with a happy, cheery, very characterful face.

As for the model, it went startlingly. I had started out to fool and in ten minutes, was working seriously and earnestly, afraid that my sureness and skill was but a flash in the pan, caused by the mere fun of having clay in my hands once again; afraid to feel the immense pleasure it was to realize that in the time that I had not touched clay, my ability to use it, my knowledge and understanding had increased immeasurably.

In other models, I have always felt doubtful about the ear, the structure and handling of the mouth, nose and eye.

This time, I slapped in clay and knew what I was doing. And what is more, it is a smashing good likeness, in which I have not only caught the portrait, but the joyous spirit of the lad.

It was while working in the model last night, that gave me the event, which I spoke of as occurring only once in six months—and justifying the six months accursed.

It was one of those rare occasions when I really find a man