

trench ; new trenches dug to the rear. Which is all right if the enemy is half a mile away, but when the distance is twenty yards, when without cessation he bombs you from unexpected quarters, your temper gets frayed.

This type of fighting ceases to be impersonal. No longer do you throw bombs mechanically from one trench to another. No longer do you have no actual animosity against the men over the way. You understand the feelings of the guard when their German prisoners laughed on seeing men gassed—earlier in the war. And you realise that when a man's blood is up, you might just as well preach on the wickedness of retribution as request a man-eating tiger to postpone his dinner. The joy of killing a man you hate is wonderful ; the unfortunate thing is that in these days, when far from leading to the hangman, it frequently leads to much kudos and a medal, so few of us have ever really had the opportunity. . . .

In the place where Jim found himself it was at such close quarters that bombs were the only possible weapon. For two days and two nights it went on. Little parties of Germans surged up unexpected openings, sometimes establishing themselves, sometimes fighting hand-to-hand in wet, sticky chalk. Then, unless they were driven out—bombers to the fore again : a series of sharp explosions, a dash round