

was slung over my shoulder. Both of us were cursing volubly and frequent stops were indispensable. It required a Samson to do the whole journey without a breathing spell. It was during one of our frequent breathing spells, while we were contentedly puffing away at our « Arf a Mo's », that a shell came too close to us for our liking. We both simultaneously made a dive into the wayside ditch. I was more fortunate than Wilson. Although I had dived into a good four inches of mud, Wilson had the odder misfortune of being completely buried in stinging nettles. His language would shock you gentle Reader. So, imagine he only said « D—— my luck ». Another shell dropped farther over to the right of the road: and then another farther away still, which made us decide the road was now clear. And loading up, we were off on our way again. We were all in when we arrived in the Trench. « What the—— have youse two been doing all this time, » The Sergeant greeted us. « Hey! « Youse! (that was for me) did youse drop into a shell-hole? And youse, « *Wilson youse have'nt got out of the scratching habit yet!* Lord I thought « sixteen months up here would about accustom youse to Lice. »

« It aint Lice, Sergeant », Spoke up Wilson. It's those stinging « nettles. Yer see I—— »

But you know the tale. The Sergeant enjoyed it and we were forgiven for keeping the fellows waiting over an hour for their Rations. Wilson was hungry, so he remained to get his. I told him to get my share for me. I had had enough of Rations. I felt I did not wish to see any more sacks of « Bully » and Biscuits, all I wanted to do was to sleep. My favorite corner was by some good fortune still vacant and it was not long before I was lost again in the land of slumber, the only land in which a Tommy can ever find Peace.

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Say! What's the use of waiting for an inspiration? If *Adam* had waited for one, thing where we would be. Those old sayings « Everything comes to he who waits », « Wait and See » etc., are all of the past. Many a man has starved to death waiting for an inspiration. Do it now. There's a Contribution Box. At the gate.

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