

telephone lines, and we were fervently hoping that the other would stay in. Gradually the din diminished, the machine-gun fire slowed up, and soon there was only the occasional crack of a Hun "whiz-bang," or of our eighteen pounders that echoed through the night. The report of "All quiet" had just been sent to the Adjutant when whiz, bang! a shell burst near the O. Pip, and our last thread of communication was broken by it. Out started the two telephonists along the wire, and soon found the break, mended it, tapped it, and tested out the wires. They were O.K. It was a different matter with the other line. They followed it across for half a mile with a few shells bursting around and splinters flying, but so long as none came too close all was well. They found the break in a trench. A working party had been cleaning out the trench and had broken the wire. It was a long hunt to find the ends, but they were eventually located and connected. On the way home a shell happened to come closer than usual. Instinctively they dove into the nearest shell hole, to find it filled with barbed wire. They extricated themselves and resolved forever to stay out of shell holes. The splinters were easier to face than sitting on barbed wire. Bed seemed good after their trip, and nothing awakened them until breakfast—which was not served in bed.

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History repeats itself—so do intelligence reports.

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We only have one spoon for all pots.

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Jack Bird thinks that those who get out of this war with a whole hide will have souvenir enough to take home.

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You are sure to get hives if you smoke "Beeswings" (Andy).