

OVERLAND

were returning, we found ourselves crossing overland by the route over which he had attempted to take us to the front. He had led us up a gradually ascending communication trench, and so unknown to us had reached this overland trail. Nothing happened, nothing was said about it, but I certainly felt relieved when I was once again in a trench without having a German bullet sneaking between my ribs. How little Tommy cares about risking his life if it lessens his task!

In passing, it may be mentioned that on this Christmas day none of that fraternizing took place which had taken place the previous Christmas. In fact, early on the Christmas morning the battalion on our left, after a severe bombardment, put on a raid, and Christmas night the enemy retaliated with heavy stuff of all kinds. Probably this is as it should be, for while it may look well in print to read of our troops and the Germans exchanging cigarettes and eatables in No Man's Land, it is detrimental to discipline, and injurious to the best fighting spirit. It would be much more repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon at any rate to kill men