

chauffeur-valet, of a fastidious, easily ruffled, and slightly grasping disposition. However, though he would have died rather than wear some of my old clothes, he was so well able to adapt himself to the war that he won the D.C.M.

Having looked along the trench and moved the group sentry to a point just near the dug-out, I settled down beside Jenkins on the straw. Jenkins and I shared a little rum I had left over in my flask from the day's rations, and, feeling very warm and good inside, closed our eyes. My guardian angel was with me that evening, for I could not sleep, and Jenkins, who could, kept grunting, which got on my nerves so near my ear, so I decided to take some of the straw and lie down behind the trench outside.

It was very dark, and the outline of the group sentry could just be seen against the parapet. From where I had been in the dug-out I could not see either of the sentries. As we were in the front line, with nothing but a stretch of ploughland between ourselves and the Germans and all the men in the trench were asleep, those two sentries were pretty