

when hit by one of Heinie's crumps. For the last fifty or hundred yards of its parabolic flight, one can see a big shell fall. I have watched many of his crumps messing around just in rear of our front line. A third grateful tribute I would pay, when speaking of very front line things. One morning at dawn, just after one of Fritz's strafes, when the light was just spreading around, I heard a few birds singing. For a few minutes it seemed to change the whole aspect of things. Something seems so bitterly wrong. I could not see the wonderful things. I don't know where they were, but they sang to greet the day quite close to our lines of death. It makes one think. I will speak now of other things.

Two days ago "Bob" Sutton, '18, wandered into our lines to see one of the officers and we ran into each other. Followed a regular talking match! He told me that Pawley is buried near by, so I wandered around yesterday to a couple of cemeteries. One drew a blank, but I found his grave in the other, a very large cemetery of French, British and Canadian graves. The British section is very well kept, much more so than the French.

All the graves are separate and clean cut, with crosses bearing full particulars and generally a text. Pawley's bears a large cross and is quite conspicuous. There are men lying there from the 87th Battalion—Davies' Battalion. He was buried on the Somme. The French graves are not tended very well, but many have very elaborate head-work, ornaments on them; huge things which fall to pieces rather readily when the wire rusts. It is gratifying to note the care taken of our boys, many of whom must have been brought out here several miles from the front, each buried in a separate grave by a padre of his own denomination. It is a credit to

both the British and the French that they bury German dead in the same way with crosses marked "A German Soldier"—once.

Again the feeling of revolt and hatred came up in me, when I was in the great cemetery. One can almost picture the broken-hearted relatives when reading the pathetic verses and words on the French soldiers' graves—words from mothers, sisters and wives and now and then from children. Heroes of all ranks lie there, from Lieut. Colonel to rear rank private and in their last rest they lie alike, soldiers all, shoulder to shoulder in long lines. Which in the sight of the highest tribunal, is as it should be.

And the feeling to leave it all and to run, is exceedingly rare in our ranks. One of my corporals, "Scotch," and a married man, died in great pain after being hit by M. G. fire; yet to the last he uttered not one word of home or wife or pain—his only regret was that he was dying too soon before he had "done enough" before he had "got enough of them." The men want to see it through, and to get at the Hun—much as they long earnestly to get to their homes and to see the end of the mess.

But I said I was through with war talk. When in rest camp, we work every morning and play games of every sort in the afternoons. I may add that this battalion has swept the boards in all games so far and intend to do the same in the brigade and divisional sports soon to be held. It has a high reputation, a very high name, for fighting qualities, witness the record of never having lost for over a few hours, ground that it has taken.

For reasons best known to himself, the Colonel made me Scout Officer of the Battalion, the third day after we came out of the line. So now I am no