

which, from the nature of its structure and the thickness of its walls, affords splendid shelter. It sounded like a hive of bees or the Tower of Babel, everyone talking at once. A few remarks, however, could be picked up amidst the din, some humorous, some otherwise. A prominent member of C section was heard to remark:—"This is a H— of a outfit. Get the wind up at the least d— thing and have to beat it 'inside,' 'inside,' every time a shell comes over. I would rather be up the sanguinary line."

Fritz did not pay us too much attention, but just merely let us know he was still on the job and, after throwing over half a dozen shells, he quit.

The M.O. returned to his sick parade and again began to dispose of all the many ailments which soldiers are heir to. Opening medicine, tonic pills, and aspirin were the magic cures for most cases. The parade was nearly over when there arrived a couple of stretcher cases from the battery near by. They were both pretty bad cases, but one of them, a real Irishman, was very talkative. He was in great pain, but proved a cheery customer. "Doctor," says he, "I'm all right, but the pain uv my arm is a howly terror. Shure, an' a drap uv spirits wud hilp me." He got a tot of brandy, and "Shure, now, an' its meself I am now," he says.

It took some little time to dress him and fix him up, and one of the orderlies remarked, just as he was putting the last blanket on him: "There you are, Pat, you're on your way to Blighty now, all right, and you'll soon be having a holiday in Old Ireland again."

"I don't want to go to Oireland. There's too much foighting there for me. Thim damned rebels, they're not Oirish—just rebels, damn them."

Pat was carried out and placed in the motor ambulance along with the other chap, and the last remark we heard as we lifted him up to the top carrier was: "Holy Mother, and it's away up to Hivvin I am, away up to Hivvin, shure."

Again the M.O. went back to the remnants of his sick parade and, with the aid of more opening medicine, tonic pills, and aspirin, got the whole lot disposed of. His duties for the time being finished, he got hold of his batman and a couple of shovels and disappeared in the direction of where the shells dropped, there to indulge in his favourite pastime of digging souvenirs.

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