

“It was about four feet long, curved, and flared out at the ends till it looked like a meat-axe. I wanted it to manicure my nails with. But I never got it. The Germans convinced me that it was an idle vanity. A shrapnel shell exploded near the Turco, and as I lay quiet while it rained its devilment around me, I says to myself, says I, ‘Paddy, you don’t want that haythen gewgaw. Be content with the fish and thank the saints that you got a stomach left to put it into.’

“When I got back to the line the Lieutenant up and says to me, ‘Paddy, you blamed fool, do you take this for a pienie?’

“‘No, sir,’ says I, ‘just a little outing that I’ve taken for my king and my country!’

“‘Your king and your country,’ says he, ‘don’t call for you to risk your life for a few fish.’