

gable wall at the other corner. A shell had made a fair hit just about on 'is one loophole, while he was lookin' thro' the other. "I believe we'll 'ave to leave this," he sez, "an' move along to our other post. It's a pity, 'cos I can't see near as well."

"If we don't leave this 'ouse, sir," I sez, "seems to me it'll leave us—an' in ha'penny numbers at that."

'So he reports to the Major, an' I packs up, an' we cleared. The shelling had slacked off a bit, though the trenches was still slingin' lead hard as ever.

"We must hurry," sez the F.O. "They're going to bombard a trench for ten minutes at noon, and I must be in touch by then."

'We scurried round to the other post, and just got fixed up before the shoot commenced. And in the middle of it—phutt goes first one wire an' then the other. The F.O. said things out loud when I told him. "Come along," he finished up; "we must mend it at once. The infantry assault a trench at the end of the ten minutes. There they go now," and we heard the roar of the rifles swell up again. He took a long stare out through his glasses and then we doubled out.