

gallantry or loud applause. When the war is over, and we return once more to our tasks, we expect to have no line of ribbons to wear. These things do not come our way. We know that day after day, until the end comes, our task will vary but very slightly. With luck we may have our moments of excitement to break the monotony of things. In the meantime our job will consist in just doing efficiently whatever duty comes our way, of enduring and carrying-on cheerfully to the end.

Some day perhaps, in the future, when the war is a thing of the past and the soldiers and sailors have returned once more to their old occupations, each man around the table will have some war experience to tell. We shall listen to stories of gallantry at Vimy Ridge, at Ypres, or the Somme and we perforce shall sit dumb. We shall have no stories of breathless excitement to tell, and should we be called upon to tell our experiences in the Great War, all we shall be able to say is "Pushing water".