

GENERALS DIE IN BED

"I'm goin' t' 'ave a bybie . . . ten quid and a long leave. . . ." She smiles.

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We stop at a junction near an officers' hospital. The door of the car is swung open and a man is carried aboard. The orderlies rest the stretcher in the aisle of the car and look for a berth for the new-comer.

He is a young German subaltern. He is pallid with pain. He looks at us coldly as we greet him and does not answer. He turns to one of the orderlies. He speaks perfect English.

"If this is occupied by privates, I ask that I be removed to another car."

The men in the berths hoot and shout:

"Throw the bastard off."

"We don't want the damned swine. . . ."

"Too good for us, eh, square-head?"

The officer maintains a frozen composure under the barrage of oaths and taunts which assail him. Finally he turns to one of the orderlies.