

Crumps

some letters from my mother and some personal things, and put them on one of the beams, so that, being in another part of the building, they might perhaps be found some day. The shelling continued and shells dropped completely round the cellars, demolishing nearly everything in sight. The enemy evidently wanted to obliterate the whole place. The smell of the smoke and the dirt from the debris was choking, and every minute we expected to be our last. Suddenly it stopped. Philosophy and fear disappeared simultaneously as I sputtered out a choking laugh of relief. Then Hawkins, my servant, in a scared voice started, and the others joined in, singing the old marching refrain of the Training Camps: —

“Hail, hail, the gang’s all here,
What the hell do we care!
What the hell do we care!
Hail, hail, the gang’s all here,
What the hell do we care now!”

When a man has lived night after night in a trench, he gradually finds it quite possible