

Pip and I to V and back quick. Mac said: *Aug 1 1917*

"You shell that missed you killed a friend of ours--Cpl. Taylor. The found him after you'd gone. He must have been waiting to get away--he'd left me half an hour before you came."

"Mac--that must have been him that beckoned to me to go down to them--they had pigeon baskets--I'd forgotten all about them."

"The other man was Hesletine--his arm was blown off-- a nice lad. And A D.R. and some tchers in the /mbankment dugout were wounded same time. I never did think much till that dug-out," observed Mac with a professional air. I would never trust myself till it." *1181917*

"I made sure that shell was coming for me. Instead. Old Taylor got knocked out. I'll bet he never expected it--he's been up and down the line safely so many times. That's just how it happens, Mac." And I went away sorely grieved, for Taylor had been a conscientious pigeon man, modest and long-suffering. Of such were the ranks of the heroes. And Hesletine was a bonny well-built boy, always cheerful, with proud form and aquiline nose and broad face, never grouching, never weary.

We got back quick--things were still hot. The rain, mud and traffic were awful. Aft. read and nap. Evg wrote Sjetch (A pearl of great price?). Guns heavy at night. Rain all night and dawn. Poor fellows out there. . We used to meet men coming back from the line absolutely mud to the eyebrows. Rain on ~~THURSDAY AUGUST 2~~ ~~FRIDAY AUGUST 3~~ ~~AT 2~~ VORMEZEELE, the ry line buckled, the aviary smashed under the improvised dug out on which a shell had landed. Birds in bad condon down the dugout. Mag concerned. I took and hauled the broken cage on to the car, Vickery keen to get away, you never knew when a shell was going to drop on us-- and in the afternoon I took cage and my broken wheel (belt-rim gone) to Corps. Missed O.C. Evg reports and paid the others taking acquittance rolls round etc. after going with ~~Galloway~~ Galloway one time who was cynical about the methods of pseudo-business-like officers in the army, keeping us lounging round wasting hours getting paid. Rain on and off. Guns quiet.

FRIDAY AUGUST 3

RAIN. Depressed by considering fact of fine weather till our tardy offensive and then this stead. downpour. Westoutre wss swilled with torrents which rushed down the ditches each side of

battalion of 47 Div. We drank and warmed our souls in Tom Hardacre's estaminet, with arguments about the Daily Mail and London. We had the round table in the back portion, the other part being full of good-humoured soldiers.

#### SATURDAY AUGUST 4

I to V. quiet. Saw Mr. U and suggested change of dugout for Mac. but he firmly vetoed it, Mac coming up just then and being submissive. Mr. U. thought it safest. Aft. held school. Rained again. Afternoon and evening.

#### SUNDAY AUGUST 5

Pip to V and had a hot time. I took pigeon class. Back and wrote sketch. Aft. ditto and read. Evg. to San martin, but it was full and the malaga was muddy and unsweet.

#### MONDAY AUGUST 6

Dull with rain at eve. Sergt Edmond up with me on car. At Voormez ele, searching shell fire had just ceased, so Edmonds thought it advisable not to risk the car, and I putting on tin hat and box respirator at the ready, crossed the deserted road, and went over fields parallel to the Oxford Circus trench. How dark-coloured and chaotic it was. Right, past the RFA guns in the river-side. These were the guns Fritz was always feeling for but he never seemed to knock 'em out. They hung pluckily on. Half ran to dugout. Mac and Sales came back with me lugging the baskets, and Mac's hardened slowness made me want to push on. First lost shell started again. Car at EW1. Back after delay due to lost report and heavy traffic. Aft. class. Evg wrote.

#### TUESDAY AUGUST 7

WET. Cleaned bike and repaired, but his morn, strange for me, bilious and depressed. Aft. Sergt Edmunds and car. Evg to Bailleul cinema with B. Pritchard and then to BCO. a run for a message of one of our birds that had got handed in to their lofts.

#### WEDNESDAY AUGUST 8.

To EW1, morn, with cargo. This is evidently the date on which Pip had arranged for Mac to come to EW1 to save our journey to

AFT. Odd jobs getting packs ready. Evg. to Bailleul--fine.

SAT AUG 11 1917.

Pip to V changeable weather. I d odd jobs and to Corps. Drink and music at San Martin. The evening Vic Taylor went away, after much talk of a do, after it was too late to get room in the big room and we had to go into eating room and living room, he came in about 8 and opened a few seedy bottles of cham. A dead failure. Pip used to give me the tip when a birthday was being held, but I was not always there. Wish now keenly I had garnered more actual detail. Aft. I to V to train Sam Mayo's birds, after a "stink" with him. In my new posh tunic and breeks, of course, got caught in rain and waited at 5.4. Darkie engaged. Evg wrote. STORMS AND SHOWERS THIS DAY.

SUNDAY AUG 12 Fine morn and aft and evg. rain.

Car late at 11. To /@ EW1 and back with fresh supplements of young birds from England. Felt their keel to know if good. Or clear eye. Also even thickness of covering feather under wing. Aft. read Evg. wrote.

MONDAY AUGUST 13.

DULL. Wrote, morn, CPS article. And aft the same. Evg to San Martin and drank with Glenny (going on leave) Lilley, Pip, Vic and Sinclair.

MORN AND AFT FINE. Evg RAIN.

TUESDAY AUG 14

The Tiffy and coadjutor Bobby Brown creeping over with ammunition for raid and attack on instrument repairer's shop which adjoined them. In inflated tube was the observation Balloon. Gas attack by large common-room generator and plenteous piping which all were ardently desiring for their bikes. Paper bags of sawdust gathered from carpenter's hut. Hot fight raged and Glenny flung the rack of tools over them, then smothered them with blue powder for paint (scarce) with which signal signs were painted, and finally, excited, as a jar of turpentine

was flung over him, knocked three panes did Bobby Brown.

Of course, all this was done during the absence of the S.M, or Sam Browne, as we now called the man, unpopular, who had replaced S.M. Mills. Mallows was the new man's name, rat-faced and a cad.

PAUL sat talking to me this evening. Interview of Brown with RFC Colonel as candidate for permission to go home to study and transfer. A plying for commission.

TEST OF NERVES. The old Colonel bawled rudely:

"Come Here. . . Stand back. . . Stand over there! Crossing and contradicting his orders. (This was the latest gag of the authorities to see what calm a man had in face of browbeating.)

"Take you hat off. . . Put it on  $\frac{1}{2}$ -What's your father."

Brown laughed at him "A distiller, sir."

"Under standm, when you're an officer, behave like one and not until the, so don't laugh when I'm testing you."

"So you, with a distiller for a father, want to wear a Sam Browne."

"My father's an owner, not a workman. I don't particularly want to wear a Sam Browne."

"Then why not be an observer?"

"Because I like to handle the joy-stick myself. I don't fancy myself in another man's hands."

"Did you have much money in your pockets as a civvy?"

"No, not much."

"Then you learnt to ride a motor-bicycle at the Government's expense?"

"No, I rode my own machine."

"Then you're a liar."

"No, sir, they were not a great expense before the war."

"Then you rode on air?"

Colonel then suddenly calmed down, shook hands in the perfect gentleman style, and wished Brown the best of luck. An officer, coming before his turn, the Colonel would not see till another day. This same Brown once called in with Paul. He had known Caseby and he said to me, "What do you think of C.?"

"Do you ask me in your role as a friend of his, or candidly?" I asked.

"Candidly."

"Well, I found him an absolute shit."

"Exactly my experience," said Brown. "Did he ever tell you how he got wounded?"

"Some shrapnel caught him in the napper and knocked his tin hat over his head and fetched him off."

"Yes that's the yarn he weighs out. But I happened to be with him when it happened. We were passing one of our own guns, it suddenly went off, and C. fell off his bike in fright, and went into hospital. That's the sort of man he was. He used to offer 5 francs to men to take his Brigade run. There are some men in the 53rd div waiting for his blood. If ever he strolls down there let him take an MP with him

Evg met Hinde who had been out a month and was swanking about hot times from Div to Brigade at Brielen and Elverdinge and down by the canal. By now we rather regarded ourselves as old hands and we resented this. here

"A man who talks about shells is a bloody fool," said Paul. Trash. Like preaching oysters in Whitstable. You've only got to run up the Menin Road . . .

WED AUGUST 15.

Pipt to V. I wrote letters all day.

THURSDAY AUGUST 16.

I to V. aft read and wrote. This evg at supper Fred Skinner shouted thro' door, the news of Langemarck taken, which was up

the road. Success, however, fair. Talk of guns being rushed forward and of Ypres being now safe and used. Rumour of the captured Welsh Sergeant reported to have given our plans away on the eve of July 30. This rumour prevlent everywhere and long after the event, so don't know whether true or an excuse to v cover our failure.

Roads very bad and traffic at loggerheads. Troops cheerful, especially the Anzacs one meets. They never seem to get depressed no matter what happens. I never remember seeing a depressed Australian.

With the Russian collapse things lately have seemed dire again. Sgt Edmunds goes about as sanguine as ever, predicting speedy overwhelming of the Hun. But with this sole exception, opinion of the DR's at second army has now switched back again to pessimism. Pul has become quite hopeless and is confirmed by Billy Pritchard. They both ask: "Where are the brains. Our staff-work puts whiskers on you. Our brass hats are no bloody good and never will be. They haven't glimmer of a ghost of an idea how to run a war. Here we've been stuck for 3 years, and we shall be here another three, unless Willy pushes us into the sea. As for France and Belgium, the Hun was bloodjute when he turned it over and went away. It's not worth fighting for."

Papers are more hopeful in todays (Thursday's papers).

Pip had a hot time to-day. Waited 1½ hours in the dugout with shells thumping overhead till he dare come out. The high tension wire and plug of his bike were sliced by splinters. Afternoon, Rain, RAIN. R A I N. Wrote at sketch and foregathered with Skinner's pals, one slight and refined and sensitive, the other big and Oxfordian. The all looked a sight tho' they were gentlemen. One pal who read Greek in the trenches, an example of the ignominy the army forces on you--horrid spectacle of slovenliness who once was so spick and span in "glad rags." Both talked of the commissions they were to take and the disgust with which they viewed gas parades, clothing parades, drill and inspections ~~while they were supposed to be at rest. They were the bankers~~

at Talbot House Pop. and report by Harrison. Langemarck! Its mention brought back--no this was before I used to chat to Eileen

FRIDAY AUGUST 17 1917.

Pip to V. I cleaned bike all day. Evg to Abeele for mail, and going down the Ren-Abeele Rd. I had spill. 2 kids ran out from my side just as lorry had passed. I knocked one, arm and chest, and thought he was badly hurt. Thud--poor little mite. He sat in ditch dazed but I waited till he recovered and ran off across the fields, I suppose, home. sorry. Bill Wilson's piss-up at the Martin, a birthday, I suppose. Home prompt. Hun planes, bombs, searchlights, Archits, and the unfailing advancing and retreating organ hum of the Bosche planes.

SATURDAY AUGUST 18.

YTo V. and then to EN1. The road now awful. The traffic of the last 2 months had cut it to pieces, it had been mended and stoned, and shelled. Crash you came on a boarding over shell-hole. Keeling had converted the basement of EN1 Loft into a buzzing signal office. There was telephone with special operator for all the messages of the surrounding mobiles which were handed in here centrally and dealt with. Keeling was working like a city magnate. He told me, how he had come over and sized the position up for his Major Day, who trusted him implicitly, and advised the installation of a signal office there. The room hummed with activity. They were working my old birds that I had trained to such perfection all out. And losing many unavoidably. It amused me how their oversuons of the 2nd Corps work varied from those of the British Press. Weather bitten and casehardened Mason sat there.:

"Never had such a cutting up in our life. The Somme was nothing to it. Heartrending to read the Messages. We have to whip the Divisions in and out t's like throwing a ball in from touch and getting kickrd out again playing against time."

"Where d'ye take t, e birds to?"

"It was Birr Cross Roads. But we've had it altered," sd Keeling. "Wwe couldn't stand it, but the staff would alter it. So I got an Artillery Major's report shwoing how many shells per day fell on the area and we got it movwd back to Ypres. We used to be waiting half the day before we or the chaps could get up."

"How did ye get on with Evans

"Oh, we don't speak. I had my idea he was cooking his times. I made em all get their times marked for trapping according to the time they were handed in here. Some of his birds had been in the habit of dounng the cancan or going to sleep on the trap be; fore they came inside. Very bad trappers. His loft's been ne- glected. He was furious. I soon asked him who was boss, and told him I intended to be that here. So now we don't speak."

"Where fo you sleep?"

"Got a dugout over there."

"None too cushy. Still we're doing good work."

The dinner was cooking on the old stove.

I heard these details tremulously because it was rumoured we wer e going to relieve 2nd Corps and I wanted some wrinkles.

I recalled the times I used to come up to this loft and see shells dropping on the road into Ypres by which I had to trav- el, sometimes in a blue, often in a grey sky. That afternoon, we went up with special lots for Mr. U, meetin him inside Officer' s dugout, nd I conscious of wearing thigh gumboots which had been forbidden to be worn by the Corps.

"Well, so long. I never quite weighed Ev ns up, but I always got on with him well and liked him, but he was masterful"

Lost spare chain going home and was vexed and wished , at time, I hadn't called at EN1.

Spent the Evening with Stan Boulton. in the estaminet where they had billet above--just herded-covered beds in a large rickety upstairs room, wih paper peeling, a window stuffed, and sludge-girl flopping about in dirty kitchen.

2 SUNDAY AUG 19.



Rip to Dunkerque on joy-ride, and 4th Army up on the coast for stray pigeon 2321, strayed to a left on the sands I was a fool nto to take this joy-ride. I suppose Pip wanted it and I gave it him As I approached V Mac slowed me down. By EW1 was a motorbike shot in tank and guatd. On the saddle was a DR's cap with a bloody slit through--where hte shrapnel or splinter had enetered his headl and killed him. I believe he was an ASC or Am-munition or artillery DR. Artillery DR like Jack Lawrence's ofte a rotten Job, vide Garri's job. A Jack Johnson hole in the hedge by Hughie Wright's old pitch. Aft. read. Evg ac San Martin FINE.

MONDAY AUGUST 20 1917.

There was a lot of mystery about the 4th Army up there. They were waiting on the coast to push on the flank when the Pascendaele push had been a succes. It was reported that Divs had been in training there, special, and a special Div had been trained to land from the fleet. These divs were supposed to barricaded with barbed wire and not allowed to go out of camp lest information should be carried of our plans. Leider owing to weather or bd staff work we were not successful enough to justify this.

And then after the retreat of Jerry in the winter of 17/18 there was our cavalry, according to my pal Jack Lawrence, who was up there with 4th Cav Division, stuck up on the coast when it should have been behind Fritz the very first time it was seriously wanted in 1916 or 1917.

Pipt to V. I odd jobs on bike. Aft. to Corps for equipment and stock. Evg band of 33 Div in the square. Sat and listened and read very enjoyable. Then a walk on the scented hills around. Sometimes in the early morn it was very beautiful in the hill fields ripening for Autumn with the yeomen waorking as if war was a country away instead of 8 miles.

TUESDAY AUG 21.

Rose at 6.40 got a meditative walk round the farms on the hills. Beautiful. Officer with horse and groom. Motn odd jobs. Aft to 14th Corps at St. Sixte, I believe. To find out where

Guards Div. was (or was this later I went to find out about Guards Div.? I think it was later.) On the (Dunkerque?) Road via International Corner, then left, along a lane, after turning and twisting on narrow bumpy roads, back towards whence I had whelled. On the right a big wood, a narrow gateway into it and several huts dotted about, the first a guard one, and the 2nd a Quarter's stores. Across these trees was a big fenced off stable affair where the boy's bikes were. In a large hut lower down was Pip Crompach reclining with others on his bed. After mutual greetings and tellings, Pip asked me to speak low when suggesting he should joy-ride over to us, as in his Corps it wasn't allowed, the sergt being windy because of some abuses that had taken place I was surprised and realised then my own comparative freedom. Said he had had a good time but rotten roads. They were bombed in the wood every night. He took me to their loft. It was Powell and Roberts, as usual cooking a chop. Their dingy loft had at last come to cush rest. working half-time for the French, nice and easy. He asked me to ask Mr. Underwood to return a book he'd lent him on pigeons. I don't think I've mentioned these two. We had them at Ouderdon where the great tank Camp was, the tanks shrouded in wrappings of canvas like a great circus covered up. The first two or three days they moved in shells fell all round, and a the usual ration trouble. It was here Mr. Underwood came up and I was just coming back at dinner time for second load of trainers. He thought I was hard working from that I conceive. We did work hard training those birds. Once I tossed 'em and only about 6 came back out of thirty, just the other side H.C. Powell had the reputation of losing more birds than most. I believe some 60 had once abandoned him but it was because, so he said, he had been commanded by Alec to let 'em out. On the sunny plain of corn and green with solitary houses g brown in foreground, the loft was a pretty picture.

Pip Crompton's Corps is the Prince of Wales' Corps. Pip says the Prince is a sport. If they meet him on the road, "Good -Morning Cpl. Bad weather for your work."

"Just shows the difference between a gentleman and an outsider. We've got some howling nib of a A.P.M. ~~the~~ in our Corps--he's a guardsman--wears those horrible golfing breeches when he's on the spree---and he looks you up and down like horse-muck when he takes your salute. Bloody fool, if he only knew how he looked. And we've several others who absolutely ignore your salute--you might as well be a cabbage stump. That's your brasshat all over--the manners of a railway porter and the brains of a Toy Pom.

"Pip, when I saw the brasshats preening themselves round the king at Bailleul, I should have half liked to chuck a bomb in amongst the whole lot. Look at the crowds of fine fellows they've sent to their death just because they didn't know their job or thought themselves Gof Almighty."

"Some of 'em haven't even human decency. I once hear a talk on a telephone--between two big guns. "I want 200 blankets for my men," says the one, O.C. "Sorry, but it's im poss," answers the Quartermaster. "But why not?" "They're not entitled to them." "But we must have them--my men are suffering." "Sorry, but I cannot break the rule." "Verywell, if you cna't let me have them on grounds of humanity, I demand them on grounds of expeddency. My men are dying from exposure. We cannot afford ti lose nen from this reason and I shall report it." "Oh,

if that's the case. . . ." "By Hod, pip, and all ahis time Quarter blokes and sergeants are flogging blankets all over the shop."

"The Prince is very decent---goes buggaring about up the line with a pushbike," remarked Pip mildly. He doesn't like swank. If any of the big nibs come bussing round he m kes himself scarce and bees up the line on his bike. He wouldn't have the Guards rushed into long marches and pushed straight into the fighting. No, let us have some charabancs, he stuck out for em.

"But he's cute. He on't sign receipts for DRLSor orderlies.  
He throws the chit away. "

"Why's that?"

"Everybody pinches 'em for the autograph, and says he's lost it. So he says, "Are you waiting for the receipt? "Ja." "That's alright I've got them you see."

As I was riding back I met him, a Staff Capt. on a bucking horse over the railway. He saluted in return to my DR salute. Takes salutes but doesn't look for 'em.

We went into a nice clean mess, and there I saw a DR chap I used to know and dislike at Dunstable---chap with a red face who said he'd been out before--I believe it was that hook-nosed sod who tried to run me for

%Isn't that that hook-nosed sod who tried to run me for riding up the path at Dunstable, Pip?"

"Quite likely. I wondered where I'd seen him. aHe's not liked. He's just got a job in the office."

"About like him. Another of those 1914 wonders. I met him at Zevcoten with the 41st Div as miderable as hell, and looking in a pickle. I saw at once he'd got the wind up tho' the Div was at rest Dnd to think that once that chap put the wind up me. He looks bloody shamefaced."

I met another DSD blighter---Clements who ran Kirkwood. I'm getting rather fed up with those old hands. I hear Bagley got home because he hit a wall with fright because he thought he heard a shell going down Cassel Hill. Then they say Jeff swung it out of a Cav. Div. to get that job at the base. And to cap it all, Schoey, I always thought he was absolutely straight, he was one of my ideals, and all who knew him out here say he was the champion wangler and windy as hell. Got straight back to Blighty somehow. But he was a lad. Held a prayer-meetin at Hazebrouch, half-drunk, going up, and begged the Frenchies not to send chaperones with their daughters to the pcitures." Evg to KCO and drank with H.M.

FINE DAY

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 22 FINE.

WED AUG 22. Glorious day.

Pip again to Dunkerque and Mobile. (What was I doing to miss both joy-rides? One of the reasons was I didn't want to take anything out of my bike, it was such a rotter, and one couldn't get replacements.) I to V. A few shells were scattered about. Aft. I read Magazines. Evg read and wrote to music of Div Band, Div in reserve. Forward Divs now up at Chateau Seegar in new huts just built there on the mud. Snd also in Scottish Wood Huts amid mud and dark. (Nth Div) Read "Married Life," May edginton. Magas. PLANES. To KCF with Hardacre's letter. Dropped in San Martin at 7.55 and paid round. Gave carpenter 1 franc tip for Hughie's grit box. I annoyed at the way cash vamoosed. Night before, complaint of Pip re exes of billet and Julia's insolence. PLANES, Searchlights wonderfully defined and bright was this the night Jamo and Pip came back late, creamy, and Jamo left his headlight on despite planes, snd sat drinking the beer they had brought (bottled) with them. The waacs and VAD drivers they had seen. The girls in red lamps in flimsy attire.

THURSDAY AUG 23.

Dull this morn. Pip to V. I odd jobs and wrote.

FRIDAY AUG 23

By car to V. Agt through grit of windstorm in sun went to the wood house in Watteau where photos were taken but that day he was aw Half blinded by dust. Cussed. Evg to Pop. To the FROLICS. Rotten The noise of traffic outside the hall awful, over that Pop Fave all day and night. Lost temper and logic in argument with Scott rr BAR and EAR. I said the 5th Army was no good. "Why? The did alright on the Somme." @ell, I dunno. From our point of vi you used to give your DRs precious little to do, but put it all on the Corps. Nothing but army specials. "

"You shouldn't have been soft enough to lie down to it. If a corps lets the army clown on it."

"Well, of course, I was on pigeons all the while. Well, with us, old Boilard never offered to lend us the car, though I understand the car is on the establishment to help with the training."

"My car is at the disposal of the Corps."

"Well, I had Boilard. He never came round except to grouse. Came in like Lord Chicaboo and rode off again like Hector."

"I admit he was a bit hot. But don't blame the Army because of one man. We got shut of him."

"So I see, now you're the sergeant. Why was it?"

"He wasn't satisfactory to Alec. Alec had him watched, found he was slacking. He had influence—that's what got him the job."

"There was a different atmosphere immediately you got into the Second Army. You know as well as I do Armies are different like Corps and Divisions. Here you had a car straight away, and in our service, anyway, you were treated with consideration. It's been a pleasure to work for the 2nd Army."

"But what's the second Army done?"

"Done?" I almost shrieked. "Didn't we win Messines."

"That's no battle. You just blew up a few mines."

"Did a damned sight better than you, anyhow. What the hell have you done. A nice mess it's been up here since the 5th army came—chucked the finest divisions away like so much pigeon-shit. . ."

"It's very certain the 2nd army wouldn't have done better with this weather... We've done in a month what you've been trying at for two years. . ."

"Garn. . ."

"We may have queered your cushy pitch. . ."

"I don't know about cush pitch. If you can find any pigeons better trained than those I've got ready for you without a word of thanks from you. . ."

But our argument was getting personal and Scott was beginning to swell with a sergeant's dignity.

I was frank to the army pigeon sergt about it. who said (it was Rucker, the man who worried himself crazy over the job) "By the time you've finished with me you'll know all there is to be known about it the job, from end to end. But don't let on, else you'll be fired out."

Keeling got one of the first pigeon jobs--it was some cushy--he used to lie in bed till dinner-time most days.

started to rain. We had drinks in a forlorn estaminet on top of spur of Mont Rouge. Full of soldiers and civvies of both sexes, but none of the latter young. This used to be a great holiday ground before the war. You could, now, however, get nothing but bottles of flat beer at about 1 franc.25 per bottle and they were not too easily forthcoming at that. People used to come up here to gaze out over the battle-plain which showed well from under the Mill. Mac, cheerful, stowing his pipe full, departed stoically towards Vocrmexeels and the drab existence of dugout and shell and gas. I felt sorry.

The board-f ced one who used to help in Julia's estaminet and Pip and she after the merry night. Bills discusses with J.

NONDAY AUGUST 27.

I to V in weather that cleared then fell TORRENTS OF RAIN. Aft. worked. To Corps for stores. Evg undecided, but back to & Pip who, fed up, was glad to see me.

TUESDAY AUGUST 28 1919.

Gale during night and in the morn umpteen trees, great and tall, down in Canad corner road and road to La Clytte. Awful job, getting to V. Had to push and lug bike over ditches, gardesns, fields, in order to get past fallen trees which were being sawn. Traffic held. At Dickiebusch the road was flooded with water running like a stream, Managed to ride thro'. The country water-logged. Aft. to COMS of Corps. Told me stores to Divs personally for brigades and I needn't supply. "Oh, they're going to try thst are they. Good for me but, but they'll soon get tired of that. I can see brigades having no stock." "That's not your lookout, is it?" "Q" "No, as long as the service isn't let down. We've got to look after our birds. STILL STORMY BUT CLEARED AT EVG.



PAUL OVER.

TALE OF BURROW NAD LEAVE AND 1914 MEN.

Burrows is married. Wife and child ill and asked for overdue leave.

"Let me see the officer. I don't want to talk to you."

"But there are men who've been out longer. . ."

"You're one of those 1914 men, aren't you? Any short stories to tell?"

Eddy, going on leave gets down on the colonel's car, and rushes a transport. The M.P.s are about, supposed to be querying men, who, on their own, obviously haven't been to rest camps and . . .

"Gives 5/- to a waxed moustache M.P. because his pass wasn't dated till to-morrow.

"And then at the gangway says, "I've fixed it up with that fellow in waxed moustaches. Then got in amongst the machinery till he couldn't hear his own voice." Spoke to ~~xxxxx~~ sifer --- nearly had him "in the net!"

WEDNESDAY 29 -8-17.

I to V and my bike fell. Aft read and worked. Evg before had got "a pair" fixed by Buggins up at Smith's lof and thereon thro' Ren exchange telephoned twice to Mr. U.

THURSDAY AUGUST 30 1917.

Finer. Pip and I rode as acar arrived too late after waiting. Left Smith at 11 and Mr. Underwood saw and said it was too late. Next day there came an O.C. order to deliver the boards at 10.

FRIDAY AUGUST 31

Hip to V. I on income tax letter, the income tax papers following mr annoyed me much. Aft. I worked. Worked hard on reports. HEAVY SHOWERS. Evg to Cprps. Vic Taylor's farewell. He boasted he'd beat my do, but nothing doing till 7.15. And then too late for real brightness. Hip stayed at corps overnight. I ws awakened at midnight with two telegrams re classes and locating new point.

Over as Corps, outside yard, Mr. U had said we want to "get a bit farther up They're complaining we're too far back."

And before that, I think it was on the medal rec. announce morn, he said " "After the push that's coming off I want to have our aviary ready and hike t it up to the old gfront line, that'll be somewhere near Verbranden Molen. "