

WHEN the scouts pegged their dapper new officer for a recruit they let themselves in for a real surprise. A writer who knows his No-man's land makes his characters living, breathing, fighting soldiers in this tale of battling patrols with all the suspense of night scouting beyond barbed wire.

## So This Is Flanders!



I opened up and a couple of them Krauts keeled over. The Lieutenant and his Heinie sapper was down in the clay clawin' like a couple of peeved cougars.

By Harold F. Cruickshank

*Author of "A Kamerad for Shorty," " 'Twas the Fight Before Christmas," etc.*

I AIN'T never been comfortable since that new lieutenant come over to join the scout section.

It was up in the Bluff, at the Ypres salient where he first showed up. A devil of a place, the Bluff. Since our old officer an' Non Coms got bumped off, us scouts had been runnin' round like a flock of unattached Doras. Bein' the oldest, I've been given a temp'ry stripe to kind of keep a dog-watch on the other six. But I ain't never come out in orders, with pay, because them scout guys what was under my care insisted I wet that danged stripe out at Poperinghe, an' we all got soused an' was A.W.O.L. for two days, which the same is fatal even in the Canuck army. We ain't drawed a full pay since. But that's got nothin' to do with this here new lieutenant.

He turned out the cat's Mac after we got him trained, but what I want to tell about is them first few days.

As soon as I pipes him I set him out as a weak sister on account the fact he was wearin' a set of "kiss-me-sergeant" puttees what was dang near to

flesh color. When I first drawed up with him, I was sent out to guide him in and he bust in on me sudden-like out of an ol' trench.

"O, my word!" he says. "Are you there?"

To kind of slack up on my steam a bit, I chewed off a husky slab of tobacco. He was chucklin', like he shouldn't been wearin' pants; an' I says to myself: "War is hell!"

Then he prances up an' I steps back a piece. Somehow I feels like I'm goina get kissed. But he stops sudden and hauls out a cigarette case.

"Have a cigarette, ol' chap?" he says.

"Thanks, sir," says I, "but we ain't supposed to light nothin' back here. Under observation."

"You don't say," he remarks, like he ain't acquainted they's a war on. "I thought you smoked in the trenches."

"We do," says I. "But we ain't in the trenches, just yet, sir." But I had the presence of mind to grab a cigarette before he clicks the case shut. Then I kind of give him the once over, an' coughed a bit like I had a touch of bronkitus. I was anglin' for a

possible flask, but he goes to work an' fishes out a package of asperin, an' tells me to take two after meals.

We et so blamed often I still got a flock of them tablets left, an' it's nine years since the Armistice was signed.

After he had asked a few more questions I got his kit lined up an' hit back for the front line. I ain't feelin' any too pleased neither, for I could see I had a heck of a time ahead. Them other scouts would run this bird ragged, an' I'd have to act as a kind of guarden angel.

A Maxim cut loose on us an' I felt a bullet cut through the pile of junk I had balanced on my steel hat. Like a streak I was flat in the clay; but I felt like a rookie for when I looked up here was the green lieutenant standin', leanin' on his cane like he was at the seaside on a Sunday tour.

He spots me, an' danged if he didn't trot forward an' say: "Pawdon me, ol' chap. Did you fall? I was busy lookin' at those star-shells."

Fall! Ye Gawds! But I had to bluff it out so's he wouldn't savvy I was scared out of a week's leave.

"Yes, sir," I says. "They's always the odd length of trip wire to catch a feller's boot. I—I—must have stumbled." Then I saw him grin, an' he started to hum while I reset my pack.

I was glad Heinie kept his machine guns quiet after that until I had got my head safe behind the wall of the communication trench which led to our sector.

**C**R—UMPH! *Cr—ash!* Cr—umph! Three sausages landed just back of us, in the woods. I chuckled to myself, for I knew we was safe. I thought them busts would put a crimp in his nibs, though. They is a sayin' that "Experience is the best teacher," an' they's nothin' like the bust of a flock of Minnies to learn a guy to duck his bean. But when I looked for that officer where I thought he'd just naturally be on the walk of the trench, dang me if he wasn't everywhere else but there. I located him round a bay. He was standin' up on his hind legs lookin' out over the parados.

"You better keep your head down, sir," I says. "Them things is dangerous, an' there's snipers workin' acrost here every night."

"You don't say," he chuckled. "What were those terrible detonations? Some of our stuff?"

"No," says I. "Them was some of Heinie's. They call 'em Minnies, an' they're about as bad as

ol' man Kluck delivers, sir. You're supposed to take cover when them slops over."

He was just about to remark: "You don't say," again, when a couple of Minnies soaked in with a bust that knocked him an' me both flat. When I looked up he was settin' up an' I could see he was grinnin'. "I'm learnin' fast, ol' chap," he says, kind of hum'rous.

Hmm, I thought, mebbe you are, but there's a heck of a lot you got to be learnt yet. All the same, I couldn't help but notice he was agreeable.

"How about a smoke, ol' man?" he asks, when we had got to our feet. "This is a trench, what?"

When he hauls out that there fancy case again I didn't remind him I already had one of his gaspers stowed away. Sociable-like I took another an' was about to strike a match in a hole in the parapet when he yanks out a fancy lighter which didn't make no flare at all.

**I**T WAS gettin' on somewheres to ten o'clock when I breezes in to scout headquarters after guidin' the lieutenant up to the O.C.'s dugout. Them scouts was all gettin' ready to hit out on patrol, but of course they had to stop an' get the news about our new chief.

"Did he kiss yer, Bill?" asks one of the ol' timers. "They tell me he's a reg'lar cissy: one o' them slap-yer-wrist, awfter-noon-tea artists."

Now, I didn't quite know how to handle the situation. I knew that this new bird would have to have some support, at least till he either proved himself a real *soldat* or else a dud. So I up and says:

"You guys don't want to get so sarcastic. This here new chief mebbe'll prove a humdinger. He sure appears a bit like a sister, but I notice he ain't got no yellor painted on him—yet.

"I kind a got a notion to give a feller a show who'll stand at full height durin' a Minnie strafe an' chuckle: 'So this is Flanders!'"

This seemed to tickle them fellers so they busts loose with a laugh barrage which was in full swing when in slides the lieutenant himself. Then I remembers my stripe, an' etiquette.

"Shun!" I snapped the section to attention. "Lieutenant Richmond, scout officer," I barks, officious-like.

I saw right away that them fellers wasn't over-impressed. They was all twisted up between humor an' disgust, partic'larly when they pipes them

flesh-colored puttees.

“Stand easy, men,” he says, after he had give ‘em the once over. “Sit down, chaps. I’d like a few minutes’ chat. We really ought to get acquainted, don’t cher know?” Then he chuckled, an’ I thought Hank Martin, the sniper, ‘d have croaked. Of course he let on he had swallowed his chewin’.

Then that there cigarette case was flashed, an’ his nibs issued out a gasper to each of the section. They was fancy pills, too. Quite a change from “Bees Wings” what used to come up with the rations—when the rations come up.

While them ol’ No-man’s Land pirates was doin’ the heavy dog on the officer’s fancy smokes, he was rummagin’ around in a map case. He finally gets settled on a map which he spreads out.

You could’ve knocked all us scouts cookoo with a toothbrush when that lieutenant started to erlucidate on scoutin’ that Bluff sector. Why, he knowed all that area like he had growed up with the place.

Then he gets seriously down to business.

“Right here, chaps,” he says, pointin’ with his finger to a blue cross, “is where we’re goin’ to concentrate. I suppose you have already discovered that here is where the Boche has his mine air shafts.”

I looked acrost at Hank, but he was already engaged in lookin’ at “Spud” Kelly. They was as flabbergasted as I was, for we had patrolled that blue cross point night after night, and had the glass on it day after day. But we never figured it as no mine shaft. Nor did I feel like believin’ it then. It seemed like this new egg knew too damned much for a rookie. He was just shootin’ over a flock of his O.T.C. stuff which didn’t seem the goods to us.

**H**ANK started in to grin, an’ I reckon the officer didn’t like it none, although he never got peeved. He just says: “Rather hard to swallow, what?” an’ then that danged fool Hank did open up an’ laugh out loud. But Richmond he just reddens up a pile, an’ folds his map.

He asked me about the rations, an’ about blankets, an’ was awful surprised when I told him we didn’t have no blankets. I got me a crack in the shins for this, from Hank, who had peddled his blanket to a Frenchy. The rest of us who had a blanket didn’t never pack it into the line.

“But, by jove, chaps!” says the lieutenant. “Don’t you ever feel cold?”

And in case he might get the notion we was goina pass out, if we didn’t pack in our blankets, I up an’ says:

“Us scouts has got to travel light, sir. We ain’t never sure where we’re goina be, or how we’re goina get there. Blankets is a hindrance to us an’ mighty easy to get lost on our partic’lar job. If we was to lose ‘em, we’d get our pay stopped.”

“Why, yes, of course,” he says. “That sounds quite reasonable.” An’ he chuckled, the same as he always did, which the same set the rest of them guys to haw-hawin’.

Then I suggested we take a pass-ee out into No-man’s land on patrol. His eyes brightened up right away, and he yanks out a snappy little automatic which them scouts eyed with envy.

There was just me an’ Hank an’ the officer what slipped over, that night. The rest of the gang was posted to sap duty, or listenin’ posts. I led the way through the wire, the lieutenant right at my heels. Hank brought up the rear.

We hadn’t got clear of the wire before Heinie cut loose with a Maxim what had me an’ Hank clawin’ the clay. But the lieutenant just dropped into a shell-hole so’s he could have his eyes still on the job. When them bullets quit friskin’ about our ears, me an’ Hank joined his nibs.

“You know, I don’t blame you chaps a bit for duckin’,” he whispers. “But it strikes me you lose too much time and effic—effick-icy. Now, from this shell-hole I get protection and at the same time I continue to command a view of my surroundin’s, don’ cher know?”

Then he chuckled, which didn’t make me an’ Hank feel none too good. If this guy was goina giggle out loud on patrol, we figured we was settin’ pretty for a na-poo any ol’ time.

Hank up an’ says: “But supposin’ they ain’t no shell-hole within a mile, where at’s a guy goina dodge them bullets?”

An’ the officer he says: “Well, y’know, ol’ chap, I really didn’t mean to set a fast rule. But, whenever possible, I think we should endeavor to hang on to as many of our senses as possible, what?”

**M**E an’ Hank was both beginnin’ to have some doubts as to whether our new chief had any sense at all, when a salvo of whiz-bangs cracked over like that shrapnel was ticketed for us.

Naturally I let my head sink into the side of that

shell-hole, an' I knowed Hank's was buried like an ostrich. But that dangd lieutenant kept peerin' over the top.

Jerry had suddenly got the hump. His artillery must have had it real bad, for they commenced to soak us with everythin' they had. Right clean up to Sorrel hill, on our left, the night was split with the crashin' of shell-bursts.

I whispered to the officer that we had better mosey out. Jerry's pineapples was bustin' short an' any second I expected one to land right in on top of us. It was only accident that this didn't happen.

The lieutenant gripped my arm tightly. I see, in the light of a flare, that his face looked different. He didn't seem the same guy at all, an' I figured the strafe was gettin' the best of his nerve. His eyes was poppin' out, an' focussed right on the head of an ol' sap which jutted out from Jerry's front line.

"Take a look over there, ol' chap," he says, in scarcely a whisper. "Strikes me there's somethin' fishy goin' on, what?"

I got his direction, an' trained my eyes on the spot. But I ain't seein' so well because my sense of feelin' is demandin' so much time. Minnie's was startin' to blow hell out of everythin', right clost, too.

"Don't you see what I see?" he hissed in my ear. I was startin' in to frame a reply when a Minnie ripped an acre of Belgium out by the roots right back of us. For a minute me an' Hank was content to take the fallin' clods in the back without worryin' none about scout officers or things to be seen. We was prayin' that one of them fallin' clouds wouldn't turn itself into a sausage.

**W**HEN we pulled ourselves up we both gasped, for that cookoo lieutenant was gone. I looked at Hank, an' he shrugged his shoulders, which the same meant "san far re-an." He bit off a chew an' says: "Just as well for him to get bumped off now as to wait an' get us all na-pooed. He's likely took a solo over to that sap."

But me, I was feelin' a bit different to Hank. I felt responsible for that officer. It was all right for Hank to shrug like he was damn glad to be rid of him, but when a feller is packin' a actin' stripe on his arm he's the one what H.Q. is goina come down on. So I begin to forget about the strafe while I runs my eyes out over the top in search of that runaway looey.

There was such a bank of smoke that for a time

I couldn't see nothin' what looked like them flesh-colored puttees. But, suddenly, I glimpsed him, just as a flare went up. He was standin', froze, almost at the head of that damned sap.

I felt like I should holler. Then I thought I should draw down on him with my gat, for I was convinced he was nuts. Right under Jerry's wire, his first night out! But just then there was a blindin' flash right where he was standin', an' I heard the whine of a potato masher.

The lieutenant's arms flung up, then he disappeared. I give Hank a sock in the ribs with my boot as a signal to follow on, then I leaped out of that shell-hole, forgettin' that they was a hell of a war percolatin' right clost. But I had to go an' check up on that nutty scout officer.

For a time I couldn't decide just whether he *was* bugs or brimmin' over with nerve an' savvy. It took a hell of a dose of real man to solo over to Heinie's wire when he knowed Heinie wasn't asleep.

Me an' Hank had to tack considerable before we bellied out of that barrage of Jerry's. Halted in a Minnie crater, for a breather, we heard a sound that convinced us that they was a cat fight goin' on just ahead. Masher bombs an' automatics was playin' a snappy piece of jazz. So we unlimbers our gats an' took a streak acrost.

Hank, on account of his size, an' nerve, was the first to head into that sap. I followed right toot-sweet, an' it wasn't very long before somethin' fell on me, what seemed as much like the kick of a mule as anythin' I ever been knocked out by. The last I remember, before the final count, was a chuckle.

When I come to, I find that scout officer bendin' over me. They was a pleasant taste of coneyac on my lips. As soon as I reckernized the flavor I didn't come to as soon as I might, so the lieutenant tips up the little flask again, an' then I had to brighten up for the flask was soon dead. (Funny he went an' give me asperin when I first picked him up.)

I seen a figure crouched over against the side of the sap, an' figured it was Hank. But I was too much taken up with the officer. His flesh-colored puttees was all shot; his tunic ripped, an' he had lost his steel lid. They was blood streamin' down his face, too.

But, as a flare shot up an' bust, I saw he was grinnin'. Then he bends down an' whispers: "Can you make it now, ol' man?" Honest I could've kissed him. But I nods, an' he touches Hank, who

come to life rubbin' his jaw.

They was a sloshin' of feet behind us, down the sap, so we got a double jump on out of there. This time, though, the lieutenant led the way; an' for my part I was danged glad to let him, for I knew he couldn't lead us into no more cat fights, the way he was headin'.

**A**FTER duckin' an' dodgin' for a minute or two, the officer swerved over to the left. At our rear, hell was beginnin' to wake up again. Those Heinies we heard comin' up the sap was cuttin' loose with a Maxim which was damn near registerin' direct, so the lieutenant decided to leap into a Minnie crater, where me an' Hank was quick to collect ourselves.

Then his nibs chuckled, an' says: "So this is Flanders! My word, but it's wild, what? Worse than Salonika, by far."

I looked at Hank, but couldn't see him in the dark, but I knowed he had got that Salonika stuff. This here green scout officer knowed all about the war in the east, eh? Ye Gawds! an' we'd been pipin' him for a rookie.

I says: "Was you at Salonika, sir?" But I didn't get no answer for a minute, then he chuckles again an' says: "I have a brother out there. He writes occasionally. But, really, I think this sector is much nearer hell than any other front."

"What happened in the sap, sir?" says I, by way of a change. Since he said it was his brother who was at Salonika, I kind of cooled off again.

"Well, it's like this," he begins, real serious. "H.Q. has had a notion for some time that we're bein' mined. In fact it's certain; but what we want to find out is when and what to expect by way of an attack.

"When I spotted movement at that saphead I became curious, so moved over; but was seen. It was too late then to duck back, so I took a header into the post and cut loose with my automatic. But I was awfully glad when you chaps turned up, don' cher know?" Then he turned to Hank an' held out his hand.

"You were great, o' man," he says, grabbin' Hank's paw. "If you hadn't used your fist with such top-hole effect, I believe that beggar would have got me."

"Course I was out of it, seein' as I took a haymaker in the first round. But I listened in to all the news.

That little devil of a lieutenant had tracked up a whole Jerry gun-post, an' was as cool as if he'd just fell out of bed an' crawled back in again. The way he had it figured was that Heinie was ready to uncork his mine any ol' time now, an' was fixed to pull a life-sized attack with the mine shoot.

The gun-post into which me an' Hank had jumped was one of a flock of forward posts in the makin'. Where Jerry would mount his Maxims for the big raid. So far, in a very short time, this little officer, with the flesh-colored puttees an' the cissy chuckle, had got himself loaded with a flock of information what was amazin'. He'd be sure to get a M.C. out of this first night's doin's; while me an' Hank, who'd been scrappin' since early in '16 hadn't collected us nothin' more than boocoo pay stoppages an' extra doses of kitchen fatigues.

**I**T WAS gettin' clost to "Stan' down" when Hank, pulls me up to his ear. We was alone in a crater, while his nibs was sizin' up things on his own. Hank was real serious.

"Too much of this stuff is more'n enough," he whispers. "I don't aim to tangle with any more Jerry's *ser swor*, for this cookoo lieutenant. Anyways, pretty soon we'll be crawlin' in too late for the rum ration, an' they ain't none of them scouts'll think to go an' draw rations.

"You can stay out here with this looney hero for the dooration, Bill; but I'm goina fake a bout of colic an' slide back for the dugout."

Just then the lieutenant joined us. He had the knack of slidin' around like he was a lizard. He didn't make a bit of racket; kind of melted, or mixed, with the atmosphere.

"Chaps." That's as far as he got when Hank let a groan outa him, an' started to double up. It was the seriousness of the lieutenant's tone what must've helped bring on Hank's colic.

"What's wrong, ol' man?" says the officer, very sympathetic. But Hank only shoved on the loud pedal an' in a few minutes had even me thinkin' he was sufferin' real.

"He ain't been right since he got that gas at the second battle of Ypres, sir," I says, seein' that it would be best to make a quick job of it an' get Hank outa the way. This lieutenant had a knack of ferretin' which made a guy uncomfortable.

"You don't say? My word, but that's rough luck, what?" says the chief. "Second battle of Ypres, eh? You chaps must have had a devil of a

time there." Then he goes over to Hank an' picks him up an' tells him to crawl back into the dug-out. Which the same Hank did, groanin' in a new key.

Me an' the chief was in the crater for about ten minutes after Hank left, when he chuckled, an' I knew somethin' was comin'.

"What's your regimental number, Evans?" he asks.

I told him, an' he chuckled again. I didn't see anythin' hum'rous about my number; it wasn't one of them draft, boxcar numbers.

"What's Martin's number?" he asks next. Hank's was almost the same as my own, an' the lieutenant slapped himself on the leg an' chuckled.

It looked to me like I was left alone out in No-man's Land with a real nut. But I soon changed my mind an' started to get real uncomfortable when he says: "You chaps must have got the devil at the second battle of Ypres." Then he grinned, an' I gulped, for of course Hank an' me wasn't joined up when the Canucks made history in that scrap.

But the lieutenant never said no more. All of a sudden he jumps up an' jerks out his gat.

"Hang clost to me," he hisses. "We've got more work ahead, ol' man."

Ol' man Kluck had called in his artillery an' everythin' was peaceful. In a minute I saw the reason for this, by following the direction which the officer was glimpsin'.

He was focused on the Blue Cross sector which lay forward of the old International trench. Then I caught a movement: a Jerry patrol was coverin' a party of enemy sappers.

Just then I wished I had been as wise as Hank an' developed a spavin' or somethin', for I could feel the lieutenant just twitchin' with excitement.

Without a word he pulls himself outa the crater an' starts to belly forward. I wished a machine-gun would've opened up, my teeth was chatterin' so bad I knowed he'd hear 'em.

They was six Jerrys in the party: four in the patrol an' two sappers. We was only two, an' this didn't feel none too good to yours truly.

**W**HEN my face run into the officer's boots I knowed he'd halted. He give me a signal to draw up with him.

"We got to get one of those Boches," he breathes. I mumbles "Mmm-huh." It sounded danged heroic, but damn foolish, too.

"Look, they're movin' back," says he. He didn't

need to tell me that because I was watchin' them Heinies pretty clost.

They was one sapper who stayed behind. He was doin' some fixin's to what looked like the head of a dug-out. His mate had got tired of waitin' on him, I reckon, for they was slouchin' back at a steady lick.

"Keep the main party covered, ol' man," hissed my chief. "I'm goin' to get that beggar."

I slewed around with my gat trained on them five Heinies. But I didn't feel none too good in lettin' that little devil of a lieutenant crawl after that six-foot Heinie all on his own. But orders is orders, so I kept my lamps on the others.

Hell can bust loose in less time than it takes to tell, sometimes. It did that night.

I heard a thud an' a yell. The yell must've come from the Heinie sapper, for them mates of his wheeled around quick, an' started back on the double.

It was then I got real damn peeved an' opened a barrage, which the same was worthwhile. A couple of them Krauts keeled over. Then I dashed forward towards the lieutenant. Him an' his Heinie sapper was down in the clay clawin' like a couple of peeved cougars. But I hadn't time to bother none with them. Bullets was singin' in an' I could hear the slosh of Heinie boots gettin' mighty clost.

Flare lights was bustin' on all sides now. Our fellers, in the front line, was as curious as Heinie, but they wasn't no artillery stirred up. Both sides knowed they was a patrol out.

I had just got my gat reloaded, when somethin' big an' heavy hove into the limelight an' I cut loose. Before he went down, that Heinie socked me one with the butt of his rifle so my tin hat drove clear over my ears. I was goin' out, too. My knees felt like the time when I smoked corn silks for the first time; then I got another swat which fetched the stars down. But as I crumpled up I felt my trigger finger grip tight, an' heard my gat bark. Then I took the count proper.

When I come to it was near daylight.

"All right, ol' man?" the lieutenant called. We was lyin' in the ol' International trench, where a stretcher party, under Hank, had packed us.

I seen that the lieutenant was all bandaged up, so I crawls over alongside him.

"You get hit bad, sir?" I says. "What happened?"

"I'm afraid I'm deucedly crocked up, ol' man,"

he breathes, in a weak voice. "Got a bullet, an' a jab with a bayonet. Damned uncomfortable gash, don' cher know. But we got the job finished in great style, thanks to you. I finished up just precisely what I came up for. Now you chaps can rest easy that Jerry can't spring his mine. I got all the information from that sapper. I'll not—forget—Evans, ol' boy." His voice trailed off, an' I looks at Hank.

He give a order to the stretcher bearers, an' we moves back.

The lieutenant was still unconscious when we got to our lines, so I didn't get to speak to him no more. Me an' Hank crawled into our dug-out.

"Well." It was Hank who broke the silence.

"*Well,*" I says. "What do you think of him *now*? Some nerve, eh?"

"An' then some," says Hank. "They tell me that he was sent up here from Army Intellergence. He's some big pum-kins, an' we got him all wrong, Bill."

**A**BOUT a month later me an Hank was settin' in our billet out to D Lines when we was sent for by the C.O. This didn't listen good for we'd just gone through another dose of orderly room for cleanin' up a "estaminet."

When we gets in that orderly room we found the colonel grinnin'.

"Listen to orders, men," says the colonel.

"Actin' lance corporal William Evans, to be sergeant, with pay. Private Henry Martin, to be corporal with pay."

Then I got a bigger shock when the colonel cleared his throat.

He says: "Sergeant Evans, before Major White left he made out some recommendations which have come through."

I thought the ol' man was off his base, for I hadn't never bumped into no Major White. I looked at Hank, but he looked a damn sight dumber than I

felt, so I turns to the colonel who was grinnin'.

Then he read out a citation which was all about conspikyus bravery whilst on patrol in the Blue Cross sector, etcetery and so forth, which the same meant that I'm given a D.C.M. Also, Hank gets a M.M.

"One moment," the colonel says. "Here's a letter which might interest you." He hands me a letter which I pockets.

Outside me an' Hank shakes hands, then I opens the envelope an' read that letter. I hung on to it for it was real readin':

Dear Evans an' Chaps:

No doubt you'll be interested to hear from me. I am out of hospital now, and almost ready for another bang at Jerry. But, no more Flanders! I want to thank you, Evans, for your showing that night, and also Martin. I hope his colic is better. That's a deuced complaint, what? That was a jolly good one you sprung about the second battle of Ypres. Look me up in London when you're on leave. We'll have a spot of fizz together.

I am sending a parcel over which contains a few smokes, an' a bottle of medicine for Martin's stomach.

Cheerio, boys, an' good luck.

Sincerely,

A. RICHMOND-WHITE,  
Major, D.S.O., M.C.

"Well, for cripes sake!" I says. "What do you know about that?"

"Ask me," says Hank, sarcastic. "That there officer sure has a name that suits him, that's all I got to say."

"You mean White?" I says.

"You said it," grunted Hank. Then we moseyed over to the S.M.'s billet to get us a pass for Poperinghe. We'd got us five stripes an' two medals to wet.