

**BETWEEN  
THE LINES**

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Between the lines by Boyd Cable

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**BOYD CABLE**

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By BOYD CABLE

AUTHOR OF 'GRAPES OF WRATH' 'ACTION FRONT' ETC

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## FOREWORD

THIS book, all of which has been written at the Front within sound of the German guns and for the most part within shell and rifle range, is an attempt to tell something of the manner of struggle that has gone on for months between the lines along the Western Front, and more especially of what lies behind and goes to the making of those curt and vague terms in the war communiqués. I think that our people at Home will be glad to know more, and ought to know more, of what these bald phrases may actually signify, when, in the other sense, we read 'between the lines.'

Of the people at Home—whom we at the Front have relied upon and looked to more than they may know—many have helped us in heaping measure of deed and thought and thoughtfulness, while others may perhaps have failed somewhat in their full duty, because, as we have been told

and re-told to the point of weariness, they 'have not understood' and 'do not realise' and 'were never told.'

If this book brings anything of interest and pleasure to the first, and of understanding to the second, it will very fully have served its double purpose.

BOYD CABLE.

'SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE'  
*Sept. 15, 1915.*



## CONTENTS

|                                     | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| THE ADVANCED TRENCHES . . . . .     | 1    |
| SHELLS . . . . .                    | 12   |
| THE MINE . . . . .                  | 34   |
| ARTILLERY SUPPORT . . . . .         | 64   |
| 'NOTHING TO REPORT' . . . . .       | 84   |
| THE PROMISE OF SPRING . . . . .     | 113  |
| THE ADVANCE . . . . .               | 130  |
| A CONVERT TO CONSCRIPTION . . . . . | 148  |
| 'BUSINESS AS USUAL' . . . . .       | 171  |
| A HYMN OF HATE . . . . .            | 188  |
| THE COST . . . . .                  | 205  |
| A SMOKER'S COMPANION . . . . .      | 228  |
| THE JOB OF THE AM. COL. . . . .     | 239  |
| THE SIGNALLER'S DAY . . . . .       | 257  |



## BETWEEN THE LINES

### THE ADVANCED TRENCHES

*'Near Blank, on the Dash-Dot front, a section of advanced trench changed hands several times, finally remaining in our possession.'*

FOR perhaps the twentieth time in half an hour the look-out man in the advanced trench raised his head cautiously over the parapet and peered out into the darkness. A drizzling rain made it almost impossible to see beyond a few yards ahead, but then the German trench was not more than fifty yards off and the space between was criss-crossed and interlaced and a-bristle with the tangle of barb-wire defences erected by both sides. For the twentieth time the look-out peered and twisted his head sideways to listen, and for the twentieth time he was just lowering his head beneath the sheltering parapet