

**Albert Davies****Water in the Desert**

All we had for weeks and weeks was one pint of water that was for drinking and for shaving. Although we were in the frontline the officers insisted that we have a shave and keep body person clean so we had to have a shave. You more or less damped your brush in perhaps a polish tin, you know, to spare the water rather than spoil the whole lot. Well, in the first place we'd pour it into our water bottle. If we wanted a drink we'd just have a mouthful, swill the mouth out and spit it back into the bottle. And we daren't drink that until we were sure that we'd get another pint. When you got another pint that's the only time we could have a decent drink of water. Well, decent, I suppose, by this time it wasn't above a couple of spoonfuls left. But we did have to have a shave, insisted on that. And, of course, you felt fresher when you had a shave. But the water was one of the things I always kicked against you know. In fact we wandered about and found an old wagon that had been knocked out and we tried to drain the radiator, we did get a drop out of it although it was rusty brown water and we took it back to the trenches and used that for shaving. It wasn't good enough for drinking but it would save that little drop, and we'd use it for shaving because there might have been antifreeze in from long ago you see. We didn't know. It was all brown and rusty.