

"The first one dropped exactly opposite my dugout ; I paced it afterwards and found it fifteen yards, the second one was within ten yards of it. Thirty seconds sooner and I should have been outside, as I had just been washing and stepped inside my dugout as the first one burst. They say the British army never runs when retreating, but the way we beat it from those dugouts was nothing slow ; I was very decollete at the time, but I didn't even stop to grab my cap.

"The whole thing was really very amusing, but to understand the real humour of it one must know the exact circumstances and our position, which I fear it will take too long to explain. Our corporal, who was laughing so loud just previously, got a splinter in his shoulder. There were three or four got nabbed in our troop, but two of them walked away to get their wounds dressed. The most extraordinary escape of all was that of an old chap who shared the same dugout with me. When the first shell burst he was lying flat on his tummy reading, about seven yards from the dugout, and consequently nearest to the first shell. The fact of his being quite flat at the time probably saved him. But it is all a game of chance, particularly in this long range shell fire, where one is continually in range and even civilians too and yet shells may not come in a six month.

"I was wondering what had become of Rebay ; did he ever get out of Canada last fall?"

The Rebay to whom he refers is F. H. Von Rebay, a German and former member of the staff at Vonda, who left the country before the war. We are advised that he was a Bavarian lieutenant of artillery, and has since last September been a prisoner of war at Gibraltar and at Lofthouse Park, Wakefield, Eng.

The following is an excerpt from a letter written in August from PRIVATE J. P. WINNING, formerly of the Bengough branch:

"I am glad to inform you that my injury was not serious. A piece of shrapnel hit my left foot at the base of the big toe, just glanced off the bone and passed out underneath. The piece was small else the bone would have been shattered, with more serious results. I was very thankful, indeed, to get off so lightly, the particular spot I was in came in for some severe shelling, many of my chums being killed or seriously wounded. Indeed I have often thought since that we who did get out were fortunate to get out alive, the place was a perfect inferno for a few hours. I saw some heart-breaking sights on my way back to the field dressing station, some I shall never forget as long as I live. Bengough boys fared badly that day, out of four in action, one killed, one died of wounds and myself wounded."

The following is an interesting letter from PRIVATE E. C. M. KNOTT, formerly of the Shaunavon branch, dated 9th August, 1915:

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