

*"Mainly for Mother"*

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On the contrary, he was massing men, as we know, for a counter-attack—I must admit a pretty one—on paper—but which had the drawback that advancing as we were, trench by trench, we were taking oodles of prisoners every day and, naturally, knew all about his show—all but the zero, of course.

Well, as it turned out zero day for him and for us was the same date but his zero hour was half an hour later than ours, which was fatal for him. In that half hour his troops had made splendid progress, *some* were almost to our cages. Fancy the haul from his packed trenches!

The two battalions that had the honour on our side found no less than ten Boche divisions represented in the mass in his line. Some odds, wasn't it? Two Canadian divisions beat eighteen German ones, drove them out of the last of the vaunted Hindenburg line, took thousands of prisoners, more indeed than we had infantry in the actual contact.

Well, as I said, the trip for the first phase was just naturally a procession, casualties were only nominal and, honestly, I never thought so many Huns were in France as we met going up (to the cages) many of them, most of them in fact, fine husky young men—picked troops they were, of course.

Our phase though was tough—hammer and tongs fighting all day—right from breakfast till dusk we were at it, but we finally were on our objective and we had a Boche machine gun for every man we had hit, even slightly. These infantry men of ours are certainly marvels at achieving the impossible.

The Boche artillery put up a splendid fight, fought their whizzbangs over open sights till rifle butts