

it came—a bullet in the foot. I went down and the boys swerved around me in the charge to avoid trampling me. It was when I was down that I got another in the hand.

“I crawled into a shell hole. Beside me was a fourth battalion man with his leg off. He bled to death lying there. Another man who laid face downward there with us was alive when we crawled in beside him, for he was groaning. I listened to his groans for two hours and then a shrapnel burst in the air just 30 feet above us. I got hit in the spine then, and I guess I groaned some myself. Anyway, when I came to enough to notice what was going on around me the other fellow’s groans had stopped.”

Not An Easy Place to Hold.

It was not an easy place to hold. It was not a cheap place to hold. But the surrender of this little town would have