

## "MY BELOVED POILUS"

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days and nights, and our little barracks are nearly shaken to pieces. We have had several warnings of gas attacks, but fortunately nothing has happened. One of the orderlies kept his mask on all night and everyone was surprised that he was alive next morning, they are the most awful smelling things you can imagine.

We have never seen so many aeroplanes as during this past week. This morning we counted eighteen in a row.

Mrs. T—— is going to organize another hospital on the Somme and is going to keep this one as well. She certainly has done a splendid work. We are all hoping that the fighting will be over before Christmas.

October 1, 1916.

The rain has begun, so I suppose we may expect to be under water for the rest of the winter, but things are going well for us, so we must hope on; but O! how dreadful it all is.