

from home the other day and lots of 'pills,' so am fully prepared to be generous in distribution! We had a scrap the other night in conjunction (Bluff!!) with a counter attack of ours further north, and about 2 a.m. we let loose with all guns in the vicinity. At the same time the Inf. put over a huge volume of smoke (just to kid Heine along) and opened rapid fire with rifles and machine guns. Needless to say the lines of communication were broken soon, and as I was up in the forward observing station in the front line with Ford Daw, I had to "get out and get under." Well, the line was broken about 60 yards behind the front line parados, and as the night was as dark as soot I had a lively 15 minutes. I started off O.K., and then one of Fritz's machine guns began to make itself obnoxious. I made a wild plunge for what I thought to be a whiz-bang shellhole and found myself 'carrying on,' so to speak. Instead of being a shellhole it was a 10ft. deep communication trench with two feet of soft 'SLUSH.' Talk about Turkish baths! I came up looking like an apology for a mud-turtle. I've never been so 'slushy' in my natural before, and sincerely hope I never will be again! The worst was, when I got in after fixing the breaks and crawled into our first line O. P., instead of being greeted with sympathetic remarks and a 'shot' of rum, I got nothing but *shrieks of laughter* for about 15 minutes!! A joke is alright in the right place, but—!! I got a new uniform out of Mr. Daw, anyway, which is some consolation.

"We gave Fritz a right royal time for two solid hours, and he only found enough energy to put over a feeble retaliation with a few 'pip-squeaks' (3.3 cm.), which did no damage. We hadn't a single casualty. I suppose you saw the result of the counter-attack in the papers? It was quite successful, which is all I can tell you (for 'cencrous' reasons).

I expect we'll move soon, if nothing comes off. I don't think the Bosches can break through, down south, now that they failed in their first 'strafe.'"