

Coming back from——— with ordnance the other day, I saw 22 aeroplanes flying towards the German lines. Some scouted around but 18 of them kept going. "Wait until the Germans open fire on them," we all said. What a sight that was! No sooner were those aeroplanes within range of the German guns than the air was filled with puffs of smoke. Thousands of shells were fired at them, but they kept going, and when I saw them last they were still being shelled. But I heard none of them were lost.

Now, between No. 2 Company's billet and the Q. M. Stores, a distance of about one and a half miles, is a little village. I had just received the order to take No. 2 Company's rations when the enemy thought they would give us a little rouser. They started to shell the road this side of No. 2 Company, and at the same time commenced to knock down a few trees, destroy a few gardens and open up a few cellars. This village was full of civilians. Every house was inhabited. The people stayed for a while, but when a little child had been wounded, and a man blown almost to pieces, they began to come out. Women carrying babies, old men, old women, boys and girls, all carrying what they could first lay their hands on. Children running about crying, wild-eyed mothers looking for some child that

wasn't at home, and everyone scared blue. Over to the left you could see them running across the fields in all directions, and still those shells came, and the dirt and jagged shrapnel would fly in all directions. My load is ready, and two fellows ask me if I'm ready. They climb on and we make a start. Civilians block the way and I stop. Here come some of the fellows, sweating terribly. Reggie Jones is with them. He smiles when he sees me, and shakes his head. Some of them have had narrow escapes. No. 2 Company want their eats and I have to make a start. I got through all right and delivered the rations. Turned around and started back. An interpreter rode just ahead of me and on getting into the danger zone he turned up his coat collar, leaned well forward on his horse, and giving his steed a few lashes with a whip, galloped off in great shape. Several shells fell between this man and myself and four dropped behind me. That's all that happened to me. The hospital was pretty busy that night but otherwise the Germans wasted their shells. The holes in the roads were filled up next day and the holes in the field were made larger. I worked for about an hour in one hole, hoping to find the nose or the cap of the shell, but was forced to give it up for lack of time.

