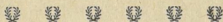


All was darkness except when a flare burst. When one did we were in full view of the enemy, only one hundred and fifty yards away, but there was little danger of their seeing us if we kept perfectly still while the flare was up. We toiled on. Hardly a word was spoken, save perhaps a caution to keep still when a flare burst. Crash ! A roar like hell let loose not forty yards away, and then another crash further away towards the enemy's line. Ernest explained that it was one of our trench mortars. Again all was quit, that is, comparatively quiet. There was still the stutter of the machine guns and the whine of stray bullets overhead. Crash ! . . . Cra-a-ash ! . . . Again the trench mortar. Then the darkness was split like a knife. Crack ! Crack ! Crack ! Crack ! A machine gun tore off about thirty rounds. We could hear the bullets swish past, or we thought we could. Then all was quiet again. At last we were finished, and we plodded back to our dug-outs, only to find that we had to exchange with 14 Platoon and spend the night in the open trench, or rather the morning, for it was already three o'clock."

The above carries the narrative to three o'clock, the morning of June 2. The bombardment which preceded the attack by the Germans, began at about 8.45, the attack itself about 2 p. m. Of this narrative Mr. DeWolfe says: "I have written everything just exactly as it happened, as nearly as I can remember it, and thought you might like to know what I really saw." Yours with love,

BURTON.



Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—Franklin.