

Sept 19th 1916

Dear Mother,

I have come through another big fight unharmed, and am just writing this short letter to let you know that I am alright and in pretty good health. Of course I am not as well as I should like to be, most of us that are left are done up, one can't expect anything else after an affair like we went through on the 17th. But I am thankful that I have been spared.

I have come through two stiff engagements in less than a week, not as bad as it ^{is}. The last one

was the worst ordeal, when we had to cross a large open country under heavy shell fire then extend out and charge them with the bayonet, During this part of the performance, we came in for a deluge of rifle and machine gun fire, indeed I expected to be bowled over in a minute, as the four chaps were dropping on all sides, but we got there all right.

Our Battalion is very weak now after the recent heavy fighting, and despite the fact that we had a draft of 200 after the last affair, I can safely say that we are not up to half strength at the present time. The Germans have

Have pushed back a long way, but
it is costing a great deal in lives.
Our guns are playing havoc with
them and thousands of prisoners
are taken every day. Many have
come over from their own lines to
surrender, they bring their rifles
with them. They are all "shakes and
sighs", some of them very fine fellows
and are delighted to fall into our
hands.

We are back behind the tree
road, just where the biggest guns
are, and are firing in the open.
It is a terrible day to day, and
fortunately I have managed to dig
an old dug out, which don't let
the rain in. We are not firing
very high shells, our food consisting