

Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 1913

Dear Dad,

I am writing this  
soon after coming out of  
action. I have had some  
terrible experiences during  
the last few days, and  
I am had remarkable luck.  
I hardly thought that I would  
come out of it alive. We  
have had many casualties  
and some of my best pals  
are among the killed!

However, I must cut it  
short this time by saying that  
I am alright and in good  
health. I thought that I had  
it one time, but it proved to  
!

It was only a slight one, a  
small piece of shell hitting  
me in the thigh it did a  
lot and I thought once of  
making my way to the dressing  
station, but the road down  
was under a terrific bombardment  
at the time and I deemed  
it wiser to join the boys.  
They were preparing to make  
a last stand, but reinforcements  
arrived in time. I was in  
that position twice that day  
(last Sunday). You will probably  
understand part of what we  
had to go through when I tell  
you that we came under our  
own shell fire as well as the  
enemies. We held the position.