

Sheet 3.

alright. Whizz-kruff again & get again + a fourth time, each shell seeming to get nearer. I thought to myself, if I stay here many more minutes I shall surely be blown to pieces, + get to move out of cover was asking for more bullets.

Still came the shells, so I made up my mind to try + crawl along to the left + back to our trenches. The pain in my back was beginning to make itself felt, but I scrambled out + rolled over just on one side + then the other from one shell hole to another - having a slight pause in each. The second time I slept into, I came across Corp. Gallyp. (whom Gerbie will remember at Verdun) He

had been shot through the leg. So I asked him if he was going to make a dash for it with me. He said yes as he realised it was death to stay out under this shell fire.

We crawled along + at last reached our first line + with a sigh of relief dropped into the trench, but the sight which met our eyes was almost too awful to describe. Poor fellows lying everywhere, some dead, some dying in agony, with limbs + shoulders blown away, faces altered beyond recognition. Others crawling on hands + knees, + some making their way along to the rear like ourselves. We had to tread over many a dead + dying man but we could do nothing.