

his place is a vision of Hell. The smells... the sounds...

The battle of the Somme (a river in northern France) has been going on for months. The place is a quagmire of mud. We live in our hole in the ground as if we have already been buried. We are attacking hard, and the enemy are defending every step of the way. I run through mud and barbed wire, explosions, machine gun fire. Men die around me, friends. . .

I see terrible, terrible things... My own regiment started out with 400 men. Only 79 were still alive when we left. And I was one of the lucky few.





