

LUTON SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES.

Lying Three Hours in Water.

Pte. J. W. Dolling, attached to the 1st Beds Regiment, and living at 34, Grange-road, Luton, has been invalided home from the front (Ypres) fortnight now, and is still in bed, but hopes to with rheumatism. He has been hoarse about a be able to get about soon. Some of his experiences are well worth recording. One night, when it was raining very heavily, they had to advance in the trenches, but they had not gone far before a German sniper held the whole company at bay. They could not go, and had to get into a ditch, which was very muddy, and held about six inches of water. They had to lie in this water for nearly three hours, and that was how he got his rheumatism. He had to be carried about for nearly a week in Belgium, being moved from one hospital to another. On another occasion, they had to drive a lot of Germans out of a farmhouse. Before doing so, says Pte. Dolling, "Capt. Gale, of our regiment, said to me that I had got to go with him to see first whether it was Germans or Ghurkas. So we both went, and we had only got a few yards before we heard shots fired. Ping, ping, ping, came the bullets. The Captain was wounded in the arm, but I came from there without a scratch, though how I did get away without being hit God only knows. Some of my mates bound the Captain up, and he told me to be on sentry where we expected they would follow us. That was a bit risky for one man, but as it happened, no one appeared there, and a good job they d'dn't. During the next day the Ghurkas made a charge, and those they did not kill they took prisoners. There were about sixty Germans in that one house.

"Another experience was when we had to make a charge on the Prussian Guards, who scattered as soon as they saw our bayonets. While making this charge a bullet just cut a piece of skin off my nose, which poured with blood a few seconds. At the same time my cousin, Albert Pepper, of Ampthill, was wounded in the shoulder and fell at my feet, but was soon taken away on the stretcher to hospital.

"I was only about four men away from J. Weedon, of Wimborne-road, Luton, when the poor fellow fell dead in the trench. We had not been in action many days before this happened.