

LETTER FROM PTE. A. B.  
ROBERTSON.

AIR-RAIDS ON LONDON.

Writing to his parents (formerly of Hartley Vale) from King George Hospital, Stamford St., London, Pte. A. B. Robertson says:—"I have been in bed eight weeks, but am getting on fairly well now, although very stiff and sore from lying so long. London people are dreading the winter, with its fogs, as they are so great a shield for the German Zeppelins in their night attacks.

"We had a most unpleasant experience—a Zeppelin raid—on October 13. About ten o'clock at night we were awakened by a terrific explosion quite near the hospital, and it wasn't long before we realised the Zeps. were amongst us. They dropped about 17 bombs in three minutes, but our anti-aircraft guns soon got to work, and for a few minutes it was worse than any artillery duel I ever heard at Gallipoli. However, the guns from all parts of the city soon drove the Zeps. to a safer place, so they tried to do as much damage in the suburbs as they did in London—and succeeded. We could hear the guns booming all night, but when daylight came our 'brave Germans' had flown—the light is no good to them. The next day told its gruesome tale, dozens of homes ruined, business places destroyed, and streets torn up, as well as 172 casualties. Some of the victims received the most awful wounds imaginable, and many of the dead were beyond recognition. But the pity of it is every Zep escaped. The attack was made on the commercial part of London.

"Four Zeppelins took part in the raid. Our aeroplanes went up, and when the searchlights got on to the Zeps., our aircraft gave chase, but the Zeps. were too fast for them. The toll of their raids is 500 London citizens since last December. They were over three nights in one week.

At the time of writing, Pte. Robertson was still confined to his bed, but hoped to be up in a week or so. Although the Australian soldiers are nursed by English sisters, the Australian nurses who minister to the wants of the English Tommies, frequently visit the Colonials, and regale them with chocolates, which is about all the writer is allowed to have.