

**MANNOCK** (writing in diary): Today had a very disagreeable experience. Went out on patrol, engaged Huns and chased one over towards Courcelles. I got separated and was attacked by three Huns. My gun jammed and the gunsight oiled up. I thought it was all over. We were sixteen thousand feet up at the time. I turned almost vertically on my tail - nosedived down towards our own lines, zig-zagging for all I was worth with machine-guns crackling away behind me like mad. When I was about three thousand feet over Arras the Huns for some reason turned and left me. I immediately ran into another one but hadn't the pluck to face him. I turned away and landed here with my knees shaking and my nerves all torn to bits. I feel a bit better now but all my courage seems to have gone after that experience. The C.O. was very good and didn't put me on any more line jobs today... I hope I feel O.K. again in the morning as I am on the Dawn Patrol. (P.14)