

My wound was bleeding very much, but
as I got to the second line I met one of our
Sketcher Bearers + he said he would put
a dressing on it, + told me to lie in the
bottom of the trench or creep into a dug out
if I could not keep out. The Chateau
Dressing Station (the Chateau I have
mentioned in previous letters). On I kept
through the trenches passing heaps of dying
+ wounded comrades, in fact the trenches
were running with blood. To make things
worse. Friday had been a hot sunny day
+ it had turned the watery slush into
sticky mud, which was still up to our
knees. One thing I admired was coming

across one wounded man helping to carry
or lift another comrade more unfortunate.
I was unable to do this as it was my back
which was hurt. At last I got to the Dressing
Station but here were heaps & heaps of
wounded who had got there before me +
would you believe it, but the Germans trained
their guns on to the Chateau's gave in 5
minutes terrible bombardment. This cruelty
is beyond humanity. I could see I should
have to wait hours maybe before I should be
attended to so the Dr. asked to walk to the
Dressing Stn at Albert if possible. So I hobbled
on for another mile to Albert + by the time
I got there, I was done up. I was wounded
at 9.30 am arriving Albert about 11.30.
My wound was dressed again at 2.0 p.m.
The Dr. said I had a wound very deep about