King George Ward

Boscombe Military Hospital

Bournemouth

My Dear Bill

Just a line or two to let you know I am still alive, which I can tell you is nothing short of a miracle. Yes as I expect you know by now I have had the pleasure of stopping a packet. Oh! And such a packet too. We were just in front of Delville and Trones Wood, and they were shelling us like fury, you know that very heavy black stuff, and there was gas shells, in fact every kind of shell you can think of. Well just got out of one little dug-out because they had blown half of it in and I heard another shell coming and made a dive for the next dug-out, and this blessed shell landed smack on top of it. Well I never felt so funny in all my life. There were seven in this place 3 of ours including me and 4 others R.E etc. When I came to, I found I was choking and believe me I was buried under 4 poor dead chaps ah it was awful. Anyway I was lucky in getting carried out. They told me at first that they would have to leave me until night. But you know Auntie Robinson 16 platoons officer. Well he and three stretcher bearers volunteered to get me out. And so they rushed me right through Trones Wood under shell fire. What a journey, you know down shell holes me, stretcher and all. But at last they managed it. We had a peaceful journey across, and eventually landed in one of the nicest hospitals you could find. Well, Bill I hope you are making a success at your new job. I hope I get a chance with my musketry when I return to the depot again as I can assure you I don’t want to go back again.

Well mate write soon won’t you.

I must close now

Cheers mate

Yours to a cinder

Eric