

France
4/10/17

My dear Lydia
Many thanks
for your tin of Biscuits &
the sheep also they got
crushed to 8 m. trees
in the explosion that followed
the shelling of a battery just
behind our Dressing Station
in the last stunt. The stores
were awaiting removal
when the gun blew up
a piece of gun the size of
half a horse fell forward
& pulverized our things
However had some of the
biscuits. Still no tin cans
for those who were in that hour
the rain mud seats were
appalling the ordinary stumps
kind could not appreciate the
conditions. I had to form a
dressing station under a full
box surrounded by rubble
& covered by shell holes full
of water. The only paths
were the tramped down

ridges between the holes. The
mud was leach where it was
only an inch deep. We set
up a counter, offered thousands
every day with hot stew & bread
& rum yes rum because
the men were utterly exhausted
& could not have carried on
without it. We had few men
killed but I lost holes a lot of
close friends in the Rifle Brigade
whose deaths we lost by
some sterling fighting leaders
I am keeping fit but will not
be sorry when the war is over.
As I have been away two years
in Italy. I am my love to
Lizzie Rose & hope I am
hoping my watch repaired
Rose safely & the book to
Lizzie. I am writing to the
proud mother of the N.S.C.
Thanks the heavens welfare
is in a safe job in England
with fondest love to
you all at 496
yours affectionately
Jim