

Crumps

an injection of "anti-tetanus" in the side, and the fact was recorded on a label tied to my left-hand top pocket button. The doctor tied me up, then said: "You'll soon be all right. Will you have a bottle of English beer or a drop of whiskey?" I had the whiskey. I needed it. All the time I was there the wounded poured in. Seeing them I felt ashamed to be there with only a smashed hand. A corporal came in with both hands blown off and fifty-six other wounds. He had tried to save the men in his bay by throwing back a German bomb and it had gone off in his hands. Hawkins came up later on with my helmet and the fuse head of the shell which blew me up. We were all collected together and waited in the dugouts of the dressing station until dusk. Several shells came close to us. I tried to write to my mother with my left hand, so that when she received the War Office cable she would know I was able to write.

Dusk came, then night, and finally the Ford ambulance cars which were to take us