

hitting me on my left cheek. I was not down a minute till I had a bandage out and held it to my face and convinced myself that it was not very bad and up I jumped and made my way to a more quiet corner of the country with some of the Black Watch I was forming up. After going about 300 yards my legs got "groggy" and a Lieutenant of the Gordons gave me his arm and soon I was on a stretcher and from that on to my own cart with six mules pulling me over boulders of all shapes and sizes back to Camp which I reached about seven o'clock. I was soon patched up and put into a *beautiful bed* which was so comfortable and soft that I could not sleep on it after six weeks or more on *good hard ground*. I was, and am well looked after. I was unable to walk about as my head swam although my feet didn't. I consoled myself that I got off cheap with only a stellate scar that a penny will cover about an inch below the eye and one and a half inches from my nose, a broken upper jaw, a few loose teeth and a most glorious black eye that does one good to look at.

Well next day, Tuesday, 12th, I was sent on down here. On the Monday night most of the officers and men were sent down to Orange River and there we picked up the wounded officers of the "Black Watch" and the "Gordons" who were picked up on Monday soon after I was wounded. I tell you it was hard lines for me to see all my old officers hopping in and I not able to help them, but it was gratifying, although it upset me, to hear their kind enquiries of me.

The second in command (Major Duff) who was wounded in the the hand, said, "You won the V. C." and you will get it and passed on. I was unable to answer him. A lot of Colonels and other chaps came in and complimented me and talked nonsense about me, but a young Lieutenant of my own corps got the only pint of milk in the place for me, so I was well looked after I must say.

We arrived here on a Friday. I walked with assistance into a buggy. I hear I am doing wonderfully well except that I am unable to chew my food which is hard lines on a chap, but I eat all the same.

Capt. Gordon is in the next ward to me and he has not had a symptom, and this is the seventh day.

What else to say I don't know except that I am living in the light of surgery, with a bandaged face.