

Roy Herbert Hospital  
Baculwich.

Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> 1916

My dear wife

I had to stop the last letter rather suddenly, so I am writing again. I was under the X rays yesterday, and nurse tells me that I have a large piece of metal in my leg, I am inclined to think it may be a piece of high explosive shell, that got me, not that it matters, only if so it will be a more ragged wound. Anyway I walked miles over very rough ground with it. I did not become a stretcher case until I reached Boulogne, I was hobbling about with a stick, when one of the doctors there, said, "but that

man on a stretcher, Well dear  
I have been lucky, I am not  
injured permanently, and if you  
saw some of the poor fellows  
you would thank God, that I have  
got off so lightly. Oh how pleasant  
it is to lie in a clean bed, after  
the beds I have lain on these last  
4 months, I think I could soon  
have been knocked up, I could  
not sleep at night for lice, I  
am sure there were thousands on  
me, I used to lie and pick them  
off the whole night. They kept me  
off my sleep worse than the shells.  
Well I am alright now for some  
time to come, and it is possible  
owing to my deafness they may

not send me to the front again.  
Well dear I think we have got  
the Germans beat now, there does  
not seem to be any fight left  
in their infantry, I did not get  
over to the German trench, but  
some who did tell me, that they  
either bolted, or held up their hands.  
It was a wonderful sight to see  
our boys going through that hell  
in extended order, and makes  
me more than ever proud of our  
race. I am pleased to see by  
Prinsep's letter that the Garden  
is such a success, and that  
you have so many potatoes.  
I expect my mail will follow  
me here, but I have had none

so far. I have written to  
Pella, and will likely get a  
letter from her in a day or two  
I will close now, with love

from your  
ever loving husband.

Jim