

A SOLDIER'S LETTER

From Somewhere in Germany

Following is a letter from Corporal G. Bradley, a member of the original 16th Battalion, who was wounded at Gallipoli, and was captured, wounded by the Germans at Bullecourt. He is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

To my dear ones at home,—

I do not know if you have yet received the information that I am a prisoner of war in Germany, and the thought of your anxiety worries me more than I can say. But, O, my dear ones, I hope long ere you have news of my capture. What must you all think of me, I feel the disgrace of this keenly, and oft-times wish that I were laying on the wire in No Man's Land. But God knows, it was not my fault, our little lot was cut off and bombs were being showered in on us. Very soon we had nothing to reply with, and were ordered to surrender. Rather than do this, some of us jumped out, and made a dash to get back. I got through with wonderful luck, until I thought I was far enough from the Germans to wait for the evening barrage, I knew it was sure to come, and got into a shell-hole to wait. A second later I heard someone calling. And looking back I saw a poor chap wounded and trying to drag himself towards me. I believe the Germans behaved well, while we were getting into another shellhole, for I never saw a shot hit near us for these few seconds. I bandaged him as best I could, telling him that I would not leave him and that very soon the barrage would come, and we would get back to our lines under the cover of it. Imagine our feelings a few seconds later to find ourselves looking up into the barrel of a revolver and being invited to continue our tour as far as Deutschland, which by the way means Germany. What could I do then but accept with what grace I might, the rather doubtful pleasure of carrying my new found and wounded friend back to the German lines and beyond through our own barrage, which just opened a moment too late to save us.

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to save us.
That is the story of my capture and I hope you at least will feel it is not my fault, that I am no longer fighting for the land we hold so dear. Now, you will want to know how I fare here. Well, we are getting sufficient food and the Red Cross are going to supply us with parcels per month and clothes. These parcels are really good and will enable us to live well. Private parcels I find are not allowed, so do not send any, though you may be able to get into communication with the Red Cross Society and send them. Small packages of chocolate (not fancy ones), these I think they will include in the parcel for me. As regards labor, this I will not be compelled to do, except in the capacity of a non-combatant. So you see you may be easy in your minds about me, and only look forward to the time when I will be with you once again.