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AN ARUNDEL MAN AT MONS AND IN  
THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

We take the following from two letters sent to his mother, Mrs. Henry Morley, 7, Gratwicke-terrace, Arundel, by her son Harold, in the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regt.:

I am getting on all right. We are all well looked after. The hospital is the Birmingham University. . . . We went from Southampton to Havre (France), and the first thing to attract my attention was the comical dress of the French soldiers. They wear great blue coats and red trousers. If you saw them marching along in England you would think it was a circus procession, or something of that sort. We stopped at Havre one day, and continued on the following midnight by train. We must have travelled two or three hundred miles past Amiens and Arras, and got out at a small station named Wassigny. You would be surprised how well the French people treated us. We stopped at all large stations, and there were crowds of people on the platform, with loaves of bread, cigarettes, tobacco, milk, cider, eggs boiled, chocolate, and all kinds of ripe fruit. It was a glorious time for us until we got as far as a small village called ——. We stopped there for five days. From there we were on the march day and night. Owing to aeroplanes, we could not go into billet until after dark, and had to be away again before light. We reached as far as Mons, but we did not get into actual fighting with them. I happened to be an eye-witness; that was the first time I had seen such a sight. The next day we had to start the retirement. We must have marched a good thirty miles, and, to make things worse, it was raining all the afternoon and evening. We had our overcoats in our packs, and that's where they stopped; we had no order to take them out. We got into a village about 9 o'clock that night, soaking wet, and absolutely done for. Our clothes and equipment were so heavy with wet, and clinging to us, we hardly knew how to get along. . . . We were given a waterproof sheet each, which we had handy if it came on to rain. Our Brigade went right through Soissons and Collumiers. But the thing that was most distressing was to see the poor refugees leaving their homes. We could not get any bread now. One baker we asked for bread could speak English, and said it was no use getting fresh supplies in and making more bread for the Germans to take. We had to live on corned beef and hard biscuits, like dog biscuits. When we started on the advance we saw nothing but deserted villages, all shops and houses utterly pillaged. Has Mrs. Dalton heard anything of Felix? I saw him two hours before I got wounded; that was about 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, the 10th September. The Battalion that morning walked right into a death trap. The German artillery were firing on us at a range of 450 yards. Shells were bursting over us like drops of rain. Our three heads were all killed—the Colonel, Adjutant, and Regimental Sergeant-Major. But of Felix or any of the others from Arundel I know nothing. But I hope they are all right.

I have not yet told you much about the

day when I got wounded. It was on the 10th September (Thursday), the Battle of the Marne, last day. I will try and tell you practically what happened. We were on the march long before it was light. We knew we were hot on the heels of Germans, and so expected to come in contact with them during the day. We had gone about ten miles, when in the distance, on a line of hills on the skyline, we could detect small batches of German cavalry moving about. As we got closer they all retired. That day our battalion was leading the column. To be able to advance over this hill, the first three companies went up in extended order; "A" Company, being last, were the first to go up in column—that is, in fours. As the first three companies reached the top of the hill they were opened on by rifle fire, but as soon as we reached the top shrapnel shells came and burst over the top of us like drops of rain. At this first outset we all darted to the left of the road, under cover of a ridge. The first three platoons were ordered to advance in extended order, our platoon again being last. Before the order came for us to extend, a shell burst in the centre of us, and I swear when that order did come there were no more than 20 out of the 50 complied with it. I laid there among dead and wounded; I could not walk until I was properly dressed and cared for a bit. . . . I got a shrapnel bullet in my back; it is still there. I had it X-rayed last evening, and will probably have it taken out to-morrow (Friday). . . . The shells are about a foot long, containing 364 bullets. They are timed to burst in the air, and the forward throw is 200 yards by 75. That is, if a shell burst over the top of me, anyone within a distance of 200 yards is likely to be shot down.