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A BOGNOR SOLDIER'S LETTERS.—A reader sends the following extracts from recent letters received from Sergeant J. J. Isted, of the Royal Sussex, now in the City of London Military Hospital, Clapton, N.E., lately head gardener at the Merchant Taylor's Home, Bognor:—

"You will see by the above address that I have got back to England again. I came here on July 6th. I got wounded in the left leg on June 30th at ———. We were making an attack at dawn, but we never took the German trenches, as they were waiting for us, and mowed us down as fast as we got there. We lost a lot of men. I believe I only got part of the way there before I got shot. My wound is not serious, and is getting on nicely. It will keep me here some weeks yet. The wound is just at the back of the knee—went right through, but did not touch the bone, thank goodness.

I am afraid Sussex has been hit badly this time. My Company lost all its officers—three missing and one wounded. Nearly all the Sergeants were killed or wounded. I was very lucky to get out of it alive. I believe there are a good many killed and wounded from Bognor. They keep bringing wounded in here every day, but none of them belong to my Regiment, so they must be in some other part of England. Don't think for a moment that the Germans had it all their own way. I may tell you that they lost very heavily indeed; our artillery blew them to pieces; hardly a man was left in the trenches. It was their big guns that kept us back. I hope to see you before I go out again, if I do go out.

It may be only a short time before I am in Bognor and be able to tell you of my short experiences in France. We get treated very well indeed in this Hospital—plenty of good food, and about two good concerts a week by first-class artistes. Yesterday we went to a garden party at Stamford Hill, given by the Conservative Club to wounded soldiers, and it was excellent—everything we wanted was there. We had a band, also a concert party. We went in motor cars lent by private owners. Of course, I can't get about very fast, but I get out in the grounds with the help of a stick. I suppose if I get well soon enough they will send me out again. Well, if they do, I hope good fortune still follows me, as it has done since I went out, for I have had several narrow escapes.

Of course, I have lost all my "souvenirs," which I had collected, and they can never be replaced. But I don't mind that, as I have got off with my life, and very lucky too, under the circumstances."