

"Night Suddenly Descended."

About eight weeks ago, Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Alcorn received a cable from their son, Capt. Robt. M. Alcorn, R.A.M.C., medical officer of the 8th Northumberland Fusiliers, British Expeditionary Force, stating that he was wounded, but no details were given. They have now received a letter from him, which has relieved their anxiety. He says "The expected has happened at last. I am getting on well, and there is no probability of disability from wounds except perhaps stiffness in ankle and two fingers. We were in reserve trenches, a sunken road, and shells were coming over at intervals. Two shells came over together, one fell beyond the trench, the other about three feet behind me. I stumbled forward with a rather absurd idea of getting under cover, and night suddenly descended. I felt a burning pain in my hand and it became light again. Someone called out 'Doc, I'm hit,' so I went to him, but, finding it was not serious, went on to some men who were wounded and sent them up the trench in case of more shells falling, and got stretcher-bearers out. After their dressings were fixed up, I had a look at my hand, and got out a fairly big piece of metal, which was buried in the palm; felt more comfortable after that. Got dressings on, and walked down to ambulance post, was re-dressed there, and went on by motor to No. 3 Australian C.C.S., from which I was put on ambulance train and came down here (Rouen), after a very comfortable journey. It seemed strange passing through —, just the road along which I did quite a sprint some weeks ago under the stimulus of a German sniper's shooting. The result of my damage was a bit of metal in upper left arm, foot, ankle, and back of scalp, as well as the wound in hand, a cut on top of scalp, a graze on hip bone, so I consider I was very lucky. That afternoon I was X-rayed, and an hour after had the piece of metal taken out of my foot and my arm drained. I am getting first-rate treatment. The surgeon here, Major Austin, was a prisoner in Germany for six months at the beginning of the war. This hospital (British Red Cross Hospital) was formerly a college for young priests, who, I am told, have all gone to the war. It is very suitable for a hospital, nice bright rooms, with gardens, and walks. There has been very heavy fighting later, and our Anzac Corps distinguished themselves again.