

28th April 1916 – My Birthday

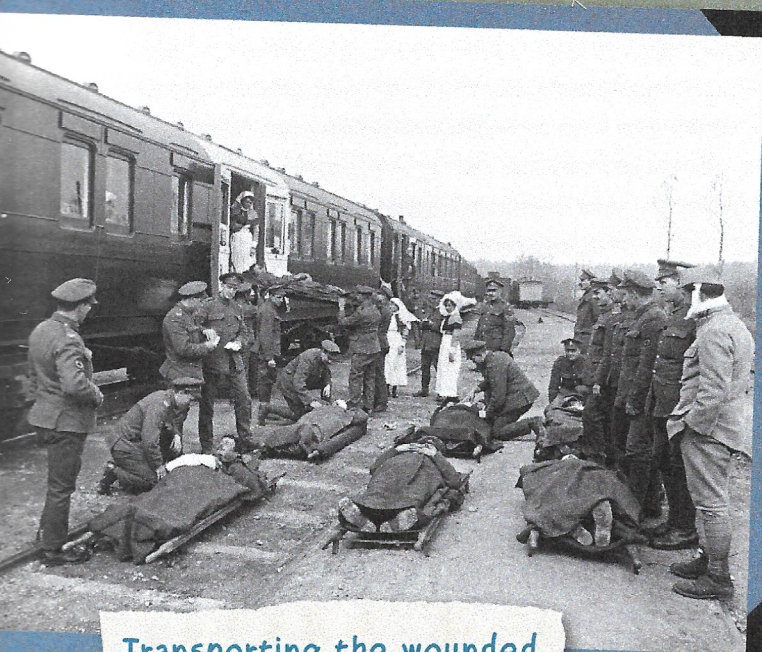
My presents:

- ✓ Nine days on the front without rest.
- ✓ A big box of exhaustion.
- ✓ Seven months in France without leave.
- ✓ Terrible nightmares.

The other day I woke up feeling terribly ill. My ears were ringing and my body was shaking. I could hardly stand up. My head was foggy and full of the sights I had seen . . . explosions, men blown to bits, drowning in mud. . . I tried to start the day but I couldn't.



A birthday card I received



Transporting the wounded

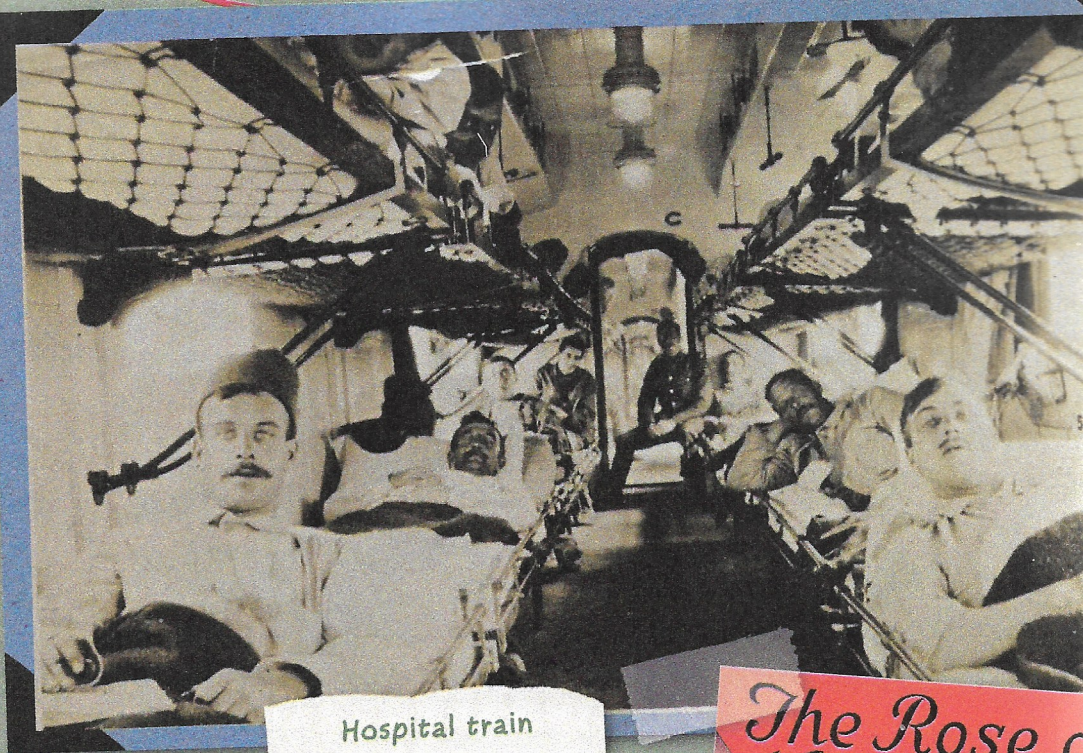
My officer knew I was not the sort to make a fuss so he sent me off to the nearest hospital. When I got there they gave me a bed of wire netting – and I could lie on it FULL LENGTH, stretched out. This is LUXURY after crouching in the trenches night after night.

The nurses gave me evaporated milk to make me stronger. The

doctor decided to send me back to Britain. He said I had "shell shock". I'm not sure what this means. Maybe the endless explosions have shocked my system.

What bliss it is to sleep. . .





Hospital train

In hospital back in Britain

I'm surrounded by men with what's called "Trench Fever" or "Shell Shock". The doctors have lots of official names for it, like Acute Mania, Neurasthenia, Acute Exhaustion. They all mean the same thing - men with shattered nerves who shake as if they have a permanent fever, men who dream and scream. They have become empty shells, shivering and shaking at the slightest noise. One of the doctors told me that many soldiers don't recover. Not ever. But I did.

The Rose of No Man's Land

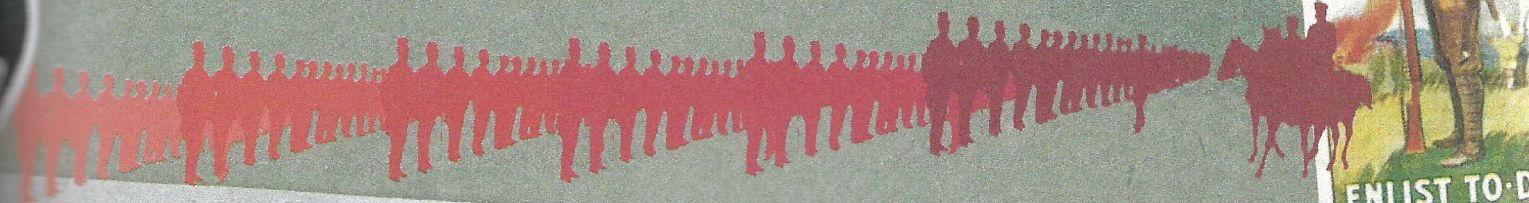
Words by Jack Caddigan
Music by James A. Brennan



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It has taken three months, but now I'm heading back to the battle front.



ENLIST TO-D

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PROCEEDINGS OF A MEDICAL BOARD

Army Form A. 15.

(Rank and Name) *Walter Tull*

by order of *A.C.I. 423 dated 9/3/17*

(Corps)