

32507 9<sup>th</sup> Batt York and Lancs  
C Company  
12 platoon I.G. Section  
Birmingham  
England B20 3RG

Dear Dad

1<sup>st</sup> September 1917

Today may well be my last. Today was the day I ran across No Man's land, across the battle field, across the mud. All there is mud, mud and more mud, mixed with blood and guts.

I feel cold, I feel wet and I feel sad. I've seen the last of my comrades. The cold blooded enemy is picking us off one by one, and I'm thinking I might be the next victim. So if you get this message I ask you to be proud of me for serving my country.

Yours truly,

Harry Patch