

Reporting
Trooper Potts in
1915

The Trooper Potts VC Memorial Site



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The Berkshire Chronicle
Friday 10th September 1915 Page 7

A THRILLING STORY SUFFERINGS FROM THIRST

A very interesting letter describing the fighting has been received by his sister of 54 Edgehill Street Reading, from Trooper Frederick William Owen Potts, who is now on a hospital ship suffering from a wound in the thigh. He writes:-

On going into action we had to run across an open space to the foot of some hills, a distance I should think of one and a half miles, while the enemy were pelting shrapnel into us. Just a wee bit hot. The Berkshires did not lose many men in this venture, although some regiments suffered very severely. The next move was an advance up the hill, it was perfect hell, chaps being mown down anyhow. When about a quarter of a mile from the summit we were told to get ready to charge. Not a man faltered. We had already captured a Turkish trench and when the order was given to charge over we went. About twenty yards the other side I received a wound in the thigh; it completely knocked me off my feet and I had to lie there. Presently another of our chaps crawled to where I was; he was shot in the groin.

We stayed where we were all that night suffering very much from thirst, but it was much worse the next day. It seemed as if we should go mad for the want of a drink. When night came we decided to move if possible. This was no light job as firing had been going on all around us. One bullet actually grazed my ear but we managed it somehow. Then we were able to get some water off a man that had been killed, Rather a painful job taking it, but one of necessity. We found a hiding place for the remainder of the night, and next day we dare not show ourselves for the fear of snipers. Oh! the thirst. I crawled from one body to another getting water. When we got any it was like wine, although it was nearly boiling. When night came we decided that anything was better than to die of thirst so we crawled to where we thought we might find some English lines.

RESCUING A COMRADE

The other chap could hardly move and after a few yards had to give up, so I dragged him down the hill bit by bit for about three quarters of a mile. Before we started I prayed as I have never prayed before for strength, help and guidance and felt confident we should win, though when the bottom of the hill was reached we came to a wood. I left the other chap to find a way through. I had not gone more than 20 yards when i received the command to 'halt'. I had by good luck struck a British

trench. I soon told my tale and it was not long before they found stretchers for both of us and had us in the trench where we were treated with every kindness. It must have been through the mercy of God that we got through because, as these chaps told us, there were heaps of snipers out on our side as well as the enemy's. From here we were carried to a field ambulance dressing station and had our wounds dressed. Then we were put on an ambulance cart and sent to the Welsh casualty clearing station, and from there on board this boat.