

Arthur Vizard**Regimental Aid Post**

They'd started the job with me on the Main Dressing Station and I had clips right across. I'd got ninety-six stitches in there in the back, and they'd got clips put in which halted most of the bleeding. But the troublesome was the spine was chipped and that's where I was put in to these, because they wanted to do something about that. All the Regimental Aid Posts, Dressing Stations, Main Dressing Stations, were very gory places you know, like a butcher's abattoir, shocking. I mean fellows covered in blood from head to foot all over their hair and faces and everything else. Because they're really at the sharp end. Blokes coming in, and I mean they've only got a matter of minutes to save a life. Amputations are carried out at incredible speed. I saw one fellow have his leg taken off, it didn't take more than about a minute and a half and away it went. And they did a very hard, a very good job. There were never... If you say "Are there enough"? Well there can't be enough because nobody knows the peak, what the peak will be on casualties. So you guess the peak and you put in the medical facilities to meet that guessed peak, and if it exceeds it then there aren't enough, if it falls short of it then there are too many. Or there never can be too many but there are an adequate number.