

**Ernest Galley**  
**Wounding**

And then I took off for the side of the road. Well I made it about half way and something hit me just like Joe Louis. I remember slinging the grenades somewhere, the box spun round and down and there was blood everywhere. I was hit right behind the ear, came out that side of my face and I thought "Jesus, I've been shot through the bloody head and I was still alive". And I wasn't unconscious but I could not see, the blood had spurted out must have gone into me eyes. I'd hardly been lying four or five minutes and I was covered with flies, there was flies everywhere. I sort of knew then, I don't know whether it's self-preservation instinct or what. I was over the initial shock. I'd been there about five or six minutes and I couldn't see because the blood had been running up my face and it had started to congeal on my eyes so I started spitting into me hand. I got this eye clear, took me field dressing out, wrapped it round me head, and I must have had a hole – well it blew part of my cheek bone out. I felt for this jaw and my jaw was at about 90 degrees, it had just fallen round. I thought "Bloody, never mind", I said "you know you're still in one piece".