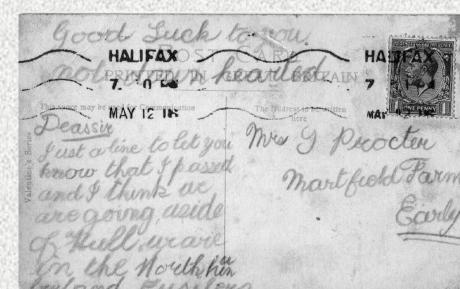
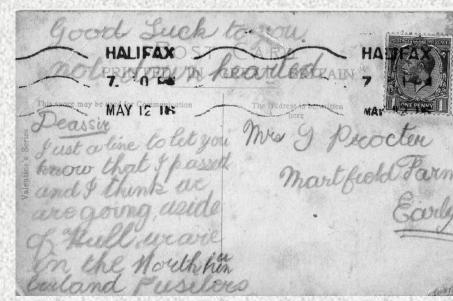
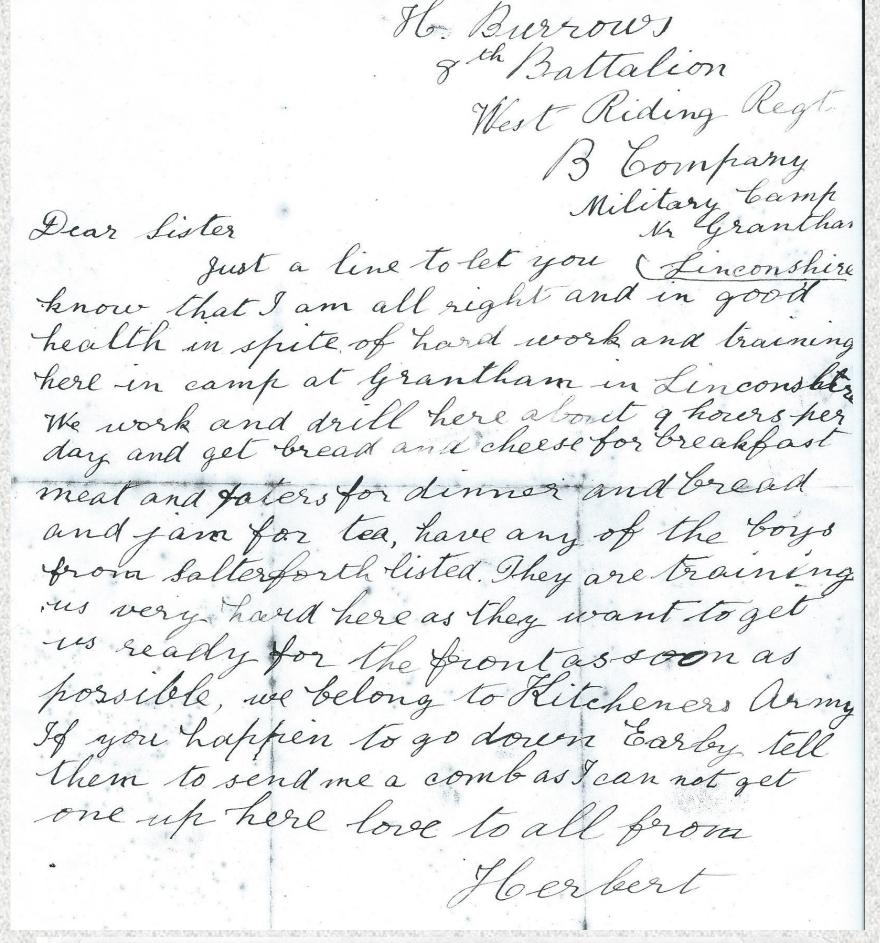
## WRITING HOME

Below is a selection of cards and letters sent home from our troops during the 1st World War. Some are from training camps in England and others from the front line. All were written in pencil and had to pass censorship. Many letters were reproduced in the local press, the Craven Herald, West Yorkshire Pioneer and the Colne Times. All carry messages of reassurance to those back home and are often poignant and timelessly moving.



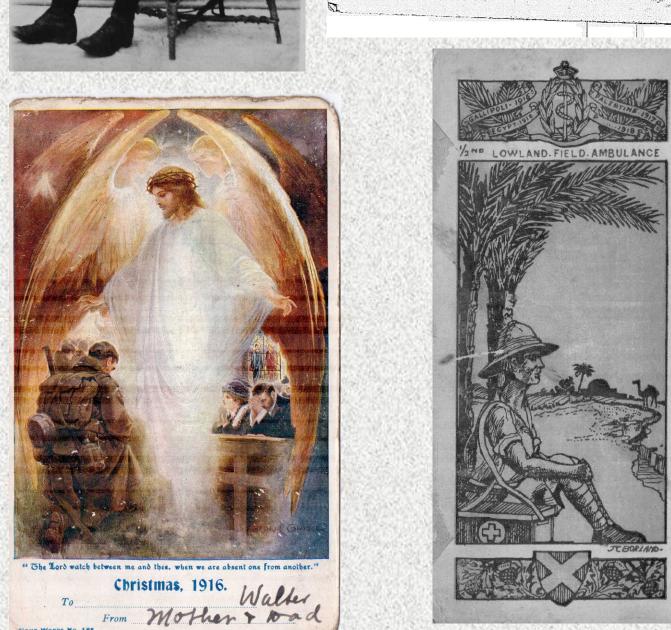






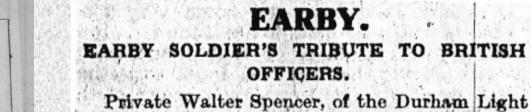






Nome Memories





Infantry (son of Mr. T. Spencer, 34, Albion Street, Earby) writing to one of his friends in Earby under date September 23rd, gives an interesting account of his experience in the following words :-

"We have now been in the firing line for four nights and days without a wash or shave, and it looks like being here for some considerable time looks like being here for some considerable time yet. Although we are dirty, we are still in the best of spirits, and much happier than you would imagine. In fact, if it was not for the dead one sees lying about one would not think that any thing so serious as war was going on by the wayour men go about their work. If you hear anyone say anything against the conduct of our officers in war time just give them "one up for me, will you, because from what I have seen myself he has no superior. All class distinctions vanish on active service: they live on the same rations on active service; they live on the same rations as us, sleep under the same conditions, and go unwashed and unshaved just like the rest of us. The greatest fault he has is that he exposes himself to fire much more than is necessary. It is no uncommon thing to see a private ask an officer for tobacco or matches, and vice versa.

We had rather a rough time of it last Sunday, our losses being rather heavy, but the German losses must have been terrible. One regiment in our brigade suffered heavily through Ger-man treachery. A large party of them came in with the white flag, and when this particular regiment went out to take them prisoners they turned their machine guns on them! Another party of Germans came in last night to surrender, but they did not get the chance to use their treachery this time. Our fellows let into them and they fled, leaving 200 wounded behind. All the Germans I have seen look hungry, weary and haggard, and from the stories of prisoners they are tired and "fed up" with the war. We are up against the pick of the German Army here, and the general impression is that we have a 'soft job 'on, so that if we clear this lot the remainder should be easy.

Perhaps you would like to know what it feels like to be under fire for the first time. Well, it feels rather queer, just for the moment, but it soon wears off, and when one sees one's chums dropping it makes one feel all the more eager to

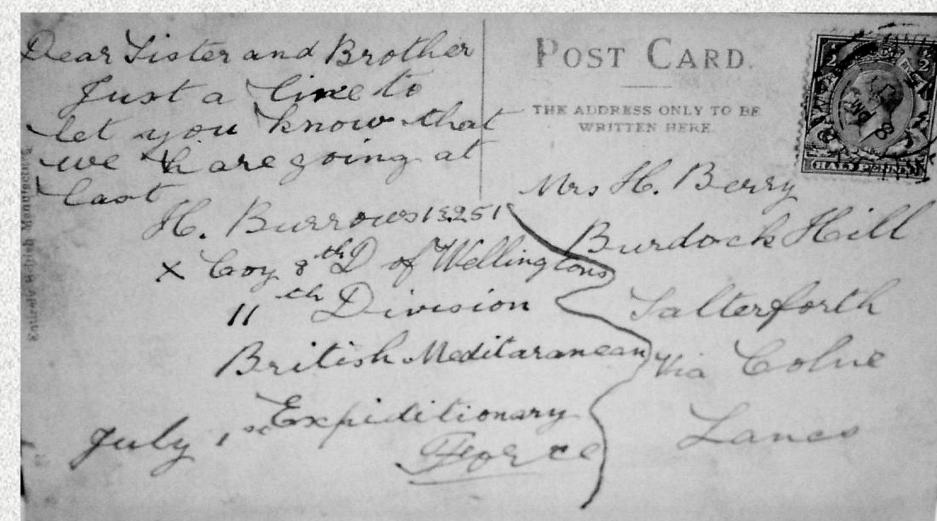
While I am writing this the artillery guns on both sides are booming just as hard as ever; in fact, they never seem to cease. One thing I must not forget. After last Sunday's battle we received a message from Sir John French congratulating us for hanging on to our position despite the heavy losses and artillery fire. By the way, I have not received a line from any one since arriving in this country. . . . While I am writing this I have had my rifle on the top of my trench, and it has just been knocked off by a German bullet and rendered unserviceable. I think this is about all this time, so "au revoir."



NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed. [Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.] I am quite well. I have been admitted into hospital, and the sorte on well. secunded and hope torbe discharged soon I am being sent down to the base (letter dated 12 12/18 I have received your telegram .. parcel Letter follows at first opportunity. I have received no letter from you lately for a long time Signature

Wt.W66\_P.P.948\_ 5000m. 5-18. O. & Co. Grange Mills, E.W.







For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see. Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue; Loud above the world-wide murmur of the south wind rushing warm And the standards of the peoples, looming darkly thro' the storm Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of With Hearty Greetings for Xmas

and New Year. From Wright

madge



will serve to show, tho' miles away, I ne'er forget you all; And hope that it will find you well, your cares and worries few, And that the war soon ends, so I return again to you.



