

Censorship 2.b Letters from home to soldiers

You are the officer in charge of censoring mail sent to soldiers. Read the following letters and censor them of any information you think might be useful to the Germans if they got hold of the letter.

*Home Farm, Dowdeswell
May 1st 1915*

Dear Pete,

I am writing to you to find out how you are. It's been all go here on the farm and we've had two heifers born, to Cowslip and to Buttercup. Dad & I have finished coppicing Rough Ground wood, but it was hard without you. Some news is that the Army are moving into the old Manor House. They've been clearing the old place out and Joe from the village says it's all to do with wireless telegraphy but you know what he's like, so I doubt it. I hope your keeping safe and sound and write again soon.

Your loving brother,

Fred

*No.38 St Aldgate St
Gloucester*

April 6th 1916

Dear Alfred,

This is just a note to say that Dad is ill again with his cough. He hasn't stopped working so he is grumpy as well. I hope you got the cake I sent you. The big news is that I'm now working at the munitions factory down at Quedgeley. I start early and finish late and am making shells for the guns. I do hope that you stay safe.

Your loving Sister,

Dolly

*The Old Manor
 Rendcombe
 February 16th 1917*

My Dear Jack,

I am writing to you hoping this will find you in the best of health and hope you received the new officer's coat I sent you. It is from the Outfitter's in Westgate Street.

Some good news is that you might see William soon. He called in yesterday and told me that 48 Squadron is leaving Rendcombe for the front in a week or so. He was all excited because they've got some new aeroplanes, Bristol F2's I think he said. We thought we'd heard different engine noises over the village recently, so that's probably why. I was in the Colesbourne Inn yesterday and pilots were in there en route to their billets in Cheltenham. They were all very excited as the new planes have a top speed of 123 miles per hour - that's a bit faster than your FE.2 I suspect. Apparently they are going to be more than a match for the Huns in the air so I'm sure you'll be able to wrap this nonsense up by Christmas.

I was in town last week and met Edwards at my Club. He told me that your squadron should be coming back home in a few weeks, so keep your ears open. His eldest boy, Hugh, was wounded after being shot down near Moated Grange in the Somme area I believe. He came down behind our lines and, by coincidence, was found by the Glosters who are in the line there. He is now in hospital but should make a full recovery. Of course, you'll remember his youngest son Peter was lost onboard HMS Queen Mary at Jutland last year. Anyway, Mother also sends her love.

I remain,

*Your loving Father,
 Oliver*

23 Victory Road
Gloucester
Dec 5th 1917

Dear Ted,

I hope this finds you in better health than when you wrote to us last. Everyone in the street sends their regards and hope that you get well soon. Mother has put a parcel in the post - there's some dripping cakes from Sparkes' bakery and some baccy in there for you as well.

We've been told that food is going to be rationed next month. It's those blasted Hun submarines. Mother has to register with the butchers on the High Street which is a rum to do, I can tell you, as they don't get on but it's too far to go to Dubberley's. That is all the news for now.

I remain,

Your loving brother,

Paul

The Old Smithy
Foxcote
April 2nd 1918

My Darling Samuel,

I am writing to you hoping this will find you in the best of health, as we all here are at home. I hope you like the sweets from Mr Smith next door. He sends his regards and says he knows what you must be going through, as he was a soldier in the Boer Wars. I am so fed up of this damnable war - Jack Jones was killed last week so that is five of our village lads who are gone. Please, please my darling, please be careful, I want you home safe and sound.

I remain,

Your ever loving Mother,

Dorothea

42 Market Street
Cheltenham
February 6th 1916

My Dearest Jim,

I hope this finds you in the best of health. We've had a scare here and no mistake. Last Monday night, PC James, the bobby from Henrietta Street knocked at the door. He was going from door-to-door ordering people to put out their lights and to take cover as there was a German air-raid coming.

A few minutes later we heard a loud hooter, which was the signal for an air raid. We could have gone down to the cellar, but Father said we should go under the railway bridge. Bert Smith spread out straw for us all to lie on, as the whole street came out to shelter there. Mrs Taylor got hysterical and was running about shouting "Oh, there's a Zeppelin coming! A Zeppelin coming! Oh the Kaiser's coming! The Kaiser's coming!" Your father told her to be quiet as she was scaring the little ones.

PC James said the Town Hall issued the alert because of an air raid taking place on Birmingham. Word was that the Zeppelins were coming south to bomb the Sunningend works as they are making aeroplanes there for the Flying Corps. In the end there were no bombs though we heard some engines in the sky, so the Zeppelins must have passed close.

We've since read in the paper that one Zeppelin came down in the North Sea by a trawler, but the skipper refused to rescue the Huns saying they deserved to drown! None of them survived and the German government have called the trawler skipper a war criminal! Leastways that's less of 'em for you to worry about! Anyways, please, please write soon.

I remain,

Your loving Mother