

Censorship 2a Letters from Soldiers

You are the officer in charge of censoring soldiers' letters home. 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.

Pvt 2642, C Coy, 2/5th Glos
BEF France
January 15th 1915

Dear Fred,

I am writing to you to say thanks for the new socks! Our trench is always wet and so now they will be great, but the good news is I won't need them for a while! We are being taken out of the line and coming home to Blighty for training. We will be sailing from Calais at high tide next Tuesday on one of the Medway paddle-steamers so I hope we have a flat crossing! We're going to be in barracks at Tidworth, so I may even be able to come home on leave!

I remain,

Your loving brother,
Pete

Pvt 4318, A Coy, 1/12th Glos
BEF France
Sept 16th 1917

Dear Rosie,

I am writing to you now hoping this will find you in the best of health, as am I. Thank you for the tobacco and the cake you sent me - the lads are very jealous and think that I am a lucky man, which I am! We'll be going back into the line again in a few weeks for the big push, but I don't know when or where. I'm sure we'll be able to finish it soon so perhaps I'll be home by Christmas!

Your loving husband,
Oliver

*Pvt 1638, D Coy, 1/6th Glos
 BEF France
 April 6th 1916*

Dear Mother,

This is just a note to say that I am in hospital at Rouen. I am not too bad, just caught some shrapnel, and I shall be up and about in no time. It happened yesterday when a shell landed next to our officer's bunker. Our Captain Edwards was killed, and most of our other officers wounded. Jimmy Smith, from home, was next to me and he was hit in the arm. They had to amputate it & he's now in the next bed to me at the hospital! I will write again soon.

I remain,

Your loving son,

*HMS P671
 Dartmouth
 Dec 5th 1917*

Dear brother,

I am writing to you hoping this will find you in the best of health, as am I. Thank you for the chocolate - I shared it with the lads in the mess- even the skipper had a bit and said to pass on his thanks. We've had a busy time here last week, as we caught a G.S. firing on a merchantman, the SS Newholm, off Start Point. We opened fire and hit the G.S. twice and when it dived we steamed right over it and dropped some anti-submarine bombs. The skipper thinks we sank it, so that's a 'Huzzah' for us! At this rate we'll be the top boat in the flotilla! Yesterday we saw HMS Royal Oak and a other battleships heading down channel - probably off to Ireland.

I remain,

*Your loving chum,
 Neil*

Pvt 1423, A Coy, 1/5th Glos
'Westgate Gate' Trench
St. Jean-les-Ypres
BEF France
March 21st 1915

Dear George,

I am writing to you now hoping this will find you in the best of health. We've had a rum do here and make no mistake. A week ago we attacked the Jerry lines in brigade strength and made some headway before we were ordered to retreat. We had 15 men killed and 30 wounded and it will be another week before we get reinforcements. The same happened to the 1st battalion of the Devonshires who were down the line to our left - but the Royal West Kent's to our right took an even worse pasting and lost over half of their men and almost all their officers. Most of them were caught in a gas attack, but luckily the wind blew it away from us! We've been told that we are to launch another attack at night in a week's time, so goodness only knows what will happen!

We've had plenty of food recently but are always running low on ammunition. Last night, the midnight re-supply wagon arrived as usual at the ruined farmhouse behind our line but it only had one case for the whole company! You should have heard Sergeant Major Smith swear, it really made us laugh.

I remain your
Ever loving Pal, Ben

No.46 Squadron
BEF France
April 2nd 1918

Dear Samuel,

I am writing to you hoping this will find you in the best of health, as am I. Thank you for the scarf - just the thing for keeping warm when I'm up in the kite!

It's been all go since we left Rendcombe! We first flew to Brooklands, then to Dover, whereupon we refuelled and crossed the Channel! Most of us made it across in one piece but poor old Pete James got engine trouble and was forced to ditch close to the Goodwin's lightship. I saw him go in but he was picked up safe and sound by a trawler laying mines in the U-boat barrage. Funny but if we'd took off from Dover an hour later, the tide would have been out and Pete could have landed on the sands! As it was, his kite sank and so we're already one aircraft down in the squadron.

The wind blew us down to Boulogne, but our CO knew where we were and so we followed him to Saint Omer, where our base is. The aerodrome here has a race course alongside but there's not very many horses as it's really crowded with aircraft. I have to say our new Brisfits are the subject of much attention. Since then we have been making daily flights over the Hun, mostly around Morlancourt Ridge, near the Somme River, where our boys have been having such a rough time. That's about it for now, will write again soon.

I remain,

*Your best chum,
Tom*