

C/o Miss Harriss  
"Silurdale"  
Dawes Heath Rd  
Rayleigh  
Essex  
3<sup>rd</sup> Aug 1918

Dear Mr Power

You are not forgotten nor I was, but since last writing, alas, many weeks ago, I have been knocked about from pillar to post, until Fritz put on the finishing touches & gassed me.

Shortly after the first German offensive, we were rudely hurried off from a quiet front at Wyttschaete, between Ypres & Messines, to stop the Boche visiting Paris.

From that time we became mobile, running up & down the line to places where help was most needed, until we eventually took over the sector on the Somme. The Somme was our northern boundary, & the much-spoken-of Villers-Bretonneux, our southern boundary.

But, by the time we took over the line, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division had already stopped Fritz rushing on; it then remained to our lot, to keep him away from the village of Bretonneux, no doubt he

made some very good attempts to get there. Incidentally, this latter village was really the gate to Amiens. It stood on the edge of a huge plateau, overlooking the Somme valley as far as Amiens: so once in possession of it, good-bye Amiens.

I presume you have already heard of the scandalous behaviour of the fifth army? We know quite enough, as we actually met portions thereof, on the road, nine miles behind the line.

They were lost. They did not know where their unit was. They had not seen an officer. They were scared out of their lives. The joke about the fifth army now is, that they have all been equipped with bicycles. In one sector, they actually ran over our men's heads in the trenches: we were in reserve for them. Naturally we became the front line in a very short time. It has undoubtedly been a great experience.

I was company surveyor at the time, wh was a very neat little job.

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It was clean & interesting, & all the carrying, digging etc, were things of the past. It was no less dangerous than any other job, wh just added thrill enough to make it like war. My present from Fritz on the somme was a wound in the hand, the souvenir is still there, - knocked senseless into a trench by a sharpnel burst over head, & the gassing. I soon recovered from the first two, but the latter made me lay up in hospital for eleven weeks. I was brought over to "Blighty" admitted into Norwich Hospital, where I developed bronchial pneumonia, & as soon as I could move about, I was transferred to our own hospital at Harefield. At present, I'm at ~~Shardcott~~ <sup>Shardcott</sup>, wh is supposed to be a convalescent camp. Far from it. My eyes suffered most from the effects of gas, probably because they were weak in the first instance. It was a month before I was able to open my eyes,

& even then <sup>it</sup> was torture to open them in the daylight. I was under ophthalmic treatment for ten weeks, & after that, they seemed to pick up wonderfully. All reading & writing, much to my disgust, had to be cast aside, but thank heaven, I'm making the most of a local library now.

I have not seen many of the old boys over here. I have lost sight of Irving recently, & cannot trace him at all.

A letter from Mullens tells me that he is at Broken Hill. I was very surprised when I read the letter, as I had no idea that time was slipping by so quickly. altho I was thro before him, he will beat me after all, I think.

The men who finished with war at Gallipoli, are certainly the lucky ones; it has devolved into a life long affair now, & everybody is "fed up".

Kindest Regards

Yours Sincerely

B. Cedric Job