

One Among Millions

A creative project for schools based on the letters of R C Sherriff.

In 2013 Surrey Heritage received a grant of £56,900 from the Heritage Lottery Fund (HLF) for a project, *To Journey's End and Beyond: the Life and Legacy of R C Sherriff*, to preserve the extensive archive and celebrate the cultural legacy of the Surrey playwright R C Sherriff (1896-1975), in particular his play 'Journey's End', the action of which takes place in a British dugout on the eve of the great German offensive of March 1918. Though chiefly known for this great work (which is still regularly performed) Sherriff was a prolific author and screenwriter, responsible for the scripts of such film classics as *The Dambusters* and *Goodbye Mr Chips*. His copious letters and papers are held in Surrey History Centre, on loan from Kingston Grammar School.

As part of the project, and thanks to an additional grant by the R C Sherriff Trust, Surrey Heritage was able to offer an exciting opportunity for four secondary schools in Elmbridge, to explore life on the Western Front in World War I. Working with filmmaker Grant Watson (Pursued by a Bear Productions), participants researched the experiences of soldiers in the trenches during the First World War through Sherriff's own writings, in particular his vivid letters home to his parents while he was serving as a junior officer in the 9th battalion of the East Surrey Regiment.

Drawing on Sherriff's letters, and other original materials from his archives, as well as independent research on daily life in the trenches and the soldiers' struggle for survival, students created their own letters home from the front, which were recorded in a studio and used as a soundtrack for a film. This exercise gave students a deeper insight into the conditions endured by the young men who served in the war and an opportunity to respond in a creative way to those experiences and the reaction of the families left behind.

This booklet contains the letters written by students from Heathside School, Esher Church of England High School, Rydens Enterprise School and Hinchley Wood School.

The film is available on the *Exploring Surrey's Past* website:

<http://www.exploringsurreypast.org.uk/themes/subjects/military/surreys-first-world-war/sherriff/>

July 5th 1917

Dearest Wife,

There are rumours that some of us are being moved closer to the front. If it is my time to go, I do not want you to grieve for me. I want you to live a happy life in the knowledge that one day we will be reunited.

I wish you only to remember me as I was, as I will remember you as you were; the beautiful girl I met on that park bench. Oh what I would not give to relive that day when we walked along the river and had a picnic at the riverside.

Do you remember that on the way home an old woman sold us some pimperlins - I pressed them in my Bible - I still carry them with me now...

They are a constant reminder of that perfect day.

Yours, forever and always,
William

Emily Douglas

9th November 1917

Dear Bill,

By the time you receive this I may be killed - God knows enough have been already. I want you to know that I do not fight out of pride but out of hatred - not for the enemy but of this war. It is the war that has sent this letter.

You see I am not the man I used to be - I am not a miner anymore I am a soldier. A soldier who has killed on a battlefield where there are no sides, no rules, no honour - just death and slaughter.

We don't know what is round the corner or where the cannons will scar the earth next. I am consumed by fear... I am changed...

I am not the man I used to be.

Yours,
Stan

Harry Lee
20th December 1916

Dearest Mother,

I received your Christmas tin of mint humbugs and tobacco. It reminds me of our warm little cottage - with its logs on the fire and the smells of cinnamon drifting in from the kitchen - of being chased by my brothers in the crisp clean air on the walk to church - of the smell of father's cigar hanging in the air after dinner - A perfect Christmas!

I cannot pretend that Christmas will be perfect here - not in the pouring rain that soaks through the bones, not in the constant struggle to fight the bitter cold. A soldier can hope that the rain will stop, that he will stay warm another hour. But hope is a dangerous thing, - and we've all got it.

Still we will have our fun, the lads and I. Drinking our Christmas cider and singing our Christmas carols. There will be stories, jokes and photographs. We will each bring a little bit of home with us. We will make our own Christmas as best we can.

So don't worry about me... I'll be fine... And just like your winter fire I'll be back next year, back for a lifetime of Christmases, you'll see.

With all my love,
Arthur

Elysia Abnett

Dear Father,

The conditions here are truly horrible. The trenches are filled with slugs, frogs and hideous creatures that dart through the muddy puddles. I don't know if I will survive, but if I do I shall return as soon as possible.

In my mind I cross the hedges and fields to the wide river where we used to fish for hours. You taught me how to tie the streamer hook to the line, how to draw the fish out of the water - their narrow, skinny bodies flopping about the net - their skin a rainbow of colours... Afterwards mother would cook them in a skillet over a fire and we'd eat them with bread and sweetcorn.

Now I climb through split barbed wire fences and rivers of mud – and I know in my heart you and mother are by my side...

May God be with you!

Your son,
John.

James Barrett

19th April 1917

To my dearest wife,

Too many have been taken I can't count them anymore. And now John has gone - there is just me left from the Hershams first eleven. That's seven men dead - it seems incredible... John was the best wicket keeper in the district - we won't see his like again...

Our first child will be born in a matter of weeks. I feel strongly that if it is a boy, we should name him after young John - it seems like the right thing to do. When the war is finished I'll take him to the cricket square - I'll bowl him a slow ball or two - perhaps he'll be a great wicket keeper. Perhaps he'll play for the county one day...

I wish, I wish I could be there with you when the time comes.

Be brave my love...

Yours always,
Fred

Jamie Balloch

20th August 1916

Dearest Molly,

This is my gift to you Molly. I have learned to read and write. One of the Second Lieutenants has taught me how. He is sitting with me now helping me write this letter...

You have always been so kind and loving - you were the clever one - I never was. Everyone said I was stupid. Do you remember how Dad used to shout at me? How he used to laugh at me?

But now... For the first time in my life I feel hopeful - as if I could have a future in the world... This war will change things - not just for us - but for everyone... All the men say so - and I am sure it is true...

Be strong Molly - perhaps some good will come from this madness after all...

Yours,
Sid

Lottie Buchanan

9th September 1915

Dear Jean,

In the 31 years of my life on earth, never before have I seen anything as pointless as this. For 15 years I've been a gamekeeper - I've been snaring and tracking, shooting and skinning but I tell you, this beats all. It's not animals I'm shooting, it's real people and for that, I am the real animal.

On the front it doesn't matter how good your shot is, it's all down to luck. Everything is twice as hard in the wet trenches. It's a never ending cycle of eat, sleep, and kill. I crave for the countryside and the quiet. The noise of the guns is overwhelming, I can't bear much more, I think I may be going mad. The thought of you and the children is the only thing that keeps me sane.

How is the land doing? Are the deer in good numbers? I've been a stalker for all my life but sometime in the future I would like to turn my attention to trying my hand at gilling - it would be refreshing to sit in silence by the riverbank all day. Tell the boys that I can't wait to take them out and show them the ropes, just like granddad showed me - and promise me one thing - that you will not tell them anything that I wouldn't tell them myself. If you know me Jean, you will know what I mean.

Keep well and see you soon.

Your loving husband,
Richard xx

Theo Andrae

2nd July 1917

To my dear Sylvia,

I hope you and Peter are both well - it seems an eternity since I saw you last...

They brought a young lad into the infirmary today - just a few years older than Peter - quite a footballer by all accounts... His leg was blown apart by a mortar, we managed to stop the bleeding but we couldn't save it.

I kept thinking about that day we took Peter to the park for the first time - we played football - the ball was almost the same size as him - he did his best up front but he was better in goal.

Please Sylvia, keep him safe - Do whatever you have to do, but keep him out of this war...

Yours,
George

Liam O'Halleran

21st October 1916

My beloved Mary,

I have been thinking about your garden. The roses, the honeysuckle, the meadow flowers along the sides of the walls, the maple tree that stands at its very heart; the thought of this gives me the will to carry on.

Life in the trench lines is hard – the uniform you said I looked so smart in, is now ragged and filthy. The lice have made a home for themselves in the stitching; they constantly bite my skin, leaving it red raw and itching. The only way to get rid of them is by burning them with a candle, but the flames of the candles only serve to remind me of how I yearn for your warm arms around me.

But there is no need to worry about me, God is by my side, he will protect me through this ordeal. I will return to you and your garden soon...of that I am sure...

With all my love,
John

Vanessa Tang

May 5th 1916

My Darling Rosemary,

How I wish I could be home with you. How I wish I could take you in my arms and listen to you sing your sweet songs. Those memories are the only things that keep me going when the thick cloud of despair starts to drift over me... But, when I think of you I can't help but smile!

The barrage has been ceaseless - the constant whistling and thundering has been driving me wild. Finally there was an end to the bombs and the silence was almost deafening. For the first time I heard birds singing - something alive amongst all the death - and the sound lifted my heart...

A few minutes later I saw a group of soldiers lead a young man away - he was barely 20 years of age - then, soon after, a shot shattered the silence...

For a moment I wished the bombs had still been falling so I didn't have to hear that dreadful sound or imagine the silent prayers he was murmuring, nor the look in his eyes as he dropped like a rag doll...

Do you remember the time when we took that stroll down Brighton Pier? You looked so perfect; I remember how the beauty of the waves matched the beauty of your eyes.

I want to come home. I will come home soon. I promise.
Love, always, Don xxx

Bryony Bevan

22nd August 1916

To my precious Mary,

I write this letter to you, to let you know that I am all right out here. Every day in my little kitchen I hear the bombs, bullets and mortars rumbling and whistling overhead. But there is an even worse enemy, one more vile and gruesome than the Germans could hope to be... They steal from sleeping soldiers' pockets; they spread their filthy germs and diseases about the trench... Rats!!!! They are everywhere! Everywhere I look!!!

Today, as I prepared some tasty steak for the officers I heard some scuttering across the ground - high pitched squeaks echoing about the kitchen - those little devils were up to something - it was only when I reached up for some salt, I saw a pair of glistening eyes glaring back at me. They had raided my entire stock! Those filthy creatures!

Oh how I long to cook in peace, to be back home with you in our warm cosy kitchen. The very thought fills my heart with joy. I hope it will not be too long now before we are together again and I will never have to think about those disgusting vermin again... Keep well, your beloved husband
Morris

Charlie Cuozzo

19th July 1917

Darling Clara,

I keep your picture right by my heart. I pray it will keep me alive another day. I miss everything about you and dream about you every chance I have to sleep. I have witnessed such horrors that I hope and pray you shall never be aware of. Each day it gets worse. I am awoken by my own screaming and find myself shaking uncontrollably...

So many others have turned to the drink but I fear that if I do, I may lose control and make a terrible mistake. So I will brace myself for this terror we are surrounded by. You are the only thing that holds me together.

I do this for my father, and his before him. They risked their lives for their country. It is the highest honour and the only way I can show them how grateful I am for all they have done for me.

Until I see your face again - in the warm, cotton sheets of kinder dreams.

Your loving,
John.

Ella-Maria Harrison

15th September 1916

Dear Jonny,

I hear talk that the war will be over soon, perhaps even by Christmas, but I am not so sure. Talk like this has been going around since the day I arrived...

There is something I must ask of you - it is the same thing Father asked of me as he was lying on his deathbed. I remember watching his chest rise and fall and his words as clearly as I remember home. 'Look after them son.' he said 'Look after them. Keep them safe. I'm proud of you.' I watched him for some time - like the heron that stands on the riverbank... and then he drifted away...

Now I am giving the same message to you Jonny. From father to son. From brother to brother. Make sure George knows right from wrong. Set a good example and show him how to be the strong man I know he can be. You are the man of the family now. You are the solid rock that they can rely upon.

Your loving brother,
Charlie

Isobel Jones

2nd May 1916

Dear George and Robert

I have been deprived of you all of your lives. I have been deprived of your laughter, your smiling faces, your first steps, your first words... The glint in your eyes that make the stars look cold and dull.

Hope is the only thing I can hold onto. The late spring breeze does not carry with it the scent of nectar or the trace of wild berries growing in the hazel thickets. It is an eternal winter here. The sun does not bring the same warmth. Birds pick at the bodies strewn across the barren landscape. Their songs no longer songs of joy, but of sorrow...

By the time you read this letter it will have no meaning - the war will have diminished to dust... I will have escaped this never-ending nightmare - I will have returned to you - the war reduced to nothing but a distant memory...

I promise you this...

Your father
Stephen

James Derham

14th June 1917

Dearest Esther,

Without you my mind is a battlefield. A ruined place with bodies everywhere - with blood, bullets, mud, sandbags and barbed wire. I was nothing before I met you; you have nursed me into the person I am today.

Do you remember that day you found me half dead on the cobbles? I was a bloody mess on the floor - another fight in another bar... You leaned over and wiped the blood from my face - I remember it spoiling your clean white dress... You changed me forever...

And now I don't want to fight anymore, I want to come back to you - where the world is calm and tranquil. Where there is no more violence.

I love you more than I knew was possible, you're forever in my mind and heart.

Yours,
Frank

Jasmine Vaughan

September 4th 1917

My dear Eileen,

All I desire now is to see your smile, to hold you in my arms, to never let you go. So much has changed, and without you by my side I would struggle to go on. Every day is a new battle; every heartbeat a miracle.

God has kept his word to me so far, although I know that many of my fellow warriors have begun to lose faith. Occasionally we sit, gathered round the fire in the dead of night and we share stories from back home. We sing Daisy Bell to the lone sound of the harmonica and above us those same stars still shine - those same stars that you see back home. Even though this war has torn us apart - We are still in the same constellation, the same universe...

Keep me in your prayers, as I have you. Save a kiss for me, and I will save a million more for you. When I see you, I will hold onto you for eternity, and I will never risk losing you again.

Yours always,

Daniel xxx

Rosie Nightingale

20th November 1916

Father,

Last night the heavens opened and the rain fell without mercy. The freezing cold water numbed my hands and feet, to the point that I could barely feel them. The trench filled with water, spoiling our supplies and making it hard to stand. And, as if our spirits weren't low enough, the fire wouldn't start so there was a good chance we would freeze to death.

We drained the trench of water and started to make a fire for breakfast. After about half an hour of eating bread and bully beef I could feel the blood flowing through my legs, as the heat spread from my calves down to my toes.

I remember when I was younger we would sit around the hearth playing Clock - until my eyelids started to droop - the warmth wrapped around me like a blanket... How I long to sit at that hearth again... Engulfed by the warmth of the fire as I drift off to sleep...

It seems like a dream now... May God deliver me home in one piece so we can become a family again.

Deepest love,
Ralph

Scott Birch

23rd March 1916

Dear Sister,

This place is like hell. We sit in little more than a pigsty with rotten boards littering the floor. We are fenced in by a rat infested wall of dirt and wood - But I do not want you to be scared for your brother, I will always look after you little sister, remember that.

Do not think of me as I am now, so far away from you. Remember that day in the field outside of the orphanage - remember the golden wheat shining in the sunlight, remember running until you fell over, then laughing and rolling still. Remember that house we saw on the hill - with the solitary tree blowing in the wind next to it.

Keep fighting sister. When I get home things will be better, we can escape to that house. To its stone bricks, its crumbling tiles - to a stream of emerald leaves on the rolling hills below. We will make it our home. We will have freedom sister, know that.

Yours,

David

Thomas Niven

Dear Mother,

It seems like only yesterday James and I were sitting by the fire listening to you tell stories about father's adventures, during the Boer War. I never knew what being a soldier was like, but now I know what bravery and sacrifice it takes to fight for your country.

These strangers I fight alongside have become my family... I never knew that such brotherhood could exist... They have become as much brothers to me as James is my brother. And I am sure that wherever James is - he has his own band of brothers to watch over him - just as I have my own... so please, don't worry yourself - we will be fine...

This war cannot go on forever. We will be back before the snow falls on the valley. We will sit by the fire once again - but this time it will be us who we will be telling the stories.

Until that day, stay strong.

Your loving son,
Arthur

Anna Pekal

My beloved Elizabeth,

Every action I undertake I feel a presence, perhaps a God of some kind. When the sky darkens I feel as though each one of the lanterns on the walls are little ships, sailing on an embankment of mud, guiding me towards my destiny.

Yesterday one of our group shot a flare out onto no-man's land. It was hideous, what we saw. Revealed before our eyes, were clusters of corpses, swallowed up by a sea of mud. Rats, shell holes, ammunition and carnage scattered across the unimaginable landscape. The light lasted for what seemed an eternity. The reality was just a few seconds. It reminded me of a vast ocean - a legion of shipwrecks stretching out forever...

When all the world is dark you are the light that guides me. I will be with you soon...

Your ever loving,
Robert

Daniel Israel

Dear Father,

I hope you are all safe and well. Not much has changed since last I wrote. Today I was asked to teach two eager privates how to clean a rifle, such amateurs. They're children, all of them, just children. I try not to get to know them too well - it makes their deaths all the worse.

One of them tried to tell me about his family - I was sharp with him - told him to shut up and get on with his work. I didn't mean to be so hard but if you want to survive you have to be focused...

I see these lads torn apart by shrapnel. Every day I see their belongings packaged up and sent back home. All that is left of them is a small box - a trinket to collect dust on the mantelpiece...

I have been reading an insightful book about heaven and hope. It keeps me going in these hard times. I just wonder which path I will take....

Your son,
Richard

Joe Andrews

My Dearest Liz,

The others are sleeping all around me but I cannot sleep for the pounding of the guns and the falling of the mortars. I imagine you at home in your cottage...

Soon you will get ready for your day's work at the school... The children will walk out into the morning sun full of excitement for the day... The vicar will unlock the church gates, the postman will make his deliveries and the milk cart will rattle down the hill to bring milk to the village...

I watch it all like a ghost... I am there but not there...

Send my love to Mother and Father. But most of all, my dear, remember that I have the most love for you. In the near future I will try to send longer letters, I promise.

Your loving,
Arthur

Katrina Crow

Dear Victoria,

My runner Alfred has been at his very worst today - He's been making tea with rainwater and it tastes filthy! I'm sure we will all be sick very soon... That's if his breakfasts don't kill us first!

More new recruits have arrived on the front line. All them fresh faced and eager to please. They seem to be getting younger by the day. The same odd, dirty uniform and broken boots... It's as if they all came from the same mother and father... What strange parents this war has!

I long to come home. I haven't seen you or the children in two years... They must be older... I wonder if they'll know me...

Yours,
Stanley

Millie Austin

Dearest Marie,

I know that when this letter reaches you Christmas will have passed, but I feel I must tell you about our festivities here on the front...

Last night I was awoken by the sound of the lower ranks singing carols and telling stories of Yuletide cheer. Some even read the bible to the privates that cannot read. These are the very best of men and I am a better man for knowing them.

I am thankful to you my love for the package you sent me, the pocket bible, the cigars and of course the picture of you next to the Christmas tree. Those little presents have made Christmas without you all the more bearable.

Give my love to all and remember that I will be home soon.

Yours always,

James xxxxxxxx.

Molly Underwood

Dear James,

Life here is tough but I know I'm doing something important for my country.

I keep thinking about the good old days back in Portsmouth. The boat race from the quayside - we always lost our shirts on the barges. What a laugh that was!

There's not much laughter here. Sometimes the other lads race frogs. I reckon I've got the best hopper - his name is Billy Boy. He's won me nine pieces of chocolate and a pocketknife so far. I feed him lice from my uniform - I tell you he's going to stop me from starving!

Take care Jimmy - And try not to bet the farm on the dogs. Not 'til I get back anyway...

Your mate,
Henry

Oliver Williams

Dear Constance,

It has only been three weeks since we arrived but it feels like forever. The lads in the trench have been accommodating, playing cards and teaching me the ropes.

As I am writing to you I can hear the shells and machine gun fire roaring overhead. Moments like this are strange. But the constant eerie silence is stranger - I never know what is coming next.

Since arriving in France I have been separated from all the people that signed up with me - On the first day in the trenches I tripped over a coil of wire and fell into the brown soup of the ground; the shock felt like it was dragging me under. This is indeed a pitiless place.

Tell the children that I am well. You are the only thing keeping me sane.

Yours always
Fred

Robert May

Dear Sophia,

How is the farm doing? Is Granddad managing everything okay? Most importantly are you well?

I hope Father would be proud of me out here. It's tough - But we are all doing our best... I've met some other chaps from Kingston and it turns out they grew up quite close to me. Small world. We've been playing cards and singing songs, however most of the time is filled with tedious chores. I'm starting to miss home and you, of course. Please leave some flowers at father's grave this Sunday - it's been ten years now since he passed and I want the day to be commemorated. There is precious little remembering of the dead here - so I want father to be remembered even if my comrades can't be.

Here there is no room for sentiment. Here I see the corpses lain out across the no-mans land - I wish that I could lay flowers for them all...

Love Always,

Your brother William.

Ellie Brosnan

Dear Father,

I've only been here a few weeks but it feels like a lifetime. All the days are the same here... The work parties, the digging, the marching... Occasionally I'll have a kick about with the lads back at reserve... A couple of them are pretty good... Not up to my standards of course...

I hope you are all well - How are Sam, Margaret, Granddad and Godfrey? I've been thinking about the time Godfrey and me went to watch The Hammers thrash Coventry City 4-2! Richard Leafe scored a hat trick and gave his shirt to Godfrey.

Did you know that just before I left, Godfrey came rushing down the stairs and gave that shirt to me. He told me to keep it for good luck. Tell Godfrey I still have the shirt in my backpack. It is my most precious possession - I keep it near at all times. It is my lucky charm. It's kept me alive.

I'm looking forward to coming back and taking Godfrey to Upton Park... How did the Hammers do against United last week? Any good goals? I bet they demolished them...

Much love
Stuart

Enzo Martino

Dear Reverend Freeman,

The men with whom I live in this filthy dugout are a rather diverse bunch. Some are bakers, butchers, carpenters and others are men of the law, shopkeepers, businessmen...

I worry for some of the youngest - some of them can be no more than fifteen or sixteen years of age - They should be at school, getting an education, preparing for a future. They should have had the chance to fall in love, get married, have children, be fathers. Instead they are here - about to die as hundreds of nameless men have died before them...

I would be grateful if you could talk to some one about our supplies. We are in desperate need of more bandages at the hospital. More and more wounded are coming in every day...

Yours
Harold

Evan Lewsey

My dearest Felicity,

It has been barely a month since we parted. Barely a month since you wiped your tears away and I walked up the gangplank to the ship. Just one little story among the thousands on the quayside that day...

I cannot begin to explain what it is like here. The men in the trench have been welcoming enough but conditions are horrendous. It seems as though it has rained for months. The trenches are constantly wet and our uniforms never seem to dry. It probably doesn't help that I have worn holes in my boots!

But whatever horrors the future may throw at me, nothing can compare to that moment we said our goodbyes - our being apart is more than I can bear - it is by far the worst that I must endure. I pray that one day soon, we will be together again but until then, you will be forever in my heart I promise...

Yours forever,
Charles

Grace Polley

Dear Bonnie,

It is a slaughterhouse here. It is the room at the back of the butchers. But here, on the front, the corpses aren't hung neatly on hooks; here the blood flows freely through the trenches...

Here it is men being killed, not pigs. Men have feelings and families to return to. Pigs are just animals waiting for the knife - waiting to be stuck. Waiting for oblivion...

Yesterday, George was shot in the maw. I dragged him through the mud. He was muttering, jibbering nonsense... There was blood on my hands... It was like dragging the carcasses through the slaughterhouse...

I don't want to end up like those carcasses... And I pray to God that I don't...

I miss you,
Always and forever,
Edward.

Hannah Deacon

Dear Eliza,

I received your Christmas parcel today and I loved it, the picture of us on Camber Sands, in the summer after school finished, is my favourite and quite the best Christmas present I could possibly imagine.

I can't tell you how much your parcel has lifted my spirits. Thank you for the mince pies and the Christmas cards from your family. I greatly enjoyed the chocolate, cigars and whisky... Like a little taste of home in this dreary, worn out place...

You'll be glad to know that I found an old friend from school - do you remember James? He's the one who sat behind me in English. He's a second lieutenant, so I suppose I didn't get the short straw when it came to rank. James didn't receive a parcel - so I hope you don't mind but we shared the whisky and raised a glass to you...

Merry Christmas darling!

Yours always
Charles xxx

Danielle Gault

Dear Jonathan,

I write this to you by candlelight from a trench in France - the walls of the trench flicker with shadows and movement - this is indeed a hellish place...

Today a young soldier was telling jokes to the others - they were all laughing like young men on the village green, like young men in the pub. Then someone shouted Gas! They all struggled to put on their masks - this lad couldn't find his - he started to panic - gulping in more of the foul, putrid substance - choking - falling unconscious to the ground - like being dragged down by quicksand, engulfed with the mud, drowning...

The threat of death hangs over all of us like a toxic cloud of gas. I came here to do what was right - to fight for something I believed in - but now I want to come home... I don't want to drown here anymore.

Yours
Edward

Paula McGechan

Dear Jenny,

I hope this letter finds you well. Life here isn't easy. Everywhere smells terrible and my uniform is alive with lice.

I've met other privates who are just like me, some even from Elmbridge. We've become friends and are now making sure that we have each other's backs. Hopefully, we can all make it out alive...

Please tell me how my mother and sister are doing. Are they managing to keep the bakery going on their own? I can't tell you how much I miss the smell of the bread and the pastries.

But here at the front there is no bread; there are no cakes... Just soup and bully beef... Instead of a bread peel I have a rifle... Instead of a bakers hat I have a helmet. I can't seem to get the mud off of my hands here - they stick to my hands like dough. I will be home soon. I promise you.

Yours,
Henry

Robert Tredgold

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