Letter Home

Private Morrey writing home during his training

My dearest Emily,

I was so pleased to receive your letters. I’m sorry that I haven’t been able to write back as much as I’d liked. We’ve been worked quite solidly since the moment that we arrived. Yes, I’ve got used to the puttees, as they have shaped to my legs now. I’ve been dished out a rifle and a bayonet and so now when I go out on parade I have got to wear my belt, bayonet and cartridge pouch and to take my rifle.

They have been teaching us bayonet fighting and I can tell you it makes your arms ache, when you make a point that is, when you lunge out at imaginary enemy, with the rifle at arm’s length. They’re exercising us a lot to and I’m getting slowly better at my aim during rifle drill practice. The Corporal in charge seems to think that he’ll make a great marksman out of me. I think that all this hard training will either make a man out of me or kill me! You ought to see me in my shrapnel helmet and Gas mask. It would really make you laugh. Especially as the helmet wobbles from side to side every time that I walk. I look like a right picture.

I don’t see much of Budd or Arthur now as they’ve been training under a different Officer to form a different regiment. I know that they’ve been kept together which I’m pleased about. We still sometimes see each other in the Mess hall at the end of the day. They haven’t changed one bit. I’m glad that the War hasn’t dampened their humour.

Thank you for the food that you sent me, but I hope that you’re not doing without. I know how much you like to take care of me. I’m eating well and with all the training; I’m sleeping well too.

There isn’t a single day that I don’t think about you. I miss you with all my heart and cannot wait until the day when I can get to see you again. Please take care of yourself and try not to worry. Time will go quickly I’m sure and soon we’ll be together again.

Taken from the play “The Tank: Fray Bentos Story”

Written by Alfie James