

Private David Tindal wrote this letter to his father on November 22 1915, just before he went to fight in France.

Imagine you are David's brother or sister and you have read it too. What would you write to him in reply?

My dear Father,

We have got our marching orders, and ere* you receive this I shall have set forth on the greatest adventure of my life.

While I am sorry not to have seen you once again I feel that things are better as they are. Parting at best is but a sorry business which seldom serves any good purpose, and I think that in these days we are better not to see too much of our dear ones.

You will not, I hope, worry on my account as I believe that fate will be kind to me, but should the cards go against me in this great gamble, I trust that you will remember that it has always been my most earnest desire that, rather than be maimed or permanently disabled, I should meet death painlessly. I am not afraid to die but I have always been a coward where pain and suffering are concerned.

I need hardly say that you will always be in my thoughts and that I wish for you the best of everything.

My love to you all,
Your affectionate son,
David Tindal



* 'ere' is an old word that means 'before'