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[Front of 7lers] 24 Sept.

My dear Bazel,

It is getting to be such a long time since I wrote last that I must write you a few lines, though in these hard times a decent letter is out of the question. We have been passing through some lively experiences, as of course you can judge from the casualty lists, but all that really matters is that we have been very successful, and our division has won high praise. I have had my accustomed good luck so far, in full measure, but my platoon has been unfortunate, and I hope they will not have such heavy losses again tomorrow, when we are to make our final attack. I am acting company sergeant-major at present, so I will not be, ^{actually} with the platoon, and can only wish them luck.

The weather made matters ten times worse for a while, but the last few days have been beautiful again. Another three

days should see us well out of this place for a rest - not that we are desperately anxious to get out of it, but no one can pretend to like this modern fighting, and we will breathe more freely when our turn is finished.

Everything is well carried out here - rations simply splendid. There is no doubt the British Army has learnt the art of fighting, and organising, almost to perfection, and we can soon hope to have Fritz at our mercy.

If this should be my last, please send it on home, as I have no more time to write now. With best love to you, dear,
from
Becil.

J. Fitzgerald d.o.w. 20.10.16

J. E. Breswell R. 17/9/16.

Jas. B. [Signature]