

Albert Allison - Private 25877

Age 20

1st Battalion South Wales Borderers

Buried - Pozieres British Cemetery, Ovillers-La Boisselle, Somme, France

Commemorated - Harthill War Memorial

Albert was the son of Edward and Amelia Allison of Harthill, and he wrote home to his Mother on 20th February 1916:

Dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am still going on alright up to now, only I have got a difficult job now. I am in the 3rd Brigade Pioneers now, it's the most dangerous job I have had yet. If we work by day they are always shelling us, and if we work by night they put a machine gun on to us. Last Sunday we went to repair some reserve trenches against Loos. Well they spotted us. They shelled us with shrapnel right from the bottom of the trench to the top. Our platoon office was trembling like a devil we all thought our time had come. We went again at night. They sent about a dozen shells over us and sent a volley of bullets over to us.

We are expecting a big attack coming off shortly. Well I had 1pr of socks since I came out and I want to know if you will send me 3prs of socks, 3 handkerchiefs and a shaver so that I can have a shave. Are you still getting my Army Allowance? How many single young men are left in Harthill now. I was writing this letter before the parcel and post came. I received P.O. and parcel alright and thank you very much. The cake is all gone. I divided among my pals. You are forced to do it, you can't help it if they have nothing. If they have anything they share it so we have to do the same. We get plenty of shells here. We have been barricading a railway bridge today. There is a colliery close by, a shell went right in the top of the shaft about one minute after it went right into the bottom of the shaft. We expected they would blow the shaft up and we expected they would blow the bridge up too because they can see us quite plain. I have also received a letter from the Rector, and I thank him very much for the cards he sent me, they are most interesting. I will send him a letter later on when I get the gift and I thank him for his kindness.

I remain your Pte. A. Allison.

Continued...

PS. - Tell George Laking, I didn't know it was Good Friday until one of the pals told me. We was in the trenches then, instead of getting hot cross buns we were getting shells. Tell Mrs Kemp I will never forget her hat...

Worksop Guardian - 18 August 1916

"News was received at Harthill on Tuesday morning by Mr and Mrs Edward Allison, that their son, Pte., Albert Allison, South Wales Borders had been killed in action on July 25th.

He last wrote home on July 19th saying he was alright.

He had been in France six months and had gone through many fierce engagements without a scratch, although he had lost several of his pals.

He was 20 years of age. It is a singular coincidence that, it was just twelve months to the receipt of the notification of his death, to the day, that he enlisted. He was a lad of very quiet disposition and much liked in the village. The sympathy of the parishioners go out to Mr and Mrs Allison in their trouble."