



III. D. 6

**Private Albert Troughton
1st Battalion
Royal Welch Fusiliers
executed for desertion
22/04/1915**



Albert had followed his Commanding Officer's last order of 'everyman for himself' during a bloody battle. His battalion, 1st Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers, were being slaughtered around him. He fought his way through the Germans, only to be told by an Officer that one of his brothers had been killed. Distressed by the news he wandered off for three hours, but was later arrested. All of his unit who could vouch for his good character had been killed or taken prisoner during the battle. Neither his exemplary service record nor the news about his brother being killed, exempted him from the 'King's Regulations'.

On the 21st April 1915, he wrote his last letter home. His jailors risked charges but nevertheless smuggled the letter out of jail and sent it to his mother.

The next morning, as his letter warned, he was shot by firing squad.

Albert Troughton's last letter home

Dear Mother, and Father, Sisters and Brothers,

Just a few lines to let you know I am in the best of health and hope you are mother. I am sorry to have to tell you that I am to be shot tomorrow at 7 o'clock in the morning the 22nd April. I hope you will take it in good part and not upset yourself. I shall die like a soldier, so goodbye mother, father, sisters and brothers, if any left. Remember me to Mr. Kendell and them who knew me. Mother I am very sorry nothing happened to me at Ypres, I should not have went away and then I might have stood a good chance of being still alive, but I think that they are paying the debt at the full rate. I thought the most they would give me would be about ten years. It is worse than waiting to be hung.

I hope you got my letters; which I sent you while waiting for my court martial. It seems that something told me I would be shot, so I think the time has come for me to die ... I am only a common soldier and all civilians should know that I have fought for my country in hail, sleet and snow. To the trenches we have to go. All my comrades have been slaughtered which I think everyone should know. When our Regiment was captured, the Colonel loudly strained "Everyone for himself", but on and on I fought and got clear of the German trenches. This is the punishment I get for getting clear of the Germans. I have written my last letter to you all at home, so mother don't be angry with me because

I have gone to rest, and pray for me, and I will pray for you. Remember me to Mr. Newbold and tell him about it. I have been silly to go away but if you knew how worried I was, and almost off my head. Think how we had been slaughtered at the beginning of the war. You think they would have a bit of pity for those who are living for their country. Goodbye to all at home. Goodbye, Goodbye.

From your Son, Albert.