

**ENGLISHMAN,
KAMERAD! RIGHT
OF THE BRITISH LINE**

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Englishman, kamerad! Right of the British line by Gilbert Nobbs

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GILBERT NOBBS

**ENGLISHMAN,
KAMERAD! RIGHT
OF THE BRITISH LINE**

ENGLISHMAN,
KAMERAD!



THE AUTHOR BEFORE THE WAR, WHILE SERVING
IN THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA

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ENGLISHMAN, KAMERAD!



Right of the British Line

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N.

BY

CAPTAIN GILBERT NOBBS

LATE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE AND QUEEN'S
OWN RIFLES OF CANADA



LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1918



The author of this book, who was blinded during the present war, and subsequently taken prisoner, relates his experience of the fighting on the Somme in the autumn of 1916, and his treatment as a prisoner of war. The early chapters were written during his captivity.

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640
N 58
1918



*Besides the man who fights, there is the
woman who waits, and in humble
tribute to her silent heroism
I dedicate this book*

PREFACE

THIS is my first book. It is also my last. But I have a record to make and a duty to perform. I was five weeks in the firing-line, four weeks mourned as dead, and three months a prisoner of war.

I have attempted to make a true record of all that happened. The names alone are fictitious (all except that of Saniez), for those days were too full of stirring events which will long live in my memory to need the aid of fiction. Only in one instance have I drawn upon my imagination, and that is in recording the death of Septimus D'Arcy. Septimus was a real character, but I lost sight of him when I left the base. The description of his arrival on the Somme was suggested by the appearance of another officer, and his death as I have described it is imaginative.

I am sure my readers will forgive me this transgression although it is in fact not wholly imaginative, for the ending which I have attributed to Septimus seemed to me so well in keeping with the conduct of similar types of men I have met.

If I have dwelt at some length upon my

experience in Germany, it is with the hope that the information may be of interest to those who have relatives and friends still in the hands of the enemy, and burn to know the truth.

I do not deplore the loss of my sight, for I can say in all sincerity that I was never happier in my life than I am to-day.

H. G. N.