Aug 28th [1917]

Dear Sister

I think it is about time I write a line or two to you which I hope will find you all well as it leave me.

I just get a bit knocked sometimes but keep trudging on. I received your letter with the one from F Miller in. I haven’t wrote to him yet. I think I have lost his address. I have wondered several times where he was. He have stuck at Dover well.

I have had a letter from Clarence too. I am glad he is getting on alright. He tell me he have had his service leave. I am just thinking of having a look at the old Mercury. I see it almost every week. My mate have it send out every week though it is three weeks old you can hardly realise how nice it is to have a look at it.

It still remains very hot here. We haven’t had any rain for months. You people at home must think yourselves blessed you can get water as easy as you can. I never knew the worth of water when in England as I do now.

I suppose you are busy harvesting now. The corn is all gathered in here, maize and all. Mealies they are called here. I don’t see any one from Tunstall I know now. I suppose I shall drop across someone one of these days.

I hope the war will soon be over as I have done a good many times and we can all meet again. This country is no good for an Englishman. There is a lot of sickness so I think myself lucky I keep as I do.

Well I keep looking for another letter from home though I don’t write much I hope you will keep it up as there is nothing like news from home. There isn’t much for one to write about here only to let you know I [missing text]

This is about all I can say this time unless I tell you I had a pint of beer last night or else I haven’t had one for months so it is a proof I can live without it but it is a case one must when he can’t get it. Well I will close now. Write as often as you can Remember me to all. I remain your loving Bro

George