June 11th, 1916

Dear Sister,

 Just a line to let you know I got your letter. Hoping you are quite well as it leaves me but a bit rough now. We have been in tents since Thursday. There was a tempest here Sat – hail storms & rain. The water flooded some tents. There are 11 of us in a tent so you can guess what sort of laying it is. We are suffering like this on account of 3 having the measles. It have put us back and all. I don’t know when I shall have my 6 days now. It might not be long. I hope not.

There was ever so many recruits come up here yesterday so perhaps they will soon shift us. I had a postcard from Polly yesterday. Eliza is gone and Cyril in the sanitorium so she feel lonely now. Give my love to Anna and all. This ought to be a healthy life if fresh air have anything to do with it. We have no-where to get in to have our meals or nothing. Perhaps it won’t last long. I have just got a piece of bread a London chap have been pinched. He is just like a ferret so I am going to have some syrup on it. I buy a tin every week and find it come handy some times.

We don’t go to Church now. We shall be clear in another week if there isn’t any more go down. Well I think this about all this time. Write soon.

Love from George

I have got to steal away to post. Tell old Bob I have learnt how to live cheap now we have no furniture to look at and no fireplace.