

For God, For King & For Country



PATRON
Y.M.C.A. NATIONAL COUNCIL.
H. M. THE KING.



PATRON
MILITARY CAMP DEPT.
H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Reply to..... Company..... Bat..... Regt.

Stationed at.....

29.12.1916

My Dear Mother,

Just a few lines to let you know that we have got to our new quarters after an exciting journey from Whalley. There were 48 of us left Whalley at 9 o'clock Friday morning and we did not get here until after nine last night. There was nobody to show where we had to go. It is a disgrace the way we were shoved about yesterday. We had a special carriage on the London train from Blackburn but when we got to London we had to shift for ourselves. We went on the tube from Euston to Victoria and we had our kit bags lugging about all the time, I can tell you some of the people did stare at us. We wandered about Victoria (waiting for the train to this ungodly place) as though we did not belong to anybody. What do you think they gave us to eat on the journey, only a meat sandwich, if it had not been for Mrs Johnson and her sister, I think I should of starved. My word Ma they have been good friends to me, better than a good many relations could be. If everything goes proper I shall have to go back and see them for a little while. They said they would always be pleased to see me.

Well I am here now and shall have to make the best of it. It is only for a short time though at the very most 6 weeks so I am looking forward to seeing you all soon. It was a great disappointment to me not getting out as I had told you, especially as Mrs Johnson wrote such a cheery P.C. telling you I was coming home. You must not blame her Ma, as it was me that told her about coming home and she was so pleased about it that she wrote a P.C. straight away. She has worried very much indeed about it. After I told her I was not going home yet she said "I would give anything if I could get that post card back".

We have a very nice Y.M.C.A. recreation room here, that is one good thing, also a good bed, but we are in huts not in wards like we were at Whalley. I am not very much impressed with the place, and we are not allowed out of the camp. If I could get away for a day I would go up and see Uncle Fred. I don't know for certain how far we are from London but I

[No further pages with this letter]