

[Early 1917?]

Wednesday night

Branksome
Bournemouth

My Dear Ma,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am quite well, hope all at home are the same. Sorry I have not written before but I have been expecting to be home on furlough, but cant get the pass yet. I wanted to give you a surprise, by walking in, but shall not be able to. If I have any luck, I may get it tomorrow, anyhow I should get home somewhen this weekend (hope so). My word you have a job to get furlough now, some can do it alright, but I cant.

Fred is quite well and wishes to be remembered to you all. He says he is looking forward to that cup of tea after dinner, I'll show you how to drink tea when I come home. There I suppose I must not grumble as I have a fairly easy job now, taking recruits in musketry, a change is as good as a rest but some of them recruits are lads, wont learn anything.

Give my love to Grandma & Grandpa, did Aunt Polly get my Xmas card? Well Dear Ma I'm afraid that is about all the news so I will dry up with heaps of love to you and Pa and all at home. Your

Loving Son

George

Excuse scribble.

xxxxxx

xxxxx

xxxxx

P.S. I forgot to mention that I went out to dinner last night, what do you think of that. Well I tell you the story.

Last Saturday in the Y.M. I and another Pal of mine met 2 ladies and they asked us if we had been to the front & we said yes. Of course they wanted to know where and we told them Gallipoli. I had a bit of a shock then, as 1 of the ladies had her boy killed there and the other one had her boy reported wounded and missing, both from Chocolate Hill. That started a confidential chat & in the end we had to go to their house to dinner. We went last night and had a jolly good time. A nice hot bath, smokes and a good feed, what better than that. We are to go again at some future date. I will tell you all about it when I come home.

George