

Dear Mother

This is the first opportunity I have had to write. I am quite well and I hope you are the same. I am writing this in a loft of an house and have only just returned from somewhere near the firing line. I have not seen Cyril since we left England but I shall try my best if his lot comes to where we are, (and also I have not received any parcel from you yet) but if I do I shall write as soon as I get it. I have lost Tom's address and am unable to write to him and he has not written to me yet. The weather is not bad, but there is plenty of mud rocking about. My address is
17235. 13th Plat, 13th Batt R.W.F B.E.F
France. I hope you are all well and that the kids are not worrying you much. The place where we are now is very much knocked about by shells and there is hardly an house left whole.
Love to all
Jack

P.S. I had your Parcel just after
I had finished this letter, and
had a jolly good feed out of it
and the pipe is just what I wanted.