

The Spa 35214

Head Quarter Coy

1st Bn 8th

Wilds Regt

B 84

France

Dear Dad

Just now I know that I
am alright and have received your letter. I expect
you have received my letter by now. Things are
going on just the same. The weather has been
place up a treat, but it has done the
longer I am dry. You must not be afraid of its having
wet socks on now, there are chaps carrying wet socks
out and dry socks back, its a crime to have wet
feet in the trenches now. I was glad to hear so
much news about home in your letter, fancy old
Austin gone to Africa, he wont need to cut his hair
and sew buttons on his trousers out there will he.
I am writing this letter in a dugout about the size of
an orange box, I cant sit up straight in it and when I
stretch myself my feet stick out through the doorway
about half a yard but its very snug when two of us
sleep together, I think I could sleep comfortably on a
clothes line now, you will have to teach me the way
to climb upstairs and get into bed when I come home

~~How~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ mother and the kids, I hope they are
looking forward to Christmas, see that they enjoy
themselves Dad, tell them that if I get anywhere
near a town I will send them some cards but I haven't
seen anything but ruins for the last few months.
I wish I ~~could~~ ^{would} tell you where I am, we used to talk
a lot about the place before I joined, I never
thought of being there then though. Well its
getting dark again so I will have to shut up.
Remember me to everybody I know and my
love to mother & the kids (I suspect Winnie is a bit
big for that name now though) so keep you pecker up
Dad.

Your loving son

Tom