

France
10/9/19

Dear May

I received your most welcome letter today, and was very pleased to hear that you, and all at home were quite well at the time of writing. Well I am glad to hear that the send off to Dick Beck was such a success, I had the account of it cut out of the paper and sent to me, it says a lot for the new committee elected, the people may turn out a bit better now than what they used to. Tipua was inclined to have a bad name there for a while. I had a letter from George today he is back in the hospital again with his leg, I doubt whether it will ever be right again he stands a good chance of getting back to camp. Well I can't see my way clear to get back till the war is over, but I will think myself jolly lucky if I am living to go back then. There has been a good deal of fighting going on lately, the British have advanced over twenty miles on this front were we are, of course you will see by the papers, the

the crew Zealanders have been in it, and are still
 going forward. The weather has been very good up
 up till this last few days, but it seems to have
 again, ^(another) it ~~is~~ is very windy and showery but
 there has been know rain to speak of so far.
 you must have had a pretty severe winter over
 there by the amount that fell in parts of the
 country, it wont be very ^{of snow} long now before winter
 is on us again over here, I dont like the idea of
 facing another winter but I suppose there is nothing
 else to do. It was very bad luck for Mrs Stewart losing
 her baby after living ten weeks, how is Bob getting
 on you never said a word about him, I thought
 you and him might have been tied up by now, I
 hope you wont think me to forward speaking like
 that. How is your sister Effie is she still
 nursing at the Jimaru Hospital, I hope she likes
 it alright. Well okay this is short and sweet, but
 there is very little to write about here except military
 operations, and as you no the troops are forbidden to
 discuss that. So I will say goodbye once more
 hoping this finds you all well at home. ^{From} Alf Mc. Lague