

AD3/20/4

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1/1 Worcestershire Yeomanry  
2<sup>nd</sup> Mounted Division  
Base Post Office  
Alexandria  
B. M. E. F.

Any Post Office  
18<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1915

My dear old Dad

The above address will always find me sooner or later. It is the only safe one to give as we may be moved from here <sup>(Mudros)</sup> before long. or, on the other hand we might stay here until after Xmas. I believe the weather is likely to be quite decent until Xmas & then much colder & wet. We may get sent back to Alexandria - no one seems to want us here! We are moving into another camp a few miles off soon where there is a good water supply, but food will be just as scarce. I should be glad of small packets sent out separately so that some of them may reach me. plain chocolate, candles, Horlicks Malted milk Tablets, & meat or soup tablets. also quaker oats. I had no time to get these things in England. It was such a rush. And I couldn't get them in Malta. Don't send me much at a time, small dribbles, so that if some of it gets lost I shall get a little of it. I've had all my hair clipped off close to the scalp. It is a bit chilly but much cleaner & easier to manage. I've no time to write more. Bidy has a longer epistle but it doesn't contain much more news. We know nothing. We are just dumped here waiting until we are taken ~~to~~ away to be dumped somewhere else. If it wasn't for the censor I could tell you one or two things that you will never read of in

the papers! but it is useless, I will tell you when I return.  
I don't find the rations so bad as some of the others do  
who have had no previous experience in the ranks, but there seems  
to be very little of them. They seem to shrivel in the cooking!  
I'm all right & haven't been attacked by dysentery yet which  
is rife everywhere on this Island.

My best love to you all. I hope you are keeping fit.  
The poor beggars back from Gallipoli for a rest look like  
haggard scarecrows. They say most of the men couldn't  
charge if they were told to, & I can quite believe it.  
cheer on.

Your loving son.

Brian

B. Hutton