

Gynberg.

South Africa.



March 3. 1908.

My dear Maggie.

You seem to have been

having had dogs in London. That

is in point of this place, one

never gets a dog or even visit.

We were all pulled out

of bed just before 2 am yesterday

Morning to do a night march, it
was a most unpleasant surprise
no one knew of it beforehand.
I feel as if I could sleep for a
week. This is becoming a sort of
little Aldershot.

I am beginning to wonder if I
shall ever get my star, it is about
time, I have served Her Majesty for

3 1/2 years, I think I deserve a nice
pay though it is not much one gets.

One of the last joined officers
got enteric, he is getting on all right,
he was rather bad a few days ago.

We are all glad to be going
to India, everyone who has
been there once seems to want
to go back.

You send some grapes.

I hope they will arrive all right.

Probes are so abundant that no one
seems to trouble to look after them
on the table, in the way of throwing &c

Yours oft. brother

John G. Thompson Jr