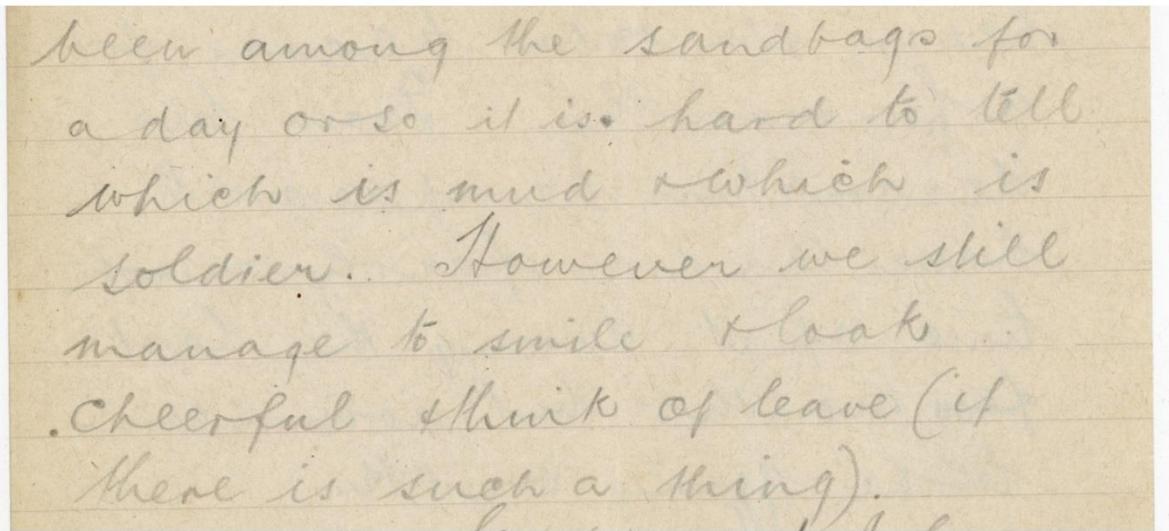


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TBB/1/1/1/1/122

Two extracts from a letter from Thomas Baker Brown to his father from somewhere in France, 13 January 1917. He writes about how much mud there is in the trenches.

**“Like North S[hields] the weather in this salubrious spot is only fifth rate and after you’ve been among the sandbags for a day or so it is hard to tell which is mud and which is soldier. However we still manage to smile + look cheerful + think of leave (if there is such a thing).”**

Question:

What is Thomas looking forward to? Is he hopeful he will get it? Pick out the words that show you this.