

We have also had the notebook and other little personal belongings of a prisoner who died at Hofgeismar returned to us to forward to his relations.

A small number of the prisoners have applied to the Pay Office to have some of their pay remitted to them. This the Pay Office have consented to do. This money is sent to us, and we forward it in small weekly instalments.

The Canadian Red Cross warehouse in Tooley Street is responsible for the sending of the cases of clothes that are sent about once a month. These cases are addressed to the Senior N.C.O.'s of the different camps for them to distribute the contents. The cases contain an individual parcel for each man, the contents of which include shirts, socks, towels, soap, toothbrush, etc.

We have received some very interesting letters describing the life in some of the camps; one particularly interesting one from Giessen I will enclose a copy of.

Letter written by Pte. G. O. R. GREENHOW to his Mother.
GIESSEN,

June 12th.

My Dearest Mother,

We had a very full week last week. We started full of anticipations, as it was rumoured that parcels had arrived for us, and our anticipations were fully realised, and Tuesday night found us full of food, tobacco, etc., and last, but not least, full of gratitude to our relations and friends across the Channel.

Picture to yourself the sight of a large airy barrack-room with tables laden with dainties and luxuries of every kind, and imagine you see me and four pals (the survivors of my former section) gathered, with cheery faces, round one of these tables, and you would scarce believe your imagination had brought you to a prison camp in Germany.

The arrival of news and parcels has started a new era in our existence. Your parcel arrived in splendid condition, and absolutely intact, and I thank you with all my heart for it. We have selected a President at my table, and he, a canny Scot, realises the responsibility of his position, and after much forethought ordains when and what we shall eat, and sees that in case of a little too much of some particular luxury arriving it is shared with some less fortunate comrades amongst the British here. We were tickled to death with the first cup of tea, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the donor. I have now received three excellent parcels, also money orders, also cakes, chocolate, etc., from friends. The slippers were just what I wanted; in fact, the big parcel sent May 22nd, the day you knew I was a prisoner, could not have been packed or chosen to suit me better.