

Warren Hill

May 28th 1905.

My dear Jean

I sat on the boy he got
me done by pulling
my hair but I gave it
to him after wards he
scratched my nose.

I hope the little bird
is well and flourishing.

It is extremely dull
~~here~~ here. I am sick of
cricket, and there is ab-
-surdly nothing to do

(except lessons.)

With much love from

P.S. Tom.

how is Tommy and
Ernest.