

Tuesday. March 26/17.

Witley Camp. England.

My dear Mother Father & Carrie.

Received your letter yesterday dated March 5/17 enclosing money order for £5. and I was certainly glad to hear from you all. I did not need the money on a part of the cable I got but maybe it will come in handy. We have sure been having tough luck here as far as Canadian Mail is concerned but he is hoping it will be better in the future.

I have not seen Fred since I was in the Hospital he must have been moved from this Camp. I have been so tied up since I came out of the Hospital that I have not had any time to look him up. I am glad you are acquainted with the Mattheis of our old Rusty King Quartet I think it is a dandy idea and we are certainly sorry we have been broken up as we used to have.

some fake times. Deep Dad I cannot help but know
what is going on in London every letter I get
has news in it about the change. + believe
me dears it is one of the ambitions of my
life being fulfilled to go ahead and tell you
when I get back I'll try and do my share
although it might not be very much.

I think it would be rather exciting to
have 3 rooms to live in I am so used to one
that I would hardly know how to act in
3. I know I am just going to love that flat
it'll be fake when Dad gets his hand in. I was
also glad to hear that the factory had been
rented "Oh there's nothing to it" everything is
going ^{to} turn out just right.

I hope you do not receive my last letter
until you read this one as I do not want you to
worry. Our Stand too Sunday night + all day
Monday. I think was a test mobilization of all

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Heaps in England. everything is going along
now the same as before and no talk of
going over.

Our Quarantine Band have been
issued with yellow Bands to wear around
our Hats and we have to go out training
with the Battalion. only no one is allowed
to come within 10 yards of us.

This morning we had a Brigade Route
march of 13 miles. Heavily marching order and
I enjoyed every step of it so you can imagine
what condition I am in.

Mr Hayworth our Machine Gun
officer came up to me this morning and
told me to hand my Revolver over to an-
other Chap in the section I was quite
surprised until he told me that the
whole Company had been reorganised.

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and that instead of me being #1 on the M. G.
Brew that I had been put in charge of the
Section which means another Stripe as soon
as I come out of Quarantine so you can
leave the lance off and just call me Garpt.
This is not nearly as dangerous a job as
#1 on the Brew and as I am very anxious
to get back home I was quite well pleased
Murray & Lee take care of the loads of
things they will not need us over there
just get underway

Remember me to all
with love for all

Beh

Hope dad
got the paper
will send one
every week
over.