

Sunday. May 27/7
Witley Camp.
Surrey
England.

My dear Mother Father & Carrie

I suppose you were all quite surprised about the draft of 500 which I mentioned in my last letter. Well dears, it has turned out to be a reality in earnest. They left Wednesday night for France and believe me this is a pretty handsome place and has the habit of making us feel pretty blue. This draft cleaned out pretty nearly all of the old 135 in fact I do not think you could find 50-135 men in England.

I suppose by the time you get this you will have heard of Murray's accident. He was hit in the face by a dummy Bomb at a distance of about 30 yards although he was certainly lucky. It did not break anything and he is feeling jake now although he has had a peachy Black eye. Last Thursday the 24th we had divisional sports at Tadalming Murray and I went down and spent a very quiet day.

I finished my course at the
Divisional School on Sat and
although the reports are not out
yet. I feel confident that I have
made first Class Instructor

It seems so funny around here
now. Huddleston, Barnard.
Stammers and all of our old
section went on this draft and
we sure do miss them

Murray and I are still trying
to get our papers and we hope
we will be able to make the
Grade.

A draft came in to-day
from the 220 Bn of 150 men
They have only been over here
a month and have not had any
English training so by the looks
of things we will have to go
through it all again

We have not had any
Canadian mail for over two
weeks now. and I am anxiously
waiting for news of what is
nearest and dearest to me such
as How you all are. How Business
and last But not least How is the
Burgalow growing. I am in love

with that tiled floor in the
Bath Room already.

Well dear this is just a
note Remember me to all
with Best love

Bob

will write
again this week.
Things are so unsettled
just now.