

Sunday. December 8/18  
16 C.O.

Whitley Camp.  
Surrey Eng.

darling Mother Father & Sis.  
Just like old times  
dears to be writing home from  
Whitley Camp on a Sunday  
night. and I sure do feel more  
contented and satisfied with  
myself now than I did then  
I am not exactly what you  
call a fighting man. But.  
when I was here before, I.  
hardly felt that I had done my  
share, but now I can rest  
contented knowing that there  
is not one single thing I have  
omitted even to stopping a  
piece of Hardware.

This place around  
here does not appeal to me  
as it used to. The weather is  
dirty and if mud was good to  
eat we would all be fat,  
again there is a very poor  
system around our Camp too  
many Buckshes N.C.O.'s and  
officers

This means crowded that  
Poor eats etc and I surely  
hope I am not here for long  
I have kind of a sneaky feeling  
that I will be home in a  
couple of months but do not  
be disappointed if it might  
be a little more or less.

We had our church parade  
in the same place as we  
used to when in the 134 but  
I certainly miss old Myer.  
I heard that he was a Conf-  
irmed Corporal feeling fine  
etc, and no doubt he will be  
over here on leave soon. I hope  
I will see him again before  
I go back.

I know I am rather late  
putting in this order but I  
would like you to send a  
fruit cake to Mrs. Pierson  
I would rather you send this  
than anything to me because  
this is my English home &  
if I had been their own son.

They could not have treated  
me better if you were to  
have it iced and the names on  
I think it would be nice

To { Mrs & Mrs P.  
Dorothy  
Freda  
Audrey.  
Berry.  
Winnie }

This is not a very nice place  
place around here for letter  
writing but believe me dears.  
I will be taking your heads  
off in a few weeks.

Hope you got that photo  
I sent all right.

Your loving Son & Brother  
Bob.