

Sunday, December 15/18
Witley Camp.

Quebec.

My darling Mother, Father & Sis. Eng.

Well dear here we are
another Sunday and if I am not very
much mistaken you can count all the
Sundays more that I will be away on
one hand.

This has not been a very
exciting week as far as I have been
concerned, but it nearly proved so. Last
Wednesday I had an attack of violent
cramps in my stomach caused no doubt
by something I had been eating anyway
the Doctor pronounced it appendicitis
and I was sent to one of these detention
Hospitals. But in the morning they came
to conclusion that it was just cramps
and you can believe me it was good news
to yours truly as I do not want any
single thing to stand in my way.

Canadian mail has certainly
been a minus member around this camp.
but that is caused by our being moved
around so much, and really around here
they have a very poor system in fact.

it seems at times that the only time they know you are here is when they want you to do a fatigue or picket but as a rule there do not require much effort and certainly no Brains.

This morning I was on a Quartermasters fatigue but that did not amount to very much and it saved me clearing up for Church Parade.

Nig & Naggs and I went down to Godalming yesterday and I renewed my acquaintance with the people at the Bath restaurant & Tobacco shop where I used to go to and they all remembered me and asked after me. It seems strange that Nig and I are together so much. I met him at Exeter and we have been together ever since on leave and everywhere.

The weather has been pretty rotten since we have been in this Camp it has been raining every day.

I will be glad when I can see snow
again for winter instead of Rain &
Mud.

I hope you are all feeling Jake
at home & are all right again now
although I did think for a time
I was kind of up against it.

Remember me to all dears
With best love

Your loving Son & Brother
Bob.