

Sunday January 27/8
Witley Camp.
Surrey. Eng.

My darling, Mother, Father, Carrie,
Received Carrie
letter this morning just before Church
Parade and it sure was a shining
light. I thought the Snaps were pretty
jake.

I can understand now why
everyone is raving about our new
stone it is sure a daisy just at present
I am looking at the Outside and was
was wondering who shovelled the
snow off the Sidewalk. Now I am
looking at the one entitled the North
End of the living Room and I'd like
to sneek up behind you and give you
all a great big hug & kiss. I can also see
a picture of yours truly on the Mantle
piece and everything there looks comfy
& cozy. I am also wondering what Mother
is knitting. I am now looking at

the one in the Dining Room where
I can see Edna Harry Jean Mr Don.
geth Carrie & Dad. Tell Mother its too
bad I cannot see her and I do not know the
Dark young lady in the far corner. I'd
just like to freeze on one of the Apples I can
see on the table. I think the rooms are very
artistically decorated. Not too much furniture
But enough to look like a model
It is now the South East Corner of
the living Room and I think it is perfect
of Mother & Dad.

Dining Room is absolutely
ripping. The living Room is the same
and I can distinctly see Murray & my-
self sitting on the Mantle piece. The
Corner of Carrie's Room is scrumptious
someday I'll give you a detailed
description of a Bedroom in the "Harmie"
as they call it over "ere"

I finished my course at Bordo
last Friday & was told by the Commandant

that I had passed very well on every
subject as I am pretty well pleased.
I come up in a Transport Sat. and was
glad to see old Mur, he was looking
"Right." and is feeling the same.

I was at Church Parade to-day
and a Parade is some different here
than it was at the School. Murray
put in for a pass for me & next
Friday we expect to be on our way
the District for a wee holiday

Well dear there is not any
more I can think of. I am feeling fine
and hope you are all feeling the
same. Remember me to all dear
with Bestest love
Bob.