



Sunday Jan 27/18

Dear Mother & Carl,

We just received the Canadian mail this morning, the first in over two weeks. I made up my mind before I answered a single one. I was going to write to you. Carrie and Edna told me in their letters that you were feeling poorly and had been ordered to bed for a month by the doctor. I cannot tell you how sorry I was to hear it but hope the months rest will do you the world of good. I can imagine they will have an awful time keeping you there for a month, but I hope they succeed, for I know the rest will do you all sorts of good.

Carrie told me about you making me the "King me light". It was certainly grand of you. Believe me I have had more comfort out of it than anything else I possess. I wear it continually. I never wore my corset for it made me to be bundled up.

I received the snaps of the house today and I certainly think the house is grand. Everything looks so cheery and comfortable. It certainly makes Bob & I



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feel good to know you are all settled and so comfortable.

Bob landed in camp yesterday just after I had finished a set lawn guard. Believe me I was sure glad to have him back. He certainly looks great with all the hard work he has put in.

He certainly does fine on his course. Tomorrow a party of five including Bob myself march to the range, (12 miles) to fire some battle practice. We will come back Wednesday and on Friday Bob & I leave on a set days pass. We are going to Edinburgh and will also go to Birmingham to see Charlie Astors. We were certainly lucky to get our leave at the same time.

Bob is sitting in an easy chair (amongst mess) busy writing letters.

It is certainly fierce about the coal shortage in Canada. I hope you won't have much trouble in getting supplied.

The people over here are having an awful time trying to get enough foodstuffs.



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We are eating better in our mess now than we have for some time. We are getting far more than we did in the summer, when we were working three times as hard.

The past week ^{the weather} has been just like spring. Today is bright & cool, a grand day for a walk, but I guess we will get all the walk we want tomorrow.

There is no word of us moving yet. I guess we are a permanent fixture around here.

Well mother I must close for this time and will try and not be so long in writing again. I trust the next letter I get will say that you are feeling fine and fit again.

Keats of love
Murray

P.S. Please excuse pencil as my pen is only good for addressing envelopes.