

Witley Camp, Surrey.
August 10/07

Dear People at Home;

Well it is two weeks, nearly since I wrote home but I know you will overlook that when I tell you the reason.

A week ago last Sunday Charlie Giffell went out to join but sick & it turned out that he had diphtheria. Then on Friday we were put under quarantine till Sunday night & then when the report of the swabs came back we were released.

Some of the fellows wrote letters but I thought if I was in any way infected I would not pass it on, germs have gone in letters sometimes. On Monday we went out on three days Brigade scheme so you see the two weeks have gone by, yesterday we slept most of the day.

I rec'd your two letters July 14 & 25th also rec'd your 22nd and the bon bon last Sunday also. I like the honey pie and the cake certainly was good, the stones were out of the raisens different from some cake you buy here. It was just as fresh seeming as when it was cooked.

A cake comes better than cookies because it will stand all kinds of rolling around.

Well we lost our cat last night, he went to France to take a staff job. He was certainly a fine man the best we could have had to go to France with but the trouble was he was too good, he is bound to go up because he is so interested and cool. He is a good Christian man I never heard him say or do any thing that didn't become a man while he was here and he would bawl out an officer quicker than a man any time.

I would judge that we are going to France inside a couple of months because the artillery intend to move pretty soon and we follow them.

He got a shot of antitoxine last Saturday, the needle went in about an inch, the deepest dab I have got yet. It is very itchy today and there has been as a result of some rubbing come a few lumps like hives but I guess it will soon disappear.

So Laura has at last did the deed I suppose I will hear about the reception etc. next letter.

So Jos. Poole has got a car. What next? He takes an odd spell like the rest of people and surprises the neighborhood. I guess so. Bushrod will feel rather on the lower lip.

This new preacher must be a whirlwind, it will be fine if you have a good enthusiastic man. Capt. T. Cameron has been in camp two weeks here. A Chaplain from Toronto, was in France last winter & Spring, back to Canada and is now back here again on his way to France.

He is one of the ablest men on the Y.M.C.A. force and has certainly conducted a series of good sermons here, has done a deal of good during his stay. He is fine without a doubt, practical, and has the knack of driving it home on the boys. I have been at several of his meetings but between quarantine & bivouacs I have missed the most of them. I will be free this weekend now I expect as can attend.

We got the new potatoes long before you had them I guess, we have had new potatoes nearly three months now, an' way, may be longer, we get dandy good potatoes!

We had a good visit from Stan. Egerton. He had ten days leave come a week ago last Monday. We were away out on a scheme and just came in Sat. Jim & I ^{I left} for duties as it happened, the rest were staying out and Lewis here or at least at the Y.M.C.A. It was the first night Capt. Cameron was here

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and he was at the U. He went up
and I stood at one door to watch for him,
Ed & Jim at the other and I waited him the
second he came into the door. He looks just
the same, not as fleshy as he was but still
in good heart & in good humour.

He went up to Blackpool for two days &
to Glasgow for two more. His Corporal in the M.G.
section fired at Blackpool but had gone to Can.
It was in the C. E. I., so he wanted Stan to go
to his home. Stan. had a revolver to take up for
him, one of Henry's. Stan. said he had a good
time there but nothing to the two days at Glasgow.
He said he was used the very best at Walpers'
you see Jim gave him their address. I think
he hated to leave there it was like home. If I
ever get a few from France that's where I'll
hit for to.

He had three of the hardest days the 160th
has been up from Monday morning till Thursday
morning (yesterday). It was a Brigade scheme &
extensive. We went quite a few miles in the
three days. Monday we went away out to
Midhurst about fifteen mile, full pack, we had
to take what we wanted to sleep with so had
a good pack. That was a scorching to start with
it was very hot. We had a dandy place for
the night, we were on a big field in some

big guys' estate. Cowdray Park was the same
I st! It was bank holiday in Eng. & people
locked out there, when the bands started
to play that night it just looked like some
10th July celebration.

These lords here have certainly swell estates.
The grass never heaves like in Canada & the
moss is soft and as Scangles used to say it
is sweater than in Can. We could tan around on
our bare feet there it was just like a carpet.

Tuesday we got a very light breakfast & started
out & we walked about a thousand miles &
about twelve o'clock three of us hit a farm house,
bought a chunk of cheese, a loaf of bread & paid 10d.
for five eggs. That fixed us alright but some
didn't get any dinner till between 3 & 4.

Wednesday we had a similar day & then were
put out on our oot that night. We had a
scrap with the enemy, they come that night and
about twelve o'clock we had just rolled in when
we had to assemble, got a sandwich & hot
drink & started for Cam about eight mile.

I was never as near walking in my sleep
as coming home but we all stuck to it and
landed at daylight. Yesterday we slept
most of the day.

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Lord Fennyons' home is just a short distance from here and on Monday we stopped at the mill about which Fennyon wrote that old poem in The P. S. Reader. The mill stones are still there yet & the old water wheel is there too, all covered with moss.

Day enclosing three snaps. There is a groom for the Brigade Major sleeping in our hut & I went up with him & we took a picture of ourselves on his horse.

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I took a whole film of snaps when I was out three weeks ago & they were poor, just the two were any good.

That is Harvey Aikens & I in front of our igloo one night. It is snowing.

The other picture from left to right. Duvie Nelson, an Indian, Lorne Walls, myself, Sgt Jones & Ted Price.

I am sending two of those flatwood pictures home for me last week. Let me know when you get them. I am sending a minor today also if I get it wrapped up.

Well I think that I have told you about all the news for this time.

Love to all

Russell

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