



Patron of National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s:  
 HIS MAJESTY THE KING.  
 Patron Military Camp Department:  
 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

HEADQUARTERS:  
 "GEORGE WILLIAMS HOUSE,"  
 13, RUSSELL SQUARE,  
 LONDON, W.C.

From.....  
 Batt..... Reg't..... Coy.

Address reply to.....  
 .....

Dear Mother.

I received Dad's Letter this morning, I had 4 altogether, including 1 from Lotty and 1 from Aunt Olive. I have heard twice from Lotty since I have been here. She is much better though still in bed. Aunt Olive says she wants to get up, but the doctor won't allow her to until she is properly cured. She (Let.) says she would write to you soon, she is quite pleased, that I am in the Guards, so is Aunt Olive.

I am going to Caterham this week, along with a hundred others, into the 1<sup>st</sup> Batt. either tomorrow or Saturday, so don't write any more until I give you my new address, although I think I would receive it just the same now, as I have had my number. It is No. 657. Welsh Guards. I was vaccinated this afternoon. The doctor asked me when I was vaccinated before, and I



told him, not since birth. He gave me two.

I am in fine health to day, and never felt better in my life. I had a soft day yesterday, slept all the morning and quite enjoyed the rest. I was supposed to be one of a fatigue party told off to scrub the Dining Hall, and being at the end of the line was told to fall out as I was one over the number required, no one remembered anything more about me, so I went and laid down on my bed and slept all the morning, and spent the afternoon in the J. M. C. A. and went to the Sheperds Bush Empire (first House) in the evening. We have had a very strenuous week, having spent two days in the Gymnasium. My body is now aching all over after it. My feet are all right <sup>now</sup>, and I have a fine pair of new boots with plenty of room in them.

Recruits are simply rolling in, and the 1<sup>st</sup> Batt. Welsh Guards is long ago completed.

The weather is much warmer here now and I don't feel a bit cold in the night. I sleep like a top from 10. to 6.30 the next morning.

I did not think of writing to you until I arrived at Catterham, but being in the P. M. to night I thought I would just drop you a line or two. You see, we were supposed to go yesterday. (Wed.), but for some reason or other didn't. So don't mind me being brief this time. I will write as soon as I get to my new quarters, and will let you know all about it. I note Billy's drawing with appreciation, and Wimmer too. Give my love to them both, Mother, and heaps for yourself.  
Your loving son David.