

My dear Mother
I hope you
will be
at home

Nov. 8th 1917.

My dear Mother: -

Received your letter with George enclosed upon my return from Aunt Alice's this afternoon.

It made me feel so blue to read the letters. I can imagine how you felt to see Ben march off - I imagine George is in France now well, he surely will be glad that that part of his journey is over. Evidently they expected to go straight to France.

I would like to have Billy read his letters so will post them to you Saturday from Nansimo and your

will receive them on Monday. I hope you will post George's ^{future} letters on to me as I will be so anxious to hear about him. I expect to write to the boys tomorrow. I don't feel in the humor for writing tonight.

Winnie is staying with me tonight and tomorrow night. I am all alone in this end of the building and it seemed too lonely so I asked her over to keep me company.

Poor Baby Murdoch was operated on last evening. He had a rupture, not an awfully bad one, but the Doctor said he would not let it go another minute. The baby is doing fine, but May is feeling badly over it. They have to keep him in the hospital five or six days, so she has to stay with him.

All the Vales & Hawkers are well. Aunt Ailie is glad to have Eric home again. Audrey & I spent the afternoon over there. The first

in a long time.

I wrote Aunt Rose & B.V. This week. I guess Aunt Rose will get quite a shock when she hears from me. She gave me one, as I am returning the good deed. I intend writing Margaret Wiley soon.

I expect to meet Billy in Nanaimo ^{& Audrey} Saturday ^{will} we drive into Alberni. Expect to be home the following Saturday.

Has your face all healed over? You have never said how it looks -

It is now after ten o' time I crawled in beside my new bed fellow. We are all well and hope the name of you - I have not heard from Hazel for ages - Lovingly Rose