

Coombil,
Carrathool.

22nd August, 1917.

Dear Charlie,

Coombil shearing ended on Monday, four minutes after time. There were 622 bales of wool. I am enclosing a photo of the wool stacked in the wool-room, and showing the tunnel through it, by which one hundred and fifty bales or more were removed, and loaded onto waggons, or carted up to Collins' old shed to be stacked: also a bad one of Ian, who at present has his appearance spoiled by a patch on the side of his nose destitute of hair, where he must have been kicked by a horse or something.

The grass is getting a decent length in some of the paddocks now. It has been raining off and on since Saturday. This morning there was a very cold wind blowing. There is a good deal of water lying about the paddocks.

I remain
your affectionate Brother
W. M. Campbell.