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France

7/6/15.

Dearest Mother

although there is little or nothing for me to write about shall send a few lines as things, at the moment, are unusually quiet. Your letter of Sunday the sixteenth arrived a couple of days ago also one from Alice which I will answer later.

I sent you a list of my London men a few days ago and though it is not as complete as I would have wished perhaps it will serve the purpose. Of course when a man is a casualty he is struck off the strength and it does not follow that he is returned to his old Battery when fit for duty again. However I always try to get them by exchange or some other method. I wrote Mrs Mercer at the time of her husband's death and gave her some particulars as also did Scudgett in whose section he had been.

Chatham is one of the Battery cooks and is still with me. He seems a quiet enough creature.

It is peculiar that Sgt and his command have not yet left but I suppose they will be gone long before this reaches you. Most of the second Contingent are now in England and some are over here as drafts to replace casualties.

I am glad that Falger has been given a decent job at last. He is a nice chap and for all his faults an excellent soldier. I don't quite understand what job it is that duty Smith has. Is it on one of the contingents or a divisional staff.

I am rather sorry that Henry has left the Peninsula. He was not perfect but at any rate he kept things in pretty good shape out there. Have they secured a good man in his place? I hear that Jimmie has gone also so there must have been sweeping changes out there.

Is the Major Wilson (in Dobb's list) of whom you speak Dr George Wilson or is he someone else. Which Coshutt is it. I know one named Harvey but had been told he was in

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some Toronto unit.
I wrote Hugh at some length
the other day. He had not
answered a letter I sent him
months ago but I thought perhaps
I should write again after Mr.
Roberts' death though had already
sent Jean a few lines for them
all.

I enclose a clipping from the
advertiser which makes me laugh.
Hugh Owen is in command of the
transport horses & mules of the
Princess Pats but may now have
a combatant job as they have lost
a lot of officers. But to state that
he is in command of the battalion
is a damned lie and a ludicrous
one at that. I also enclose a
few other clippings which may be
worth filing away with the others.
There was a small attack here
the other night. The artillery paved
the way by cutting the wire
entanglements and blowing down the
enemy parapets. Our infantry took the
renches almost without losing a
man but were later driven out
through sheer weight of numbers and

The Boche are back where they were before. We are still firing a good deal every day but I have no idea what the next move will be.

Yesterday I was allotted a number of new men and horses which brings me about up to strength ago. I do not think much of the majority of the men but the horses were all a good type. Crear saw Beck out here a couple of weeks or so ago and I hear he tried to find me. My Battery was however still up at Ligny at the time and as far as I know he did not go up in that direction.

Peggy is well and looks splendidly but in this type of warfare one does not get very much riding. My other horse, The Wake, has a sore hock and it seems hard to get rid of it for some reason. I am keeping them both in a wood behind the Battery but all the other horses with the drivers are bivouacking a couple of miles in rear of us.

I had a letter the other day

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non uncle Jack, written in Boston
also letters from John Hubbard
and Logan Waterous; neither of
the latter are very enthusiastic
about general business condition
but hope for an improvement in
the early fall.

Best love to all
your devoted son
Ward

P. S. I. S. is frightfully hot here
just now and the flies are
beginning to get troublesome. However
I am getting creosol however to
cope with the latter and anyway
they are only minor annoyances.

E. W. L.