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Flanders
8/5/15

Dearest Mother

This afternoon there is another apparent lull in the proceedings and I shall take advantage of it to write a few lines. I wrote earlier in the week and have since received your dear letter written on April twenty first.

The address on all your letters has been quite correct and the various delays in their reaching me have been due probably to faults on the part of the field post office. When one considers the handicaps they work under the mails are on the whole fairly well handled but at the same time many letters and parcels never reach their destination while others are often unaccountably delayed.

An wondering if Bob, by now, is on his way to England with

the Second Contingent. It seems to me that they should be well started even if only for the purpose of re-inforcing the 1st Canadian Division. The job he has, command of the divisional cavalry, should be a good one, embracing, as it does, escort, police and patrol work. As far as this war the cavalry have not been used for scouting or fighting. You have not said what is to become of the remainder of the 7th Mounted Rifles with particular reference to the arch clown officer Reason. It seems a pity that such people should be given commissions in the first place.

We were up at daylight again this morning and did quite a lot of firing as the Germans made a determined attack just to the right of the zone we are holding. They were apparently beaten off and

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must have suffered heavily as they still attack in great masses and are usually shot down in tremendous numbers. They do not lack pluck when together and to say that the British aviators have established complete superiority over those of the enemy is all rot. The German planes are up continually and though they avoid fighting in the air, they protect their own troops better apparently than ours do. Our men are seldom up early in the morning and that is when the Germans usually come over.

Two batteries of our brigade were relieved early in the week and I am hoping that the turn of the 12th is not far off. Another man was killed yesterday but as yet the German big guns have not actually located my battery. We have built a dummy battery

about two yards in rear and they shell it heartily every day. Long may they continue to do so.

I tore the bottom nearly right out of my breeches last night and have used up nearly a whole shirt in making the necessary repairs. It is not a neat job but at least I shall not shock anybody's modesty for the time being anyway. Ordinarily Shirley would have done this for me but he was wounded, poor fellow, a few days ago and at present I am servantless and shall be until the Battery gets some new men.

I am writing this, sitting on the top of my dug out, in my shirt sleeves. It is a perfect day, vegetation very green everywhere, and the leaves very nearly fully out. We are all getting a bit sunburnt even when one makes

allowance for a thick coat of dirt.

The fighting of the past fortnight has been of the fiercest nature and I was told by a Lt. Colonel R F A who has been out since last August that he had never seen anything like the rain of shells we were subjected to for the best part of the time. (I hope I shall never see it again either.)

If you have the time each week and think of it I would be glad if you would have The Saturday Evening Post mailed to me, a little light literature of that description is not out of place as it is often rather hard to fill in the time between dusk and going to bed. I never lie down until towards midnight as the infantry usually get nervous

shortly after dark and as likely
 as not ask us to fire a
 bit at the German trenches.
 The Boche usually retaliate by firing
 on our trenches and our infantry
 ask us to "please stop as they are
 being shelled" forgetting that we
 opened at their special request.
 So it goes from day to day and
 probably will continue until something
 really big happens.

This is rather a padded letter
 as there is so little to write about
 and I shall bring it to a close.

Best love to all

your devoted son
Wood

P. S. - If you still get the
 Saturday night you might have
 it mailed me when Oakwood
 is through with it each week

Elys