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They had to have a reinterment.

I have had rather a nasty cold for a week but am glad to say it is quite gone now but have had no hay fever since early in August for which I am very thankful. I think the cold perhaps took its place. The haul of prisoners yesterday was very large. McEwen saw the attack from a point of vantage and I would not have missed it for a good deal. I saw our infantry leave the trenches under our own barrage. It was a sight of a lifetime. I will go into it more fully in my diary letter. Will try and see Wood this P.M. before I send my weekly cable tomorrow-morning.

I hear very regularly from Sarah who seems to like London better than Oxford where I fear she was very lonely. I am very anxious to get leave of course and my wardrobe needs refurbishing very badly. I am still wearing the "Peel" field boots that we bought as argument

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a year ago last March. They have
given good service as I have only
bought one other pair of ankle boots since
leaving Canada. Breeches wear out
very quickly with so much riding
and I don't think the materials we
get now are as good as before the war.
Well Mother dear let me wish
you once again every happiness
and every blessing for the 114th
you and Father are going through
a great deal and doing your
part and your duty just as
much and perhaps better than
I am over here. I don't like
being second in command at all
but perhaps as Sarah tells me
it will work out for the best
in the long run. With every
good wish and very much love
believe me

your devoted son

Bob