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In the Field
A June 1917

Dearest Lay
How can I thank you for all your
sweet letters which have indeed
seemed to help me so much. Your
understanding of my position alone
over here for (last 2 months exactly)
is wonderful and your words
and appreciation of what little I have
tried to do (would I could have done
more) so imperfectly I say to alleviate
the grief at Lakewood have gratified
and encouraged me more than I
can tell you. You are far too
generous in your praises. Words
^{and letters} after all are such empty things
and so unsatisfactory unless there
is a mutual understanding and

intimate perception of inner character
 between those who write. I felt at the
 time that I could not say half wanted
 to as it is so difficult to pour ones
 inner heart and thoughts out on
 paper and to me my letters appeared
 a little callous and laced with
 I suppose due to a small extent to
 the softer face I had to figure over
 here to carry out my work at the
 time and to hide my heart breaking
 grief which I felt I could share
 with no one. I am so happy to
 hear that my letters did not appear
 too much that way to you all.
 I don't want you to infer that
 those I met were not kind

itself and full of sympathy (especially my own old and Wood's old officers who know us better) as they all were but all had their hands full during that never to be forgotten week, and my grief was only one in thousands and it behooved me to bear it as Wood would have wished and carry on with the work in hand.

Barling Water was wondering why Squidrat had ~~not~~ gone to Wood when Mr Gann & Ware first told me on the morning but I had just then had received my orders personally from Gen Byng and from that on until midnight was leading my 2 squadrons over the 5000 yards

of battle ground ⁴ covered with trenches
and shell craters and littered with
dead and equipment, sending out
my patrols to ~~the~~ coming back
before German counter attack which almost
reached us) and getting my
remnants and wounded men & horses
together and cared for. The next
day as you may remember went
up again to do same thing if our
effort succeeded in dislodging
Germans from railway but they
did not so we returned, but it took
nearly all day. I remember that
several times then I thought of
helping SNAPLEYOV which I remember
word for word, and later one of my men

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had his brother shot and mangled
by his side and carried on all night
and next day without an antidote
quinine. He got the M.M. for which
later recommended him. Please
dearest Jay reassure our darling
mother on these points as I hate
to have her think I was calling
or did not do all I might have
been with as seen dear Woodsoner.
I should have explained at first
that the 13 letters I got yesterday
included your first ones to me and
formed a link I felt was missing and
missed too. They were written end of
April and 1st week of May while those
December a week ago were written

about middle of May but came first. These
last must have been delayed in some
way. I will acknowledge Mother
Father Estelle Elaine's former tomorrow
in diary letter. Yours are dated Apr 29th
(along one) and May 7th. They were all
full of love and sympathy and thanks
for my poor efforts and I was more
touched last night when I read them in
my room than I can tell you. It seems
to bring it all back so closely to me and
yet I wonder not how it affects me and
somehow now find comfort in
my sad sweet thoughts of Wood and
his achievements and our few
hours together from time to time.
Yes indeed dear girl we have been

a privileged family and so happy
 always together largely due to our
 dear Father's mother making home
 our chief center of interest and love
 and now as you say the rest of us have
 sweet thoughts and recollections of our
 intercourse with dear Dad as long
 as we can remember. I feel too dear
 that this intercourse is not ended
 and never will be, and that even now
 he is nearer than we know and
 shares in a way our sorrow in
 his now glorified life. So you get
 any comfort from this thought, I
 think it grows on one as the first
 anguish of our grief passes and
 we come more resigned to our loss.

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This record as you say is blameless and we do feel proud of his achievements and also of the wonderfully human and sympathetic & unselfish intercourse with all who came in contact with him ~~and~~ which has endeared him to his superiors and subordinates.

I am going to ask Mr. Gruchy (who had only been Woods orderly officer a few weeks) and Col. Simpson to write papers if they have had done so. As

I he said on Thursday if only he or someone well known at the MO who knew Wood so well had been with him to see that he got more than his share of attention but if

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is not as us to complain and I am
satisfied there was no hope from the
first and that all that was possible
was done. Wood realized it himself and
Eudynth had no hope of getting through.

Yours dear Jane, my babe I am
so glad she is with you and I know
babies will be a source of interest
and diversion and I hope and I am
well help so. I hope they will stay
all summer if they can.

I am so glad you are not wearing
heavy mourning. I feel as Wood did
about it and hair not worn a hair
as my sorrow is my own and in
my own heart. Sarah also is
only wearing black or white which

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tell you with approval. It was a
great comfort to have her to talk to
and pour out my heart to only want
makes me more lonely than ever to
be away from her and you all. She
loved. I had my dear friend know he
cared a lot for her (which gives me
great happiness now, even if the
plans up there made for the future with
you all (Mushoka left) will never
be the same without him.

So glad "Bethy Little Ellen" still around.
Must tell the news. Sharford coming up
to give us service at 9.00 tomorrow.
Once again dearest Alice I cannot begin
to tell you how helpful your sweet letters
have been to me, especially your
dividedly the