

No 1 Canadian General Hosp. B.E.F.* France 28/5/17

Dear Mrs McArthur

This is a beautiful day, very warm with a cool breeze Yesterday was H-O-T hot and everyone almost melted. The situation here gives us the cool . . . air always comfortable at night. The village nearest is a small dirty fishing place, no sanitary laws The streets receive all garbage and one needs several Pair of . . . when walking through the village in case some one is doing spring cleaning!! And emptying the scrub water out the window on your head unless you step lively. We see the strangest looking little old ladies coming from the sea – fishing. The other day a pair, man & women were coming up street – Barefooted The girl (we tht) had her skirt turned up around her waist & a short (above her knees) red under skirt on. baskets on their backs our surprize can be imagined for when she turned around we saw the face of a little old women of perhaps 70. The old ladies seem to do so much work here we are always meeting some with large bundles of wood and branches on their backs such as you have seen in pictures. The bundle being much larger than the person & she bent almost double with her load. Now that the Canadians are here we hope to see some we know there should be some at the base we were out this morning seeing them march past – Fine looking fellows & a big brass band leading them on.

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The air raid on England the other day was serious surely I will be so glad when is will be all over. It is so hard & cruel one becomes weary for the end. A Jock told me the other day of one of their men after making a very courageous attempt at a Hun Trench was wounded & captures & died a prisoner. The day following a paper was stuck on a bayonet from the German trench & on it was written “He was a brave boy we buried him with full honors” wasnt that nice? They must recognize our brave men

* British Expeditionary Force

Love to all
Euphie

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I was at English church communion
service yesterday As I sat there
& they sung that tune we
Always used at home for
communion service “Twas on
that night” I has a f. . . feeling
of homesickness. I saw in my
minds eye the Daywood church
a warm summer morning. Cool
breezes blowing thru & Dr.
Fraser in the pulpit – my
mind was not all on the service
was it? However I enjoyed
the service anyway it seemed
somewhat like home.

Never publish
anything I write
I am responsible
for anything
which might
get into print
from my letters[†]

[†] Written vertically across bottom of last section