

# Letters From Overseas

Edinburg, Dec. 10, 1917.

Dear Mother—Just a line to let you know that I am still alive and well, hoping this will find you the same.

I am on my 10-days' sick leave, and my time is up on Thursday. And when I get back I expect to go right home. I haven't heard from Charlie for a long time; he was down at Kronks Horton. I have been over to Ireland for two days, and everything is in an uproar over there. I am writing this letter in sight of Edinburg Castle, and I was all through Holy Road Palace, and saw Mary, Queen of Scots' bed, and the clothes on it are just as she left them when she was beheaded.

I am stopping with a Mrs. Maloney, and she is very kind to me. We are going to have a big time tonight. All the girls are coming down. The Scotch girls are the finest bunch I ever met. I am pretty near kissed away; you won't know me when I get home. Well, I will have to shut up now or you may think I am crazy. Hope dad and the kids are well. Well, bye bye. From your ever loving son,  
TOM SHEA.

December 9, 1917.

Dear Mr. Sawle—Would you please thank the ladies of the Caledonia and York Red Cross Societies through your paper for their kindness in sending me Christmas boxes, which I received a few days ago, and which I enjoyed very much. It seems to keep our spirits up to know that we are not forgotten by the good ladies of Caledonia and York. It will be one year on Dec. 28 since I left England for France, and have just got my first pass for 14 days. I intend to stay in good old Blighty for a few days, and while there will go to the hospital and see Andrew Fraser. I might say Andy and I as far as I know were the only ones left of the 11th in the 52nd Battalion, and I am alone now, which is very lonesome among strangers all the time. I will finish my furlough in Scotland, and then go at it again, for goodness knows how long. Thanking you all for your kindness, and wishing you all the compliments of the season, and hope it will not be long before we are back along the good, old Grand river once more. I remain, yours truly,

STANLEY V. BROWN,

No. 739521, 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade, Headquarters Guard, B. E. F., France.

Somewhere in France.

Dear Mr. Lyon—You will think I am most dreadfully long winded not answering your very welcome letter; but it is the old excuse I have to offer, busy as bees and moving as usual. You, of course, have read of the recent drive, so 'nough said. I heard from W. N. Smith last week; he was there still in the hospital. He must have had an awful blow from those mules. It is no wonder they were terrified, as anything would be at the intensity of the gunfire sometimes. In this sector it has been very heavy all the week. And, believe me, we have seen some sights. I thought to myself as I watched a bombardment one day this week, what would Caledonia folks give to see this. My! wouldn't they sit up and take notice. Oh! say, I am so glad to hear that Sgt. Dykes is to return to dear old Canada, and is he not lucky? He was just the same old John the last time I saw him as when in Dunnville. I came across another old B. Ranger the other day named Sam Hill of Onondaga; he is in Co. 3 of this battalion. And was he not pleased to see some one from around his home. I guess you know him well enough; he was in D Co. of old Brock's.

I had a very nice letter from Mr. Hornibrook last week. He tells me he has been asked to act on the Exemption Tribunal for the county. I hope he won't let many of the slackers slip through. He also tells me re the choir. Oh! Well, I hope we shall soon be back to lend a helping hand and restore it on its old footing.

I don't know whether I told you or not in my last letter that I had received an Xmas parcel from the ladies of Caledonia; it was a dandy. I hope you will have received yours ere by this time.

I saw J. Young a week ago, and he was well, and was going away on a course of instruction in sanitation. He wished me to remember him to you. All of the old boys here join me in best wishes to you, trusting you are as well as we are, in spite of the mud. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours very sincerely,  
P. S. HUCKER.

P.S.—Remember me to Mrs. L. and family when writing, please. Am glad to say Mrs. H. is O. K., and sends best wishes to you.

General Hospital, France.

Dear Capt. Lyon—Your kind and ever welcome letter of the 27th ultimo to hand. I am real pleased to hear that you are still feeling well, and I am thankful to be able to say that I am enjoying good health once again. I was to No. 3, Cananian Hospital, this forenoon and had a successful operation performed on both of my ears; wax was the trouble. The doctor told me that I must be Scotch (he had not seen me in my kilts, either) to want to hold on to so much of it. Say, but it does feel real dandy to be able to hear properly again. The M. O. said that I should be hearing so much now that they will be kicking me out of the hospital.

Yes, Capt. Lyon, your views re the present? at issue at home coincide with mine, and you bet that my vote will certainly go to the party whose object in view is to send us men, men, and more men, etc., to bring this war to a successful issue as speedily as possible. Not only that, I intend to continue to use all my powers of persuasion to bring our brothers in arms to see it in the same light. On the face of it, though, sir, it goes very much against the grain to have to resort to compulsion. But everything else has been tried, and still we are lacking the more than necessary reinforcements, so this is the only remedy that we have left; but the disgrace of it is not on us, thank God, but upon those miserable, effeminate creatures who, while physical fit and no more to tie them back than you

and I had, still hang back, while we are getting killed or wounded by the wholesale. I really cannot conceive how anyone, if he has a human heart at all, can put a deaf ear to the cries of the people of Belgium and of devastated Northern France, and to the havoc that we have and are suffering now because they have failed us.

No, sir; I have not heard anything of Jim Housego for about two months now. The last I heard from him was by field card. He has not followed that up with a letter, and as I have his address I am unable to write to him myself.

I have had one letter from W. Rowbottom to answer. I have had none of my mail forwarded to me as yet, although I have wrote up to our mail corp to please forward same. The routine of R. T. runs slowly, you know.

I was disappointed when I read that you could not come to see me. Probably it won't be very long now, though, before I am sent to the base to be fitted out. I hope I may be able to see you then. I am sorry to have set you longing to be back with that little bit of bluff; but I guess pretty well all our thoughts are in that direction. May the time soon roll round when our dearest hopes and expectations will be realized. There will be some times then, eh? Well, sir, I guess I must dry up for this time. The orderlies are just bringing in the rations for tea, and I feel like doing justice to the same after my joy ride. Please convey my kind regards and the compliments of the season to all the good folks at home, and please accept the same yourself. Au revoir and God bless you. Yours in the faith,

W. N. SMITH.

December 10, 1917.

Today has been quite a day for me. I have met eight of the old 114th boys, as follows: P. S. Hucker, Geo. Middleditch, Wm. N. Smith, Caledonia; Hy Tyce, Brockman, Cayuga; Inglis, Jarvis; C. S. M. McConnell, Sam Brundreth, Dunnville. All are looking at their best, and all have wonderful tales to tell. I may not, however, repeat them to you. Best wishes of the season.

Wm. N. Smith has just come into my room, and is simply looking fine; he is as fat as a pig and as red as a Baldwin apple at its best; he weighs 20 or 25 pounds heavier than he ever did before. The hearing is now perfect after the operation. If his wife could see him as I did she would not know him.

Phil S. Hucker came in to see me on Saturday evening; he looks just about the same, but much older; he has had a hard time. Geo. Middleditch looks the picture of health and comfort and has put on a lot of flesh. WM. T. L.