

No 1 Canadian General Hospital
B.E.F.* France 25-3-17

Dear Mrs McArthur

Yours of Feb 28th rec'd[†] tonight when at midnight supper (I am on night duty) I am so delighted to hear from you again really I have been absolutely groaning each mail and nothing for me. Do you know that I am quite positive I have only received one or two Letters from Jessie since xmas In England we could exist without, but here everyone lives on letters. Yours was the first I have received since coming

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You tell me to stay in England well you see you were too late. I am glad to be here too. Really even in England one cannot begin to grasp what a war is on. Here we realize it fully It is too awful for words I do hope it ends this spring so many think it will.

Trooper McA. will be glad to come over he has wanted to for so long Had I been in England I would have tried to see him perhaps he will come here to see me. As yet I have not see Donald. Every convoy as patients are admitted I watch each face for a familiar one. None yet.

It is quite cold here I wear more clothes than I ever did before. It has been necessary to take everything to bed (even to a toothbrush) that we intended

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using in the a.m. Today was beautiful bright sunshine but cold

Can you picture me now 2.50 a.m. A long low tent – rows of beds down each side, black low cots with brown blankets. In the centre a small coal stove a table (where I am writing) a screen around seperating me from the ward. The orderly at the opposite side of the stove asleep in his chair. Some men snoring others coughing other turning or talking in their sleep. Now you know just what it is like right here “(somewhere in France” This is Sunday a.m. I shall go to church 9:00 (English church) Presbyteriean 1115 to late for me. Write & Thank you for this one
Love Euphie

* British Expeditionary Force

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