

No 3 Can C.C.S.\* B.E.F.†  
S.4. Oct 7 1917

Dear Mrs McArthur

This is a wet cold dreary  
Sunday afternoon. The rain is  
simply pelting on the roof. I  
am off duty for a short time so  
decided to write a wee note  
The poor men are so cold and  
damp coming in today I feel  
so sorry for them I was  
kept busy warming them up  
this morning the tents are so  
difficult to hear However we  
have an abundance of hot  
water bottles They save many  
lives I am sure  
The weather has been so  
wonderful all bright & warm

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since Oct[ober] has come it has been  
wet however, we do hope for  
dry weather yet our men  
have done splendidly They are  
surely wonderful and this  
past weeks successes has  
been all we had hoped  
for we hear they went  
over the top again. This morn  
if so I pity them in this  
weather

I had a flying sergent  
come in this a.m. who had  
been 40 miles in Hun Land  
when he was hit – shot thru  
abdomen will you beleive it  
he brot his machine back &  
landed it wasnt that

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\* Casualty Clearing Station

† British Expeditionary Force

wonderful we are all so  
proud of him I do hope he  
lives He is a mighty sick boy  
a wee Jock yesterday came  
in with one leg off – the other  
had to be taken off later. “Write  
to my mother & say Im fine  
but my horses were killed I  
do feel bad about that” They  
are such splendid ladies  
you know my heart aches  
for them and oh it is so  
hard to take last messages  
for their mothers but I am  
glad to do it I hope the  
mothers appreciate it, for it  
seems all my spare moments  
are spent writing letters

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Yesterday a boy was almost  
the end & I wanted to say  
something & as I talked he  
gradually thot there was  
something & said Am I going  
to die If I do send be bible  
to my mother tell her Ive  
been a pretty good boy and  
sister tell her Ive lived clean  
The poor boy I could have  
wept another Australian  
boy said he used to repeat  
to himself the Lord is my  
Shepard and change it  
to “Yea tho I go through  
this Barage yet will I fear  
not ill” splendid wasnt it  
I do feel privilege to be here

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Monday

Today had been much warmer  
but still very windy I did not  
have a very busy day, able to

catch up you know and set  
things straight at present I  
am sitting on the floor of my tent  
beside a little oil stove – I have  
no chair The other two sisters are in bed  
and the fourth not in. This  
about 10<sup>20</sup> It was quite dark  
at 5 this afternoon we saw a few  
flakes of snow today Just to  
make us think of dear Old Canada

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Jessie tells me of the Young peoples  
Society. I hope it is a success and  
enjoyed by all. She mentioned Herb  
McGregor I did not know he was  
at home. I do not beleive you people  
are very greatly impressed with  
Rev. Mr. Jones is it so? By the  
way I want the W.F.M.S.<sup>‡</sup> to have  
thank offering as usual I  
had over looked it only I would  
like to make it \$10 instead of 5  
I have sufficent cause for  
thankfulness J. will get it  
for you.  
Fritz has paid us some “flying

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visits” again during the  
moonlight nights. One night he  
was over unusually early  
before I was off duty. I however  
decided to try for it and  
left the ward to go to the mess stopped out  
side to speak to someone and  
whiz thru the air came  
something A bang & a flare  
a bomb had struck the walk  
just about where I would have  
been had I kept on  
something to be thankful for!  
naturally I went to the

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<sup>‡</sup> Women’s Foreign Missionary Society

dugouts

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Imagine going to bed saying to  
your roommates well good  
night I wonder if we will be  
here in the morning” such  
things have happened.  
How I wish it were all over  
we all do, but my discomforts  
are as nothing compared to  
the boys. My prayer is that  
I may influence these poor  
laddies who live to a better  
life and make the way  
smooth for those who cross  
the Bar. How I long to help  
them no one knows.  
Best to Mayme.  
Much love Euphie