

and on board ship; in tents in England, Belgium and France; in huts, shacks, furnace rooms and ruined houses; in London boarding houses and hotels; in French farm-houses, and German dugouts; in the midst of the awful clamors and crashings and thunders of artillery, and within sound of the coughing of a sick German in the front line of enemy trenches.

He wrote of things which others have written about; of things which pleased him, and of other things which displeased him, most of these relating to the commonplace of life. But in addition to the commonplace there will be found in these letters a surprising variety of topics, and withal such graphic descriptions, thrilling or amusing stories, and information on many matters of interest to all who have friends overseas that the letters will both entertain and enlighten.

His last dated letter was written the 20th day of April, 1917, eleven days after the battle of Vimy Ridge. Thankful because he had had a part in that battle, exultant and confident in view of the great victory, he bade his mother not to be disquieted or alarmed for him. Before this letter reached her she had received official notice that he had been killed in action the 28th day of April. Eight days later she,