

ette

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LETTER FROM SIG. KIDD.

France, August 19, 1916.

Dear Father:

Received your letter of August 3rd, yesterday, and sure was glad to get it. I also got one from Zella and Edith from Lisle. We hre no longer in our straw shed, but we are in huts now. We are about four miles from the trenches, and most of the boys have been in the trenches or are in now. We the machine gun section) will be going any of these days. The front is pretty quiet here at present and our casualty list so far is one man slightly wounded. Every day here we see enemy anti-aircraft guns firing on our aeroplanes. One thing though we never see a German machine over here and they say that they never take the chance and come over for our machines are better and more numerous. All the shells that I have seen fired so far have burst pretty far beneath. Where we are now is an old battle field, but it is over a year since there was anything doing this far back. Last night when I was out for a walk I found an old Belgian bayonet and scabbard and the blade wasn't even rusty. There are lots of things like that lying around and it would be nice to have some of them for souvenirs but it is impossible to keep them for it is not as if we were staying at our camp all the time. Just out for a little gas helmet all but had to come in as it is simply pouring down now. It looks as if we are going to have a lot of rain here and gets muddy too and it is quite a job of mending boots in the morning as it is a piece of a lot easier getting the mud off than it is taking it off. I got 200 cigarettes sent from Tuckett's when I was in England. If they were sent through Mr. Wright, please thank him for me. I am going to write to him one of these days. Well I will close now as I am writing to mother and Edith. Ted.

August 22nd, 1916.

Dear Father:

I did not get my letter posted on the 19th after I had it written. I am going to add some more to it now. We moved up here to the reserve trenches on the afternoon of the 19th, and we have been going into the front lines, a couple of gun crews at a time with platoons from the battalion. Day after to-morrow our whole battalion goes and from then on we will be taking regular turns in the trenches. We have been unlucky up to last night, having had two killed and thirteen wounded. An officer, Mr. Wright, was among the wounded. A bit of shell hit him on the neck and knocked out a couple of teeth though it was a rather painful wound but it is lucky it was no worse. The two that were killed were both scouts, one of them I knew very well. It was an accidental explosion of a couple of torpedoes and it blew the two of them to bits, wounded another seriously and one suffering from shell shock. The explosion was terrific. We were about fifty yards away at the time. There are two batteries a little piece behind us and for every shell "Fritz" (that is the only name used in referring to the Huns) sends over they give them ten or fifteen back and very shortly Fritz shuts up. They are at present replying to a few shells sent our way a little while ago and in the last minute they have sent over twice the number that we got. That about shows you how the land lies. We have the guns and the ammunition and they haven't. None of the enemy shells came closer than about seventy yards to us. We can hear them going over our heads, but can't see them. They are called whiz-bangs as they make a whizzing noise going through the air and then they explode. At present I am about ten or twelve hundred yards from the German front line. To-morrow afternoon our gun crew goes into the front line trenches. I haven't seen a German aeroplane yet, but I have seen a good number of ours. They are shelling one of our machines now as it is flying over their lines. Yesterday one of our machines flew all over their lines for easily an hour, and although they fired about a thousand shots at it they never hit it and all this time it was getting good information for our batteries were blazing away in great style all the time and our machines certainly are indifferent to shell fire. You would think they were just up for a pleasure ride instead of shells blazing all around them. We never see a German come over our lines anymore as they are neither as good or nearly as plentiful. It will soon be dark and then the star shells will stars going up. It is like a 24th of May fire cracker celebration. They light things pretty well alright. Well I will close hoping this finds you all well, I am feeling fine myself. Love to all. Ted.

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The Ontario Provincial Winter Fair will be held at Guelph, Dec. 1st to 8th.