

*"Mainly for Mother"*

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few we scarcely ever saw one. Most of his casualties, of course, are in our cages and we captured five to ten times as many prisoners as we had casualties. Some show!

AUGUST 27TH, 1918.

I'm sending the enclosed letters to you. One of my crews buried the body they were taken from and I thought he might be one of the — people, of Orillia. In any case you'll see that they get to the lad's mother.

I haven't time to write much of a letter to-day but I'm fit and fine and going strong. It's a fine war this one, the best I was ever at, as the boys say. Maybe I'll be home this winter yet.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1918.

THIS is written from "Parkside" so you'll understand the reason for the gap between my letters. I cabled you though, so you'd know I'd come out of the last show unscratched. I was in the thick of it too, and I was in command of a whole blooming battery, for the skipper got a nice Blighty and that left me to take the battery over. I had an officer in command of one section and the S.M. took the other.

We had the second objective—Don MacIntosh's battery, with the battalion they were supporting, kicked off and made easy sailing to their objective clean through the famous "switch." We assembled roughly about a mile more or less behind them, followed up and went through. I've never been through such shelling since Courcelette. He certainly wasn't making any "voluntary withdrawal according to plan" that morning.