

*"Mainly for Mother"*

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see I find difficulties in that rôle of insouciance for which an officer is cast.

The night time is day time in the trenches. We all wake up then and start our work. The Emmas and the artillery, the Talk Emmas and the ordinary mud-dweller, we all know, on both sides, that the darkness is cloaking movements of men and transport so that it's generally at dark that the daily strafe begins and after dawn things quiet down and sleep gets its turn. So, usually, I breakfast just before noon, dine at about five, and eat around midnight.

The parcels and papers are coming quite regularly. Those cakes you sent were delicious.

I've had two letters from Charlie and he seems quite chirpy. He had heard of Margery's improvement. Poor boy! he's had his share of worries, hasn't he?

I'm glad you and the Baby are going to be together because you're the greatest baby worshipper I ever saw and she'll keep you cheerful.

Oh! I'm coming home some day. It's a long time coming, that trip, but it's worth waiting for, isn't it?

AUGUST 11TH, 1918.

THIS is on paper "captured from the enemy." The newspapers will tell you more than I can about the show, for we haven't seen a paper yet or even an official communique. The boys say we've been chasing our balloons, because they always seem to move as we move and always ahead, and as for catching Fritz—it can't be done, but oh! I'm glad I've lasted to see open warfare. This is war—not sewer construction. Picture riding into action with the guns on limbers instead of plugging along through shellholes with our