

THE OCCASIONAL GUN

— FIELD AMBULANCE,
July 15th, 1915.

So far at least we have had only three or four days that were really hot, usually it is cool, especially in the evenings.

The firing line has been for the past couple of weeks the quietest since we came to France. Only occasionally one hears the hoarse cough of a gun, instead of the constant roar to which we have been more or less accustomed. Expect that both forces are storing up all the ammunition possible for a big flare-up, but when or where no one knows, but expect that the Canadian Division as usual will be somewhere near the centre of the disturbance. It is marvellous the difference between safety and danger, how little it is at times.

At present our work consists in running a large Convalescent Hospital for the Division, in a quaint old French village. We have about two hundred in-patients, and besides a large outdoor clinic, so that we are kept quite busy. We keep all patients who will probably be better in a week or ten days. It keeps us going to properly equip and look after them, as of course we are not equipped for such work; however, they all seem to be quite happy, and that is the main thing.

Best wishes for the continued success of your work.