

Field Comforts

OCTOBER, 1915



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK AT MOORE BARRACKS.



THE CANADIAN FIELD COMFORTS COMMISSION,
MOORE BARRACKS :: :: SHORNCLIFFE.

MARY PLUMMER, Lieut.

JOAN L. ARNOLDI, Lieut.

Canadian Field Comforts Commissioners.

FIELD COMFORTS.

REMEMBER—

That the Canadian Field Comforts Commission is the organised Government Agency for the distribution of Field Comforts.

That the Militia Department, in organising this Commission, enabled the women of Canada to use the military organisation for forwarding extra supplies to their soldiers.

That the Commission, being in close touch with the officers and men as they go out to the field, can carry on a more intelligent and personal distribution.

That Field Comforts are not superfluous.

That the winter is coming on, when extra comforts and little luxuries are more than ever wanted and appreciated.

That regular monthly contributions either of money or supplies is a great assistance to the Commission in keeping up their supplies.

That the supplies most needed are as follows:—

Socks, mufflers, gloves, underwear, shirts, small towels, handkerchiefs, leather boot-laces, small books, candles, sweets, cocoa, soup-tablets, pipes, notepaper, soap, toilet paper, pencils, cards, tobacco and cigarettes and gum.

That the many articles in the above list are bought to good advantage in England, the Commission having very satisfactory arrangements with different wholesale houses.

That the Commission has free railway transport. Packages should be sent marked "charges collect."

That all supplies addressed to the Commission, c/o their Agent at Montreal or Halifax, will be forwarded by troopships, thus avoiding any delay in shipment.

Address :—Canadian Field Comforts Commission,
Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe.

c/o F. McCourt, Esq.,
Dominion Iron and Steel Co. Warehouse,
Wellington Basin,
Montreal, P.Q. (Summer.)

Or c/o Hector McInnes, Esq.,
Red Cross Warehouse,
Halifax, N.S. (Winter.)

That parcels sent through the Commission to special designated regiments are forwarded direct to those regiments. Great care is taken in this matter.

That it is not desirable to send parcels for individual soldiers through the Commission; they go quicker and more directly to the individual.

IN THE PACKING ROOM.

This leaflet is sent to give you some idea of how we work and under what conditions. We call it "Field Comforts," because that is the term we originated to cover the clothing and comforts you send us to forward to our men in the field. We have many requests from the Front, both from officers and from men, for these extra supplies, so we know that they are wanted. We have many warm letters of thanks for our bales, so we know that they are appreciated. Remember that we send direct to the Front and to our own men, and that we are really in touch with them, and please send us all that you can of comforts for distribution or money to purchase them.

Our photograph this month was taken on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck to Moore Barracks last month, when the Princess expressed much interest in the work of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, especially in the methods of packing and despatching the bales. In the group are H.R.H. Princess Alexander, with Princess May and Prince Rupert of Teck, Lady Northcote, Mrs. Macdougall and Miss Russell, Matron of Moore Barracks Military Hospital.

Many of the Canadian women in Folkestone, Sandgate or Hythe come regularly to Moore Barracks to help with the unpacking, listing, sorting and baling of supplies for the Front. During September Mrs. J. C. Macdougall, Mrs. P. C. Thacker, Miss Finn, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. R. Burritt, Miss Widmer Brough, Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Gray, Miss Eleanor Bate, Mrs. McElroy, Miss Gunn, Mrs. F. Biggar, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Gordon McGillivray, Mrs. Houlison, Mrs. Toole, Mrs. McCartney, Mrs. Snider, Mrs. Symons, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. James Morrow and Miss Phyllis Williams kindly gave their help.

It would simplify unpacking and save much time if all sending supplies could tie up pairs of socks, towels, handkerchiefs, pairs of gloves, etc., carefully counted in dozens, and send any odd numbers loose. Shirts, mufflers and sweaters, as being so bulky, had best be tied up in sixes.

Socks and gloves should be stitched in pairs or pinned together with safety pins.

Chocolate put into socks almost always becomes very broken, and it is better to send it separately.

Mittens of knitted wool, drab shades, with short thumbs and no fingers, 8 inches long from wrist to knuckle, are asked for by the War Office, and these should be sent to us instead of wristlets.

During September the following supplies have been received and not acknowledged, as no name or address of sender was given :—

September 4th.—65 pairs Socks.
1 pair Knee-caps.
25 Handkerchiefs.

September 19th.—225 Flannel Shirts.

By express from Victoria, 2 parcels, containing :—

5 pairs Socks	2 Insect Powder
60 Pencils	8 Gums
9 Tooth Brushes	12 Vaseline
4 Pins	12 Oxo
13 Cigars	1 pair Socks
9 Tiz	14 Gums
3 Vaselines	24 Chocolates

On September 10th we gave a most successful tea, which, to our surprise, became a sock shower, to about fifty of the Canadian "Women's War Work Committee." Many of the members had never been to see our quarters, and they were most interested and have promised to help us in every way.

On the 24th the visitors of one ward at Moore Barracks Hospital kindly provided tea for between 20 and 30 patients.

Some of the Sisters and our helpers looked after the men, who seemed to enjoy the little change, and sat and smoked and sang to us for some hours.

It is a great help to us that so many officers on leave, as well as others in authority here, call to see our work and encourage us to continue it. Among those who have recently visited the packing-room are :—

Major-General S. B. Steele, C.B., M.V.O., Commanding Troops, Shorncliffe, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, O.C. 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders), Major W. B. King, O.C. 2nd Heavy Battery, Major Davis, No. 3 Stationary Hospital, Surgeon-General G. Carlton-Jones, D.M.S. Canadians, Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers, O.C. 9th Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Gunn, O.C. 24th Battalion (V.R.), Major Jarvis, A.P.M. 2nd Canadian Division, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingraham, 6th Artillery Brigade, Captain A. W. Woods, Chaplain 8th Battalion (90th Rifles), Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, O.C. 23rd Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Duff, No. 5 Stationary Hospital (Queen's), Lieutenant-Colonel Loomis, O.C. 13th Battalion (R.H.C.), Lieutenant-Colonel A. Primrose, O.C. No. 4 General Hospital (Toronto University), Captain C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Chaplain 43rd Battalion, Major A. MacMillan, D.S.O., A.P.M. 1st Canadian Division, Lieutenant-Colonel Rennie, A.D.M.S., Shorncliffe, and Brigadier-General R. E. W. Turner, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., Commanding 2nd Canadian Division.

DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING SLEEVELESS SWEATER.

1 lb. wool, 4-ply.
2 bone needles, No. 5.

Cast on 60 stitches very loosely.

Knit 3 plain, 3 purl, for about 3 inches.

Knit plain for 16 inches (or 60 ridges).

Knit 15 plain, then 3 purl, 3 plain for 30 stitches. This leaves 15 stitches on left-hand needle, which knit plain.

Repeat for about 3 inches.

Knit 15 plain stitches, cast off very loosely the 30 stitches, knit 15 plain stitches to end of row. One half the sweater is now done.

Knit 15 plain stitches, cast on 30 stitches very loosely, knit 15 stitches plain to end of row.

Continue and make the same as other side.

When sewing up the sides do not join the purl and plain part at bottom, but begin with the plain knitting and sew together 40 ridges, leaving the rest for the armholes.

This is a very good sweater to send to the Front, as it fits under a tunic.

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR OUR BOYS.

The Canadian Field Comforts Commission propose sending Christmas gifts this year to every Canadian in the field, which may mean to 50,000 men or more. Everything must be in at the earliest possible date, in order to have packing and despatching done in good time. £3 or \$15 would cover 100 welcome articles, and it is hoped that different societies or individuals will undertake to collect one or more hundred gifts, in addition to any regular supplies they may be sending. These are to be for *general distribution*, and quite distinct from anything we may be asked to forward to special units.

The Commission will be very grateful for help with this, and especially grateful for an immediate response.

“WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.”

The book “With the First Canadian Contingent,” which is being published by the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, is now very near completion, and should be of great interest to all in Canada. Many of the photographs were taken by Miss Plummer, others were contributed by friends at the Front, and all letters are genuine correspondence.

It is impossible in one small volume to do justice to the achievements of these brave sons of the Dominion, but it is hoped that this book of pictures will help those at home to realise the surroundings and life of our men in camp, at Valcartier, on the transports coming over, on Salisbury Plain and at the Front. Remember that the profits of this book go to the funds to send our men extra comforts this winter, and buy for yourself and your friends.

MUSICAL GUNS.

I'm having a short rest at a little "townling" behind the firing-line, but before you get this I shall be back again in the "drenches"—suicide avenue—pip-squeak promenade—dug-out drive, or any other of the beautiful and affectionate names we have for the first-line trenches.

Here we really have a jolly good time. The Germans do their best to entertain us with their musical guns all day long:—

Handel's "Hymn of Hate," 5-6.30 a.m.

Haydn's 15-inch Sonata, 7-8.30 (conducted by Herr Krupp).

Beethoven's Shrapnel Symphony, 9-12.30 p.m.

Mozart's Comic Opera, "O! Ma Hunney," 1-1.30.

Valse, "Pip-Squeak," Liszt, 2-5.

Bach's "Jack Johnson" Polka, 5-9.

Mendelssohn's "Bomb Bomb" March, 9-12.30 a.m.

Machine Gun Solo, "I wouldn't leave my little bit of trench for you," 12.30-5, and so on.

From a Soldier at the Front.

A WALK AROUND SHORNCLIFFE.

This is being written from the top of one of the Martello towers which stretch round our tight little island, "from Deal to Ramsgate span," and my object is to try and paint a pen picture of a spot which must be the subject of many thousands of Canadian mothers' thoughts and prayers for months to come.

Will you join me in a walk round this garrison settlement this glorious September day? The sky is as blue as in our own Canada, the sun as bright, while the trees are still in full leaf, and only the English solidity of the buildings reminds us that we are exiles, very cheerfully "doing our bit."

The officers' quarters, Moore Barracks, is now a residence for seventy-five C.A.M.C. nursing sisters. We will start from this point, which is at the extreme east of the large plain facing the ocean. We hear a military band and follow the sound out on the downs behind our quarters. Away off at the western end we see a leader actively beating time while his men produce the merriest

airs from "Pinafore" and the immortal "Mikado," occasionally lapsing into "Up the river we will row, row, row," and "Here we are, here we are, here we are again," or "Keep the home fires burning."

On Sunday morning one can see men lined up here in hollow square formation for divine service, helped out with a fine band, as they sing the familiar old hymns, "O God, our Help in ages past," "Rock of ages cleft for me," "Abide with me," etc.

As we stroll along we pass little squads of our soldier boys, supervised by their officers, getting fit, ready for the severe strain and drain on their resources in France, or possibly it may be the Dardanelles. Here are forty stalwarts, each somebody's precious only son, perhaps—their eyes are clear, their hearts are light, "in the pink" they seem to be—"forming fours" and wheeling right and left in wonderful rhythm. A neighbouring class, coats off, is doing free gymnastics.

To-day half the plain is peopled with a regiment from Winnipeg, all ready to embark, only waiting for marching orders. Here we see the real thing, very real soldiers, heavy kits, all strapped ready to sling on their broad shoulders; we can hardly lift one of the packs from the ground—we are allowed to try by a jolly polite youth from Winnipeg, who shows us the trenching pick and all the cleverly fitted in tools.

From time to time men ready to march sing out "Are we downhearted?" "No!" is the invariable, emphatic reply. For them it is only a dream come true; they really soon *will be* in the firing-line.

We who have been working for months in France and know a little of the next scene have tear-dimmed eyes, as we see their brave, bright, smiling faces. Is there a more touching picture, a more thrilling sight, than this, as we see these boys swing along, cheered by their friends?

At the northern side of the plain (called the Sir John Moore Plain) stand facing us the Ross Barracks and Somerset Barracks, duplicates of Moore Barracks—long, straight, conventional buildings of red brick. The men's quarters are a line of small buildings, alike as peas in a pod. At Moore Barracks these small dormitories or halls are turned into wards, and are being gradually renovated for the winter's work, numbered one to thirty-two.

We will leave the plain at its western side and find ourselves on a fine road where the traffic consists of heavy motor lorries, officers' touring cars, ambulances and motor-cycles ridden by most important-looking despatch messengers, whose shoulder-straps tell us they belong to the "Signal Corps, Canada." At last one is convinced that there is a beauty and a wonderful utility in the cycle which is such a means of torture on the quiet, garden-like streets in Toronto.

Now we find a group of tents belonging to our Engineers, the strong, clever chaps who do their work in the dark, digging trenches, hurrying up telephone and telegraph wires "even at the very cannon's mouth"; they are the *Brains of the Army*. We admire the neat arrangement of their piles of blankets, folded into the smallest space and wrapped in their rubber ground sheets; besides these may be seen pairs of boots and kit bags, orderly as a row of pins. A field bath-room consists of a row of taps attached to a rough shelf, on which a series of tin basins satisfies the soldiers' special needs.

Our tour next brings us to the Garrison Church, a simple wooden building on the western slope ending in the valley which encircles Shorncliffe.

As we approach the churchyard we discover a whole company of machine-gun men resting in the shade of the flourishing hedge, after climbing a steep hill burdened with their heavy instruments of war and defence. Presently, they are commanded to line up, and vanish down the road to perform some fresh drill. We know that *they* will enjoy a well-earned lunch.

But here we are at the prettiest spot in the district, though we must admit that the grass is overgrown and the graves long neglected. We lift up our eyes unto the hills, where real beauty thrills us and "from whence cometh our help" and strength to rise above the pettiness and grinding care of life's struggle, the sad, cruel, eternal fight that all must feel and know who have counted for anything. Ah, here before us, in the very forefront of the stage, are some of the real heroes we must admire; they are in the act of putting up a telegraph "from Dibgate Headquarters," they explain. They are such merry, friendly lads, these Canadian soldiers—"Good morning, Sister," often in charming musical English voices. Upon enquiry they explain, "Oh, yes, born in England, but I come from British Columbia, Edmonton or Nova Scotia; lived there four years." They all "hope to leave for France this week." They explain "*We are the Signal Corps.*" How fine to be able to give their experience and ability to our Empire! We pray *they* will not be sacrificed, dear brave boys!

When any of you come to Folkestone or Shorncliffe, you must steal an hour to enjoy this view at sunset from the most comfortable grassy slope, the soft haze and rich glow that is beyond mere print. After that you will really appreciate Gray's *Elegy* doubly. See away on the left stretches the sun-kissed ocean lapping a crescent-shaped shore. Straight before you and to the right your eyes will feast on fine, many-shaded green fields, interspersed with groves; lazy sheep are dotted here and there—they, happy creatures, have no sorrows because there is war (but who wants to be a sheep?), and they will soon be the most delicious chops in the whole world, once enjoyed, never to be forgotten. Everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, are unmistakable signs

of *why we are here*. Among the trees and sometimes close to high-fenced old English gardens are rows of tents glistening in the clear sunshine—headquarters of well-known regiments from Ontario, Quebec, B. C., and the Maritime Provinces.

Bang, bang, bang, repeated dozens of times; it is a company at rifle practice. Then we hear a bugler hard at work practising "Reveilles," "Lights Out" and "Last Posts"; next a fife and drum programme. Immediately beneath us are trenches of every pattern recently approved by our war lords, some in a Greek-key design and many that only an engineer could explain. Here we see the pleasant prologue, the curtain-raiser. And so we turn away, wishing there could be no darker scene.

Our walk back is by the road overlooking Sandgate, immediately beneath, and the wide ocean, where Boulogne may be seen on clear days. Here on the sunny slopes lie dozens of convalescents putting in the time till the Medical Board decides to pronounce them "Unfit for further active service." Many will be sent home.

We notice the tightly-shut-up Martello towers every few hundred yards, a reminder of the happier days when war was not such a fiendishly scientific struggle. On the left are a series of small brick detached residences, used now for various offices. All have signs: here is Headquarters Canadians, here A.D.M.S., here the Canteen (where our men can only buy wholesome *food*). Last, and surely to those who keep it supplied most important, we see the Canadian Field Comforts Commission. As we enter we see the result of much careful planning, hard work, love and patriotic zeal on the part of dear people in every village, town and city in Canada. Such glorious bundles of knitted socks, piles of carefully-made shirts, rows of soap, boxes of candles, jars of preserves, reading and writing material, all neatly arranged on shelves, soon to be packed for the Front.

At one side is a small mountain of bales, cleverly sewn up in burlap and beautifully ticketed, ready for transportation to France and the Mediterranean.

An orderly is drawing nails out of the lid of a huge case just arrived; we crowd round and enjoy, with immense satisfaction, the unpacking. (This reminds us of Christmas mornings long ago, when wonderful stockings were emptied.) Here are Sweet Caporals, "T. & B." tobacco, Jitney pop-corn, soup tablets, cakes of soap, bundles of towels, "Cowan's Perfection Cocoa," Chicklets, razors.

Shall we not all join this energetic transcontinental army of Women's Service, and so warm the heart of many a hero who gives his best for us?

So much real evidence of brave, patient toil at home brings a warm glow to one's soul, and the conviction that, indeed, our Canadian women *are* helping quite as much as any of the fortunate ones who are allowed to serve nearer the Front.

A CANADIAN NURSING SISTER.

THE RIFLEMAN'S GUEST.

Of "Wipers" and Snipers, good yarns I could spread,
But I'll tell you a yarn of my dug-out instead.

It measures six by four and it isn't very high,
And when the rain's about it isn't very dry.
Sometimes I can sleep in it, but "sometimes" is most rare;
The rarity of "sometimes" was what caused this affair.
I'd been doing outpost duty, a rotten sort of game,
And then to dream sweet dreams of home to that dug-out back
I came.

Throwing back the waterproof (in other words, my door)
I saw stretched out before me a form upon the floor.
"Poor mother's son," said I to me, "I'll let the beggar sleep,
And I'll sleep on the top of him—we'll make a pretty heap."
I was wakened shortly after, for my mattress moved about.
"Confound your eyes, be still," I said, "or I will kick you out."
He had the sauce to argue, so I gave him such a biff,
The place was in an uproar in less than half a jiff.
I draw the waterproof upon his language—'twas infernal.
Then right away I fainted—I had slept upon the Colonel!

O. NORD, Rifleman.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Medical Officer,
— Canadian Artillery Brigade.

The Field Comforts have just arrived and are very much appreciated. I have heard great praise for the excellent work of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission on all sides, and am very glad you sent us a parcel.

France.

I have the honour to report that your bale of comforts was received in good order and distributed to the Section. The contents speak volumes for your selection committee, and we all wish to thank you for the numerous gifts. I can sincerely assure you that they were appreciated.

SERGEANT M. G. S.
— Canadian Battalion,
2nd Infantry Brigade.

— Battery, 3rd Brigade,
C.F.A.,
British Expeditionary Force,
France.

A short time back I wrote to you, asking if you would send me, or rather, the Battery Wagon Line Football team, two footballs, of which you sent a reply stating that you were sending them.

On behalf of Mr. ——— and the — Battery I thank you and the Commission most heartily for the gift of sending the baseball outfit. Many an hour is passed away by using them. I trust you will do your best in considering the footballs.

September 3rd, 1915.

I am writing to thank you and your Committee on behalf of the N.C.O.s and men of this Company for the parcel of comforts received a few days ago.

Everything you sent was very much appreciated, and owing to the wet weather we are having, the socks more so than you can imagine; they just came in time to save a number of men sleeping in wet and cold boots.

O.C.,
“ A ” Company,
— Canadian Battery.

No. — Field Co.,

Canadian Engineers,

September 4th, 1915.

Very many thanks from my comrades and myself for the parcels of "eatables" which you have so kindly sent to me. They are more than appreciated by us all.

I am writing to the Garrison Chapter I.O.D.E., at Winnipeg, telling them of the safe arrival of further fruits of their kindness. Also of the very excellent selection of goods which the Canadian Field Comforts Commission have arranged. Again, many thanks from us all.

_____,
Sergeant _____.

Belgium,

September 4th, 1915.

Parcel with contents as per enclosed list reached me to-day, and as we arrived here near midnight after three days' almost continuous rain in the fire trucks, you may imagine how welcome the contents of the parcel were to my men. Allow me to thank you on behalf of my Grenade Detachment, and also accept my keen appreciation of your kind remembrance.

O.C. Grenade Detachment,

— Battalion,

Canadians, France.

Sunday, September 5th.

Thank you ever so much for your letter of August 24th and for the mouth-organs and baseballs, which arrived and have proved very useful indeed. Music is a great thing out here, and though the noises produced by our artists on the mouth-organs can hardly be termed that, nevertheless it is appreciated.

Officer of 8th Battalion.

September 6th, 1915.

Many thanks for the box of "Comforts," which I distributed to my men last week. These presents are always much appreciated and looked forward to by the men.

Lieutenant and T.O.,

— Canadian Brigade.

Many thanks indeed for the two bales of underwear, which came a few days ago in good condition. The things were very much appreciated by the men, and they wish me to add their thanks to mine.

I think one can hardly imagine the comfort it is to get into clean things after sleeping in holes and all sorts of unkind places with nothing but the clothes they stand in for bedding as these men do. They have no blankets in summer, you know.

Officer at Divisional Headquarters.

September 9th, 1915.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of parcel No. —. The men greatly appreciate the comforts and are always looking forward to the arrival of the next consignment.

— Battalion,
C.F.A.

France,

September 10th, 1915.

The box containing cigarettes and tobacco arrived safely and have been distributed amongst the men, who were greatly pleased to get some of their old favourites from home.

You ask if they prefer Canadian to English? I can speak for one and all of No. 2 Field Ambulance and say "Yes." What we have been getting from England lately have been very poor, and, as you know, things from home, like mother's pies, are always the best. Thanking you and our kind friends.

Officer of — Field Ambulance.

Belgium,

September 10th, 1915.

The comforts reached me safely, and I desire to convey to you the sincere thanks of my men and myself. It is certainly more than good of you to send such useful articles and of such good quality.

Believe me, we all appreciate very much indeed this kind thoughtfulness.

O.C. A.M.M. Column,

— Canadian Artillery Brigade,
1st Canadian Division.

September 20th, 1915.

I have to thank you for fixing up baseball outfit and forwarding same. Am acknowledging receipt to *Montreal Star*, who, I understand, are responsible for sending them out.

We have just heard that the 2nd Division are in this vicinity and go into the trenches with us to-morrow.

We are having beautiful weather here now and hope it continues, as the trenches are the worst place I know in bad weather.

The men like the parcels they receive from the C.F.C.C. better than any others, because, in addition to sweets and smokes, there are also other useful articles included.

— Lieutenant-Colonel,
— Battalion.

September 20th, 1915.

Received your very welcome parcel to-day, and thank you very much for sending it to me.

The young lady who sent the parcel to me or who packed it is a sister of one of our boys here in the battery. He will thank his sister for me.

Everything was fine and the parcel in the best of condition. The contents will come in very handy to me, and I think the Canadian Field Comforts Association are a splendid organisation.

Dr. ———,
1st Canadian Contingent,
Divisional Artillery,
1st Artillery Brigade,
2nd Battery, Belgium.

France,

September 24th, 1915.

Your kind favour of 17th reached me yesterday. Thank you for confirmation. I take it that the stores are at the base in our name. Had a good trip over, but a tiresome one.

We are now in reserve. Part of our brigade is in the trenches, while the remainder are in billets, which, by the way, are not *too* bad. We go in Tuesday evening. The officers are taking to their work like a duck to water.

O.C. — Battalion,
2nd Canadian Division.

September 25th, 1915.

Your department sent us out a lot of comforts a few days ago and they all arrived safely, and the men appreciated them immensely.

Our men all prefer Canadian cigarettes to any other. We are all in grand form and everyone is keen as mustard.

Officer of 5th Battalion.

Belgium,

30/9/15.

I write you in acknowledgment and appreciation of a parcel received from you yesterday for the 8th Battalion, — Section. If I may venture to say so, it was selected with rare common sense, and quite a number of the boys stated their intention of writing and thanking you.

Private ———.

Flanders,

September 30th, 1915.

I must apologise for not having written sooner to thank you for the most acceptable parcel of socks. Our men will now be able to have an extra pair with them, and as everything is very wet here it is a great comfort to them.

Out here we all think the F. C. Commission has done wonders the way it looks after our men.

Officer of 14th Battalion.

