

Glenbow Archives, Bell family fonds
M-9377-5

France

July 6, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

As I have nothing to do and less to write, I am in a kind of pickle but will try and scratch off a few lines anyway. Weather is the only subject I know of, and that is jake-a-loo, still no rain, not too hot, in fact you might call it soldier's special. Am having a pretty easy time of it lately, drilling in the morning and most days the afternoons to ourselves. This morning we had to lecture on the gun and of course as I am No. 1 now it was up to me to try and tell the others about it. Well, most of them knew more than I did, so the first chance I got I passed the honour on to the corporal, with the very best of wishes. I don't mind the lectures though as it is a lot easier than drill, and far more interesting. There has been no mail for some time, but must be about time for another batch so will soon bring this pile of rubbish to a close. I wrote to Jane the other day, and sent my watch along. It needs to see the doctor. Happened to come in contact with the ground and naturally the face suffered somewhat. It is well smothered in dirt too, in fact so much so that it will no longer tick off the weary minutes, so thought it time it took a little trip to Blighty even if I can't. I had hopes at one time that my leave would be wearing round about now, but no such luck at [sic] there is no sign of any yet, and none going so if I get mine in time for Xmas I guess I'll be lucky. I have one nice little thing in store for me, that is an inoculation. It is nearly a year since I had my last so am on the look-out for another. It generally makes me a little dizzy and my arm a bit sore but as you get forty-eight hours off it is not such a bad little treat at all. If Margaret Smith is at [illegible] please convey my fondest love to her and Rachel, and you might mention they can keep the next waltz for me, that is after I get home of course. That doesn't look very close yet, but you never know your luck, I might make it in time for Xmas yet. Here's hoping so anyway.

Yours as ever,
Raymond

France, July 17, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

I wrote about six lines to Mother two days ago, but had better write another six or you will all be wondering what has gone wrong with me. I had only just started to write when the orderly corporal came around collecting mail, so of course I had to quit in a hurry in order to get it posted. I know it was the last chance, for we were about to be moved, and no change of getting letters posted while moving. We had quite a nice little march with full kit and fairly hot so was glad when we got to our destination. We are in good billets now, deserted houses, so are making out fine. Still drilling a little in the mornings and killing time in the afternoons. It rained like a Holy Terror last night, so has been clear and hot today. Everything looks fine and fresh after the rain. Mother asked me in her last letter about the Y.M.C.A. in France. All I can say is that if you get as good value for every dollar you spend as the one you give to the Y. you will undoubtedly be getting every cent's worth of your dollar. I thought I had mentioned there [sic] good work quite a few times, but possibly not. It is a cinch. Shorty was never up the line very far when he starts denouncing them, for they certainly are a boom to the boys both in and out of the line. Their work in England is also to be commended, for they are always packed, which should be a pretty good sign. And so far here, I have seen easily five hundred lined up at one of their canteens where they were selling Canadian goods when it was impossible to buy even French junk elsewhere. Mail has just come in, a box of maple sugar from Mrs. Grimm and a bundle of papers from you. I haven't opened it yet but can see a Post and a couple of papers so as soon as I finish writing this, watch my smoke for the Post. Also got a letter from Jane saying she had rec'd my watch, and that the cursed thing was still running, must have just started before she opened the letter. It is just over a year since I was there, but no prospects of getting away till Xmas at least, that is by present indications. Of course if leave was suddenly to open up heavy my turn would take so long to wear around but there must be about three hundred ahead of me and only a very odd one going. I happened to recognize an Officer in this run the other day that gave me quite a surprise. He used to be a Corporal in the 12th C.M.R.'s and I used to know him slightly around the "Y." He recognized me too, but haven't had a chance to speak to him. Our Platoon Officer used to be a Corp. in the 160th. Lots of men have received commission from the ranks lately, at least just getting back with them. Am going to read the Post now may write a few more lines before I post this. I have about five minutes yet before mail does so will try and fill this page. I have finished the Drumheller paper and Life but have not had time for the Post yet. Some class to our home-town paper now isn't there? I had some good laughs out of Life, some of them were sure good. Instead of drilling they took us on a little digging party this morning with the result I have a couple of little souvenirs on my hands in the way of small blisters, so you can imagine how soft they are then they blister with an hour or so of shovelling [sic]. You will have to try and take some of that fat off of comet by going to the dances. I haven't heard you speak of any lately, so they must be scarce. Say, Kid, your brother is a full blown lance-jack now, acting without pay, some class – I don't think but I suppose you had better address my letters as S.P. [?] instead of Pte. Well I don't know of any more to write so will close for this time. Hoping all is well at home.

Yours as ever,
Raymond

France. July 31th, 1918.

Dear Mother,

As I received a letter from you a couple days ago, dated ~~August~~ July 4th, and a bundle of papers yesterday, it is about time for me to get busy. I received the fine spot O.K. but have had no opportunity of answering until now. I have been on the watch to get something for Mildred but have not gone [?] near even a half decent town, so have been entirely out of luck that way. I have more than enjoyed the Life's you sent, also the Nor'West Harmer [?], and Drumheller pape. r I happened to get ahold [sic] of the June Cosmopolitan at the 'Y' stall the other day, so have had all kinds of reading matter. It certainly is discouraging to hear that you have had to plow part of the crop under, I never thought it was as bad as all that. If you only have had some of the extra rain that fell here this last month. The last two or three days it has been very hot. I am glad to be in the shade of a tree writing instead of drilling today I can tell you. Have had it pretty easy lately, except for moving which is so common it is no longer a novelty. I had a letter from Leslie a few days ago, he was in fine spirits, has a good job now, so no need to worry over him. I was quite close to where he wrote from just before he wrote but had been moved before I received his letter. The country around here is lower than were I have mostly been, and would be a b[?][?]ts in wet weather but is O.K. now. Some fairly high hills in places, all covered in trees, springing right up from this flat land give it a very picturesque appearance. In fact any part of France I have ever been in is well stocked with trees, hand planted, either along the roads or around the villages. Nearly all the villages are completely hidden by the trees for the grove from sixty to eighty feet high, straight as a string, making a fine shade. They are mostly birch, poplar and elm. It was tough luck Mildred had to quit just as the exams and all, but if her teacher put her through she has certainly done well. She will soon come around again when she starts pounding the rake team on the tail. If all the rumors we hear are true the war won't last much longer, but we have to discount any rumors about one thousand percent. The late one is that Little Willie has twenty four hours to surrender. I sure hope so anyway. My that little poem in "Life" was good something away above the average. Will write again when I can but it may be some time before I get a chance to. Must close hoping you are all as well as I am.

Yours as ever,

Raymond

FIELD SERVICE POST CARD

Aug 4, 1918

I am quite well.

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you lately.

Signature only Raymond

Date Aug 4, 1918

France

Aug 14, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

As I have a little while to myself at last, I will try and scratch off a few lines to let you know I am still alive and kicking as the saying goes. I received a letter from you two days ago written July 8th with Interest check enclosed. I haven't been able to get any of them cashed yet, so if I don't soon I'll send them back, but may be able to before so very long. I am in no need of money at present anyway, as I am not where I can buy much and am getting all kinds of eats, so am not worrying any. We will likely be getting paid before long too, so no need to worry over me going short. The weather has been as fine the last week or so as any I have seen in France, if not better. No rain for about two weeks, and the sky as clear as can be. It is pretty hot in the daytime, but I prefer the heat to the rain. I only hope you are getting as good weather for the harvest for I suppose you will be just about starting it there now.

I have not had any mail outside that one letter of yours for quite a while as there is very little I can write about, but I know a few lines is always better than none at all, for I expect you will be able to see by the papers where I have been, so consequently will be worrying through not hearing. I haven't seen a paper for quite a while now, so haven't a great deal of knowledge to what has been doing, but as usual all kinds of rumors. I see by the Can. Daily Record that Fred McCall a fellow I used to go to school with at the Practice School has won both the D.S.O. and M.C. in the flying corps. The Canadians are sure making a name for themselves in the air, and earning all mention they get too. I wonder if Chester Roper is over his illness yet, I haven't heard any word of him for ages. I saw Harry Upton about a week ago, he was still going strong then so am hoping he is still. Am enclosing a shoulder strap of a Hun, let me know if you get it safely for I don't know whether it is permissible to send one in a letter or not. Am too lazy to write more so will quit for this time. Hope you are all feeling as well as I do.

Yours,

Raymond

On Active Service with the British Expeditionary Force

France

Aug 29, 1918

Dear Mother,

I know you will be anxious to hear how I am, so will write a few lines any way just to let you know there is no need to worry. I only got a slight one in the left arm, a few small pieces of shrapnel. They are too small to remove so that will let you know it is only slight. It was rather sore the first day, but once I got to hospital and had it properly dressed there has been practically no pain at all. I am in the Nr. 16 American General all American Doctors and am being treated fine. It is like home to be in a bed once again, and sleep all you want. We hadn't been getting much sleep up the line the last few days as were moving forward and going over pretty regular. The War seems to be going in the right direction at last, he may not be beaten yet, but is most certainly a great deal weaker and as a rule puts up less of a fight than of old. I don't expect I'll be getting any mail for quite awhile now, as it will be chasing me all over creation. I don't expect to make Blighty but there is a big rush on now, so can never tell how lucky I might be, I was lucky enough to get a nice one, so why not Blighty too? Well so long for now. Hope all is well with you. Don't worry, I'm great.

Raymond

France

Sept. 1, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

As I have all the time in the world to myself, I may as well try and scribble off a few lines, scribble is right too for I am lying on my back, writing on a book. Don't think by this I can't sit up or anything, for I go all over the place. Just came back from the "Y" a few minutes ago with this paper. My arm is healing up fine, too darned fine to suit me, for I can see my chances of Blighty fading every day. One consolation though, I am out of the line these days, and that means a lot for I can tell you it is no cinch there these days. To give you an idea, our Batt went over the top practically three times in twenty four hours. I am certainly glad to get away for while and get a rest for I was pretty well tired out I can tell you. I don't know what address to have put on the mail so I guess you may as well still address it to the Batt. I may be back there

again by the time it gets here. Don't send any parcels for awhile anyway as I'll never get them if you do. The doctor asked me if a cat had been at my arm, it was scratched so much but doesn't pain just a little numb. Well, no paper so TaTa.

Ray

Queen's Park Military Hospital
Ward 5, A Block
Blackburn, Lancs
Sept 20, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

As I have moved a short distance once again I may as well give you the change of address, also put Pte. R.C. Bell, 27th Cans and there is bound to be no mistake. I think I forgot to tell you that as I was only acting rank in France, I at once become a buck private on coming to Blighty so please take note, so you see that one stripe wasn't much of an honor after all. I have had no mail yet, and have no idea when I'll get any. Mr. Bradshaw came to Whalley to see me last Monday, brought a bunch of apples, ripe tomatoes and candy – oh my you [illegible] and all grown in their own garden too, even to the candy. He also brought some cigarettes and cigars, just hit me right and say, if you can manage to slip a few cigarettes into a parcel by mistake some time, I wouldn't be mad at all for they cost like fury here. Wouldn't advise sending a parcel as long as I am in Hospital for I am certain to be moved before it would reach me, and then chances to one never get it. Mr. Brad also lent me three pound, and as I got those interests cashed I am well away for the needful. Am going to have an assignment made to him from the Pay Office so no need of you to bother. We are on a high hill here, overlooking the town on the edge of a pretty little park. Free show nearly every day they say, and lots of amusement, so hope to have a good time here. Tell you more about it next time, just got here last night.

Raymond

[incomplete]

Queen's Park Military Hospital
Ward 5, G Block
Blackburn, Lancs

Sept. 26th 1918

Dear Mother,

No mail from home or France yet, so am afraid there is not much to write about. Had a parcel of eats from Jane though, also my light boots. The eats were fine too, cakes and tarts, oh my, what a difference to the stuff you buy. The meals here are very good, but of course we don't get anything of that sort unless we buy it, so the box came in fine. One certainly can't say enough for the kindness of Lancashire people, they are the largest hearted people I have ever met I think. Nearly everything is free to the wounded, a theatre or picture house every afternoon except on the week-end, and a free show on Friday night when we are allowed...

[incomplete]

[incomplete]

[ca. Sept 1918]

...

The truth of the matter is they have so many men in Hospital, etc, they don't know what to do with them, so it is anything at all to get rid of you.

I have met quite a few boys here I went to France with, and of the same ????. I see quite a few of my old platoon are wounded too, so I guess there are not many of the old bunch there now, nearly all got Blighties.

I got a parcel from you just before I left Boxhill, sent on from France. It had apparently been sent to Leslie too, but I have had no word from him for ages, so am wondering if he has a Blighty too. It was a parcel of candy, and maraschino cherries, oh, say what a treat. It is only once in a blue moon you can get even half decent chocolates here. Weather is pretty windy, and a little rain, not much sun.

Yours, Raymond

Blackburn, Lancs
Sept. 31st, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

The mailman was very kind to me the day before yesterday, brought me a letter from you, one from Jim, and one from Beatrice, also a card from Mother, Aug 3rd and one from you of Drumheller. It nearly made me homesick to see the old burg again, for it is an exceptionally good view. Your letter was written on Aug 8th the first day we went over at Amiens. I suppose you have read all about it in the papers, so no need of me telling you. It was the grandest sight of my life that morning, you couldn't see for miles behind the lines for cavalry, artillery and tanks all moving up to go over. Couldn't see ahead far though for it was a foggy morning, and a smoke barrage on as well. We were in Reserve that morning so of course had a fine opportunity to see all of the different branches going up to go into action. Of course we didn't see any of the fighting as we were too far back, but saw all kinds of prisoners coming out. In fact I saw practically nothing of the fighting there for I was never in the front wave at all. Harry Upton got hit there on the 9th but not bad. I saw him as we were going over on the 8th. As you will likely know I got mine on the Arras front, on the second day. The first day was very easy for us till about six at night, then we hit it pretty stiff till dark. We started out the next morning again and had only gone about three hundred yards when my section had to take up a position to put up a covering fire for the rest going over. Well, old Fritz saw me firing and persuaded me not to, said he thought I'd be better off in Blighty, so here I am. It was a sniper that was so kind I think but I am not sure. It was only a single shot that was fired anyway. Glad to hear you are so well on with the hay, and so sorry to hear you have been despoiling the homes of the dear little ants. I hope the threshing is well under way by now. Expect to be in a convalescent camp by the time this reaches you. I get my leave from there. Hope you are all well at home.

Yours, Raymond

Blackburn, Lancs

Oct 4th, 1918

Dear Mother,

As I received another batch I forwarded mail again the night before last. I will have to get busy and answer a little of it. I got one from Gladys, written from Creelman, and one from you, Aug 11th, one from Marjorie Aug 21st, and two short ones enclosed from Mildred and a card from Marion. Pleased to hear you have got on so well with the haying and harvesting started, It sure

much have been a corker for heat there when the crop was ripe that soon. By what I hear from Belleview the prospects are not very bright there either, at least by what Jim and Beatrice said in their letters. I sure had some reading the night I got this last bunch, for everyone wrote a fine long newsy letter. What with Marjorie and the little holiday, and Gladys at Creelman, and you not writing the week before, you all write such splendid letters. I had quite a surprise on Tuesday when you and Jane and M. Bradshaw came to see me. I couldn't go out with them though, as I had a nasty cold and the Sister wouldn't hear tell of me even going out the door with them. They got here just at dinner time, and had figured on going downtown to dinner with me, so they didn't stay a great while, but couldn't blame them, for I know what it is to miss a meal. It was fine to have a chat with them again and hear the news. Jane has aged a lot since I saw her last, looks years older somehow, and a lot thinner. I think the worry and work of nursing her Aunt when

[incomplete]

Blackburn, Lancs
Oct 9th, 1918

Dear Johnny,

I see I have an old letter of yours kicking around unanswered, so here goes for an answer, but I am afraid it will be a short one for news is so scarce as hens teeth. The weather is the only topic and it is so bad that I am afraid my opinion of it wouldn't look well on paper. It is just one days' rain after another. I put in a Pass to go to Brads' today, but it didn't come through so of course couldn't go. It is raining so hard I didn't care an awful lot except that they were expecting me, and I didn't like to disappoint them for a man was going to wait at the station for me. Only hope he didn't wait long, for it is sure some day.

I was marked out for convalescent camp yesterday but don't know when I'll be going. I get my leave from there and then go to the 11th Reserve at Seaford, Sussex, so possibly you had better address my mail there as I will likely be there by the time I receive an answer to this. I wouldn't mind staying here for duration for I am having the best time of my army life now. Nothing to do, lots to eat, and all day to yourself. There is a fine show nearly every day, and always something doing. Haven't had any mail since I wrote last, so am expecting some soon. My arm is healed now, haven't even a dressing on it anymore. Just a little stiff when I straighten it is all. Nothing more to write about so Ta Ta.

Raymond

Blackburn, Lancs

Oct. 17, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

Just a line or so to let you know I am being moved once more. This time to Bexhill, near Hastings. I have no idea how long I'll be there but will get my leave from there. I was over to Brad's yesterday, and had a fine day. The weather was very good all day too, the best day for a long while. The time went all too quick though. I got the cheque Mother sent, so am well off for money now as I still have one pound ten left that I got from the Pay Office. They were all well at Brad's with the exception of Mr. Bradshaw, who has a rotten cold. I sure hated to come back last night, for they were giving a dance at Elswick for a chap on leave from Ireland. I have not had any mail since I wrote last, but should surely get some before long. I think it would be better to address it care of Brad's for they always know where I am, and it takes a long time to catch up to one.

The Government must have been slow about sending word I was hit, for I didn't cable for about three days after I was plunked. Hope you are having a good time in Calgary, will write when I get to Bexhill.

Feeling fine now.

Raymond.

Dear Marjorie,

As I received a letter from you and Mother combined, dated Aug 29th, and as it is just the second anniversary of my wound, I'll celebrate it by writing you a few lines. I wrote to Mother yesterday, telling her I hadn't heard from her for a month, and it wasn't an hour till I got the letter. I also received one from Beatrice dated the same day as yours and one from Mary July 3rd so you can see how the mail is coming through. When I was up at Brad's they told me you had moved into Calgary, otherwise I wouldn't have known, for in this letter you speak of going on the Monday. I had a letter from Jane yesterday, and she says they have all had the flu there, in fact there is a regular epidemic of it over here now, but am still pegging along missing it. To tell

the truth I don't give a cuss if I do get it, for it might mean another trip to hospital which would tickle little Willie all down to the ground so I suppose I will still steer clear of it.

You will be wondering why I put half of the alphabet at the beginning of my letter so I had better explain. It only means Princess Patricia's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, please don't forget it for I'd hate like fury to have to write all that again. Would advise you to keep on sending my mail to Brad's though for I don't expect to be here more than a week or so at the most. The massage has very nearly made my arm as good as ever, so I'll be going on my leave before long now I expect. My, that "heaps of ducks in the sloughs" sounded good, makes me think of some of the feeds we used to have. Hope to have some more of them before long for the news still looks good.

Yours Raymond

Hello Milly and Marion –

No, I didn't quite forget about you, although pretty near. This is all the paper I have left, it was a sheet I spoiled by putting France on top of it, got so used to it that I forgot I was really in Blighty. Hope you are not working too hard at school, not talking to any nice little boys (when the teacher is looking) or anything that I wouldn't do. Of course this applies to Marjorie too, for she isn't too old either, now is she Marion? And say, the next time you want to drop a log, drop it on the woodpile, not on Pat's back, for he would make a poor fire at any time, and besides he is my dog, isn't he Marion. Well ta-ta and be sure and eat lots of candy.

Raymond

No. 1 Coy, 11th Res.
Seaford, Sussex
Nov. 3, 1918

Dear Marjorie,

I received a bunch of canuck letters today, one from you dated Sept 12th and one from Mother Sept 1st. Apparently neither one of you knew I was hit at that time, so my cable must have been a long time reaching you as I sent it on Sept 1st.

As you will see I am back at the old 11th again, and Seaford at that. Seaford was always bad enough but it is worse than ever now. Everything closed on account of the flu. I did not get my sick furlough on account of it but always have it to look forward to. And believe me I am going

to make the best of it too, for if the news continues as good as it has been I may be back in Canada before the next one. I should hope so anyway if I have to wait as long as I have already done for this one. Just sixteen months now since I had one. Should get either ten or twelve days this time, for they give ten from Hospital and generally two extra days for Scotland, so of course I'll have to take a stab at Scotland. Might as well take a look at it, for it costs no more.

I have met both Eugene Campion and Chris Pigg here. Eugene has just come back from Hospital with mumps. His second trip in Hospital since August, when he landed.

Both you and Mother make mention of Chester Doney being killed in France. It was a shock to hear it, for I had no idea he was in France. Also as if George Bateson was dead. I think I must have not received some of your letters for neither of you do more than mention it, give no particulars at all, I feel very sorry for poor Mrs. Doney, it will be an awful shock to her. I wish you would please give her my most sincere sympathy for I don't feel I can properly write just what I feel. It seems really too hard to be true. And for all his little faults, I can never forget what a splendid boy he was at heart, and a good chum to me. I am sure you can explain things to Mrs. Doney far better than I could write for I can assure you, I feel very deeply for her. And I am afraid by the tone of your letter poor George Bateson has gone under too, but am hoping not. It seems too bad if he has after all that time out there.

The weather has not been of the best here lately, quite a lot of wind and rain and a cussed little sunshine. I have not been on parade here yet, as I have to see the doctor first, and can't see him until my medical papers come through. Have been on fatigue the last couple of days, but don't intend to drill yet if I can get out of it for my arm still gets sore if I use it too much, so am going to try to swing it for awhile if I can.

Got a parcel of Leslie's from Arthur yesterday. Leslie's name was crossed out and marked "address not known" and sent on to me as my address was on the back. Am wondering if he is hit too. Have written to London to find out. Will close for tonight.

Raymond.

Hope Marion and Milly are both well.

Seaford, Sx [Sussex]

Nov 12th, 1918

Dear Mother,

Since the big news has arrived at last, it is about all one can think about. I had certainly hoped for Peace by Xmas all along, but to be quite truthful about it, had very little hope of it till quite recently. My but there was some excitement when the news came in, shouting and cheering could be heard for miles. Whistles and hooters blowing, rockets going up. Even the swarms on the ships at sea were blowing. Last night was a wild old time too, I can tell you, rockets and guns going off galore. One of the chaps in this Hut was in London when the news came in, and he said they went clean wild there. Well one can't blame them, after such a spell of waiting. It will be another case of waiting for discharge now I suppose, but time will soon sly along when the end is in sight. They had me down for guard today, so I went up to the doctor and spun him a yarn, and he marked me for a board, so in the meantime I am excused all parades. I don't know whether I'll get a category on the medical board or not, but it is worth a chance anyway, for I would think a farmer with a category should stand a good chance of getting back pretty quick. Of course I might get marked fit, but all the time I am waiting to be examined I am not doing anything, so I should worry! I would like to be on leave now, perhaps I wouldn't make up for lost time. I should get away before long now, for the restrictions are gradually beginning to lift. They even opened the picture show in Seaford last night, but whether only last night or not I don't know. The weather has been fairly good lately, some rain now and again but not a great deal. There is always quite a cool breeze here on the sea-coast of course, but that is to be expected. I haven't had any mail since I wrote last so outside of the Peace news there is little to write about. I think I told you that Eugene Champion and Chris Pigg were in this camp. Chris was on draft to go tomorrow, but don't know whether he will or not now. A lot of the draftees are sure tickled it is over I can tell you for they sure didn't like the idea of France. I hear that Joe Barré is over in the North Camp but I haven't seen him. Alas one or two other Pipestone boys [illegible] but it sure sounded great to hear the old Kaiser Bill and Little Willie had to take to their heels [sic] and hit for Holland. The Revolution that we all hoped for came in the end. The time will seem long till we get to be back, but it is worth the wait just to be back.

Yours as ever,

Raymond

Govt Farm, Elswick

Dec 9th, 1918

Dear Mother,

As you will see by the address I have got as far as Brad's [?]. In fact was soon here after I wrote you last. I went on to Aberdeen that day, stayed the next there and came back to Edinburgh that night, then left Edinburgh for Preston, got into Preston at five in the morning, and left for Blackburn just after. Stayed there until Sunday afternoon, and came on here after that night, so have been here a week last night, as today is Monday. My time was up on Monday, but Miss Bradshaw took me to a Doctor in Kingham and he gave me a certificate as unfit to travel, so will be staying until tomorrow. Have been around here quite a bit. Miss Bradshaw and I went to Blackpool on Wednesday, on Thursday we went to market at a very old place called [?][?][?]stang. Since then M. Bradshaw has been laid up with the flu but is coming around again now, is talking of getting up today. Saturday night Jane and I went to a dance a couple of miles away at the school house and had a fine time. I received a letter from you addressed here a few days ago. Written just after going into Calgary to nurse the kids. It must certainly have been one grand old celebration there alright. You certainly hit it right to see the fun. I can just imagine I see my three [illegible] glowering out of the window watching my other hiking off down town to see the fun. Hope they are all fit and fine once again and back at school once again. The flu must have been very bad there. Here it has been just in patches, that is dangerous, but wherever one died there was generally a bunch. Some families have had a terrible wiping out with it. Very few schools have been closed here though and no churches at all. The weather is very dull and heavy but very little rain but keeps one on pins and needs it is going to all the time I suppose by the time you get this the show will be sifting round and that old South East wind whistling around the corners. It makes me cold to think of it but for all that hope to be back humping my back to it before long but of course one never knows when in the army. I don't know if anything else for the time so will close. Hope I happen to address this to the right place, just guesswork.

Yours,

Raymond