

Somewhere in France
Sept 21st 1916

My dear wife

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and well, and am receiving my mail pretty regular now. You have no idea how nice it is to get a letter or parcel from home. The next parcel you send you might send some chewing tobacco instead of smoking, as we get all the smoking, we can use, I know you don't like me chewing, but we are not allowed to smoke at night in the trenches, and it is a weary time from darkness till daylight. I haven't seen J Green, but I hear he is alright so far, I haven't heard anything about W. Souter, but his regt is within 2 miles of us now, I may see them soon. Last year at this time I was home on harvest leave, we had a great time then didn't we. Let us hope it won't be long before we are home

for good. I see she has an press or beginning to
squall about us sending them so many shells, they
say it is butchery, I consider that a good sign,
it certainly is fierce, the amount of shells we read
over, and though it is hot enough in our lines, it
must be terrible in theirs. It is beginning to get a
little cold at night, I hope the damned thing is
over before the winter sets in, as it must be
miserable then, however, some of the boys have been
here two weeks, so I must not forget to tell you.

Mrs. Forester I was asking for them. I see by
the "Peeblesshire Standard" Walter Pedgath is killed.
I think that is the last of Jack's family by his
first wife. He was a soldier when they left for
Canada, and has been in France from the
start. I will close now, with love to you & the
children

Your loving husband
Jimmy