Belgium
November 20th 1918

My dear Mary,

Great time, with so much talk of peace in the air, for you to forgive me for not letting you know long before it's about the Maple Syrup, Mack's parcel, and crock knives. Many thanks never have I seen such a wonderful pair as the white ones with all on them, refuse to wear them with anything but white shoes. Consequently, I ask had many enquiries as to the knitter. Had a fine time, on my months leave to England, stayed the
whole time but three days in London, although I fully intended going to the country for a short time, to get the odd game of golf but as Mr. Turnbull and Treadwell were also on convalescent leave, found it much to hard to get away. Olive is hunting very fit had two days with him at Felstane. Days that I have not changed a bit only older but that is only natural, have five grey hairs, if you please.

Called on Major McCoy who is in charge of the officers Canadian Daughters of the Empire Hospital, London.
one day on the street, he is looking very fit, although still in hospital. Mighty sad about Sam, have three men in my company, who were in his battalion, and two of them were in his platoon. One is my batman, the other the officer mess cook and the third the caterer. Do you know if the family received a photo of the grave, if not well get one, have seen it myself. The censor has at last loosened up, we are now allowed cameras, so sent to London for one, as could get quite a lot of interesting snaps, another thing, can tell you were
I am so here goes.
At the present time the company are billeted on a farm about 1/2 mile from a place called Friendly. The civilians are all mighty fine, much to good hearted, for their own good will give you anything in the place.

No less than 5 glasses of real cow milk each day.

Eggs, they can afford very few, as they are a bit sick. So I make a piece, Sarah should gather in a few chickxenn and come over, while the going is good, vegetables we can always get enough, for the Coy officers we really live very well, taking it all around.
quite a few prisoners of war, all now returning through our lines, had a long talk with some this morning. They are in a sad state for clothing, and seem to have had rather a rough time.

Do you by chance happen to know a Mr. Patterson in St. Catharines. His husband is a bugler with the company. He got the Military Medal a short time ago. Mightily fine fellow. Great football player. Best in the battalion.

Going to get my horse after all over. She has been out here since the start, although nothing to prove over, not so bad to look at, and goes under
The name of Dolly.

I was thinking of one time about getting my discharge in England, but do not think it possible. Are they taking us home by dromone, so I understand, and if so well will be the first to leave for home.

I am not looking for a moment of attaining to the army, have been gone so far up to send for samples of civilian clothes, although it has been very wonderful, and never have I been on such good luck, weighed around 180 lbs. when I left. Marg. what about.
The head, you should say, and birthdays, not a word have you said about it, was it so terribly rotten, or why. Mama tells me that Aunt Addie is staying with her, has she been in St. Catherine.

Father is most anxious that I should go into the grain business with him, although do not know about New York as two brothers in the same place is not always of the best.

I would like very much to go for about a three month's trip. as I think it will take about that time before everybody becomes normal, and when I do
settle down will not have the opportunity, as I must work, which I honestly do not think will be hard. As between you and me although this is a fine life, could not stick it forever. not saw enough of soldiering.

How are Gladys and the child.
Do nothing but play bridge, and just as potter as ever dad not keep still long enough.
do you know that this is absolutely a record so please note the number at the top of page. Still see you soon.

Here