

January 20th. 1915.

Dear Father, Mother & Geo.

At last I am writing you a letter, you must forgive me for writing sooner, but one thing & another have prevented me. Even the "Huns" stopped me one evening by dropping a shell in front of the house in which we were billeted, then another immediately behind it. We cleaned out thinking the next might hit the house, as it was the house was only hit by fragments. Night adds to the terror of shelling. It is most unpleasant to be suddenly shelled when you are in the open on a pitch black night, but when it is over, you laugh at it all. I am still in the best of health, & am suffering from no ill whatever. I feel neither the wet or the cold. I think a person can grow used to anything. As a matter of fact I have always been very comfortable have regularly always (during the latter month) had a place (in the trenches) in which to sit during my watch (5 or 6 hours on end) during the night. Not only have I a place to sit in, but also a first class fire-place containing a roaring fire. I am perfectly happy. I manage to get hold of some English magazines and we always have London papers 24 hours late only, and a candle I can buy candles out here but they are very costly 2½ for a small one. I would like you to send about six or a dozen cast candles (Thick ones)