

D. James 687

13 Platoon. No 4 Coy.

1<sup>st</sup> Batt. Welsh Guards.

Sat. Oct 30<sup>th</sup> 1915.

B. E. F.

France

Dear Mother,

I hope that this will find you all well at home. I received Winnie's letter by yesterday's post, and am sending her and Billy some more post-cards. I also had a parcel from Letty, with traps of nice things, including a pair of socks and a pocket-book and writing pad. I also had a parcel from Aunt Winnie, which contained a pair of mittens from Aunt Jane, which I am most pleased with. I knew she had not forgotten me, and it's very nice to hear from her. I am waiting for your parcel now. I know it is on the way, and I am looking forward to this evening's post bag trusting that there is something there from you. I am not greedy mother, but I do like to hear from home, it

makes me feel heaps better.

Since I wrote home last, I have been in the trenches again. We were in there for 3 days, three miserable wet days they were too, and we are all glad to come out for a rest. You will be glad to hear Mother, that we are now far behind the firing line, and are to remain here for a fortnights rest, which I think we all deserve. You cant believe how nice it is to be out of the noise of the guns and the horrible sights of the battlefields. The Town we are in is very ~~quiet~~ quaint and peacefull, and the people are very homely, everything is so warm and nice, after what we have been through those last few weeks. As I write, the church bells are ringing, and all the noises of the farm yard are around us, you would not think there is a war on.

We are billeted in a large farm, and during the last few days, we have been cleaning the mud off us, after the trenches, and improving our appearance generally. By the

way, how is the farm at home getting on. I was surprised to hear it at first, I expect Billy is in his oils now that you have a few ducks, I bet he pulls them about a bit.

I have just sent a letter off, to Aunt Winnie, in which I told her what we have been through in the trenches, and which I asked her to send up to you for you to read. Its not much use writing the same thing over again to the same quarter, as it, so I thought one letter would suffice. We were only 50 yards from the Germans, and could here them talking. One night, when it was my turn to watch them, I could hear a gramophone playing. We were expecting them to make a counter attack to try and get the trench back. But they must have known that the Guards were opposite, and thought better of it, they dont like our Guards at all.

I hope you will not forget to send that vest and shirt I asked for, the more more shirts I have now, the better, as lost

night, I made the horrible discovery that I was lousy, luckily, I had a clean change to put on, other wise I would not know what to do.

Aunt Olive has asked me to tell her what I want, and she will send it on, as I am going to ask her to send me a woolen helmet and a to-bacco pouch, nothing like taking advantage of a good thing is there.

When did you hear from Jack last, I have not heard from him then long time, and would like to have his address.

I expect you have read of our exploit at Loos by now. I know it has come out in all the papers at home, and I have had many a laugh at it, though I did not laugh when we went through it.

I will conclude with best Love to all, hoping to hear from you soon, and you will hear again shortly from your Loving Son,  
David