

18 Battery  
5<sup>th</sup> Brigade  
Canadian Field Artillery  
British Expeditionary Force  
France  
c/o Army Post Office  
London, Eng

May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1916

My dear Beth,

To try to add another chapter to my somewhat desultory correspondence with you is my first aim.

Everything is going along the same as usual, with neither side evidently just as present getting here nor there. We still stand off and pound one another unmercifully all the time, but with seemingly no effect as far as the general position is concerned. But, I do not think our side is worrying much. Nevertheless, "nuff said," or otherwise I will be passing beyond the bounds of discretion and so getting jerked up by the censor.

Really, Beth, we are in a most beautiful part of the country here. Magnificent chateaux dot the whole countryside, and surrounding them are wonderful gardens and lakes, etc. I should have put this in the past tense, because now they are nothing more nor less than a mess of ruins, and like forsaken ruins absolutely desolate and silent. One can well imagine himself in the ruins of some pre-historic place, still retaining the proud magnificence and glory that was its during its day. However, it is hardly healthy to wander around these chateaux very much. Fritz has them all well registered by his guns, and, lest we forget, reminds us every once in a while with a dose of shrapnel or high explosive turned on them at odd times. Personally, I have a high regard for Fritz's shells, and he himself is no fool, so do not spend much of my time around such places. As a matter of fact, there is not a corner in this whole countryside that is immune from his shelling, so one is almost so safe in one place as another. I am afraid, like everyone else around here, I have become a fatalist, believing that my time will come when it is due, neither before nor afterward. I doubt very much whether any part of the whole front is as shell torn as this part and I know for a fact that no part has seen any more heavy consistent fighting than this has. I will not be sorry when we get out for a rest again.

Blayney now has his commission in the Artillery and is at present in England awaiting instructions before taking his course. Gilling is going to get transferred to the 5<sup>th</sup> Brigade with me. I have not seen them for about two months, except Blayney for a few minutes a day or so before he left for England. I have not the least idea where Gilling is quartered and it is only chance when I do run across him. No information about where various units are quartered is given out at all, for military reasons, so one can only find out by indirect methods.

I am afraid, Beth, I must come to a close. I am feeling very fit and happy, but honestly need a good bath. A month since I last had one, although that does not imply that I never wash. Do not, for goodness sake, think me that dirty. My fondest love to Aunt Adele, Uncle Blayney, Kat, Merlin, as well as to the rest of the family tress.

Ever,  
Your affectionate cousin,  
Matt

On Active Service

A. H. Scott

Miss Elizabeth S. Maynard  
593 South Sixth Street,  
San Jose,  
California,  
U. S. A.



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