

Field

November 16th, 1916

Darling old Beth,

Was so glad to receive your most welcome letter the other week. Your letters are some of the most enjoyable I receive and you may trust this to be no idle compliment. They bring back old memories and old times which I will never forget – How I wish they were only possible now. But circumstances do change conditions, and we must live in the present as it is not as we wish it to be.

Did you ever consider what a great privilege it is to be British born. Do not dream that you are not now, Beth. Look back upon your forefathers; as they were, so you are. Before this war, people declared that Great Britain and her people had deteriorated, but they only glanced on the surface and did not analyze the interior. I myself never thought of her as I have been taught to out here. She began a war, you may say with one single assault; faith in herself and her people. To pit against the world's most efficiently trained and efficiently equipped army of a strength twenty times her own, she sent into the field a bare 250, 000 men – But the greatest little army that ever trod up on this earth. They came, fought, and died, but from them has arisen an army whose strength is appalling and is ever increasing – an army more truly than of any other army in the world that bears witness of the love of the children for their mother. The Hun has sipped of it, but has not tasted its full strength, but the sip has convinced him of the death that lies in the taste. He is a better man and the spirit of the New Army exemplifies it. A spirit that you will never understand unless you were to see and rub up against the men who possess it. This is Great Britain of today – our country, Beth – and tomorrow when peace comes, she will go back again to her same old ways, bullies you may call then, but we who have seen and now know will forever love Her for them, and would not have that she be otherwise.

To come back to our own little part of the world, the weather has been magnificent compared with the last three of four weeks, when mud, wind and rain held full swing.

Blayney and Gilling are both O.K. Blayney, as you probably know has spent some three months in hospital in England, but is not back at duty again taking his artillery course. I hope to see him when on leave if he is still there.

Am feeling very tired tonight, so I know you will forgive me if I come to an end. Best of love to all the family and yourself.

Ever, Beth,

Your affectionate cousin,
Matt

On Active Service



Mr. R. A. ...

Miss Elizabeth Kayser

South Sixth St.

593

San Jose,

California

U.S.A.

3699

UNITED STATES



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Did you ever consider what a great privilege it is to be British born. Do not deny that you are not now, Rats; look back upon your forefathers; as they were, so you are. Before this war, people declared that Great Britain and her people had deteriorated, but they only glanced on the surface and did not analyze the interior. I, myself never thought of

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