

France
Aug. 17. 1918

Dear Dad

I was very pleased to receive your nice letter yesterday also letters at hand from Dorrie, Ken and Mr. Horne by the same mail. I don't expect you to write often as I quite realise that you do not find it the easiest of games now. As long as I get one from home I am well satisfied, but still I am always pleased to receive as many as you like to write. I believe the mail that left Aussie on or about May 21st has gone down and also a few of the mails leaving more lately. I received a trench card from Eustace a few days ago and he, like myself, is still going strong. We were very close to one another lately but did not have the luck to meet. I went to try and look up Ken Hood today but he was not in and will have another go tomorrow. Since last writing about our stunt at ?????, the place where I got the souvenirs I told Mother about, we have been into another pretty hot stunt. The big advance which I expect you have all been reading about the last few days near Arras & Albert.

Things were pretty hot at times and I can tell you I would have sold out pretty cheap, but anyhow I tricked old Fritz again but I am sorry to say that there were a great number who did not. I saw the most stuff I have ever seen captured in this stunt. The Bay Creek is a full to it but it does not go too nice when we have to sit amongst them while we have our meals. But never mind, what won't fatten will fill, but it takes very little to fill I can tell you. I don't wish to boast about our boys Dad, but I am satisfied that we are the best troops that I have ever seen - but the French run us very close. Talk about happy lads, well the Aussies beat the lot. If they are making towards the front line and know that there is something hot coming off they will be singing as if they were going to the Sunday school picnic and when it is all over even when we have lost some of our best pals the boys are just the same. Others fill their places. There is no getting away from it, the Squid is frightened of our lads and I know if we only had a decent sized army and he knew we were facing him well he would go so fast that we would not catch him until he reached Berlin and then I believe he would put his hands up and cry for mercy as he has no guts. Well Dad, give my love to Uncle George and tell him I will be home sometime next year. I have a lot of letters to write so am only writing short notes at present but will try to write again in the next few days to Mother, so with fondest love to all and hoping you are all as well and hearty as myself I will close with fondest love from
Doug