

COPY

London, March 5th, 1915.

My Dear Mother,

Thank you very much for three letters, 1st., 5th and 24th. January, the last one I received yesterday.

I cabled you a week or ten days ago to say, I had left the Canadian Force, and transferred to the Navy.

I have spoken of this in a letter which I have just written to Frances, so will not bother repeating it.

I was in the Trocadero Restaurant here about a month ago, and who should I see but Eisdell, who used to be at Lakefield, and his wife.

I told him why I was in town, and he offered to get me in with him. We went around to see Sir Richard Bulkeley, who is a friend of his, and quite a big person in the Admiralty, and he arranged for my commission.

(Here follows some account of expenses.)

I wear a blue naval uniform, and also have to have khaki. I will be training for the next three weeks at the Crystal Palace, where I have to go through a course, after that of course I don't know where I will be sent.

We are sent out in Naval brigades, and are used to work with the ships in cases like the present bombardment of the Dardanelles. There are a number of departments in the thing - the flying and Armoured motor car sections being important ones, also the Infantry Battalions.

The last parcels I received from you contained two pairs gloves, a chamois waist-coat, and a suit of underclothing, all of which I have found very useful - thanks very much.

I have seen quite a lot of Eisdell and his wife - by the

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way he asks to be remembered to you.

Since we last saw him, he has developed into quite a celebrated singer, and goes about with Melba and Clara Butt, and those sort of people - he made a very successful tour of the States, but did not get to Winnipeg; he sang at Vancouver and the Massey Hall, Toronto. His voice is just as good as ever, and he looks just the same, they live in a very nice house in Wellington Square. His wife is a very pretty woman, and hails from Tasmania.

He has had to give up nearly all his concerts on account of being in this Naval Division, but usually manages to get away for one on Sunday night.

I have been having tea at their house on Sundays lately, and then we go off to the Concert, which he sings at, and then come back to supper.

I am enclosing a couple of programs, in case you should like to see them.

I was in a Hotel here the other day, and happened to see Guy Mellor, who was in town on business. We had lunch together at his Aunts where he was staying - a beautiful house in the West End. He also took me around to the Army and Navy Club, where we saw a lot of big people, and spoke to a few.

Have not heard very much about Naomi lately. I hope she is quite well again, give her my love.

(Further remarks on money matters.)

I will write again soon. I will send you a picture in a few days of myself all dressed up as a Naval Lieutenant, it is quite a decent uniform.

Love to all from

Your loving son,

Hugh.

Letter from Hugh Winslow
to his sister Frances in Ottawa

COPY

London, Friday, March 5th., 1915.

My Dear Frances,

I have just been reading over no less than five of your letters, the first of January 2nd., and the last one of February 9th.

It is awfully good of you to write to me so often, and I enjoy hearing from you ever so much.

I suppose you received my cable saying that I had received a commission in the Royal Naval Division - I have not started work with them yet, but have been away from the Fort Garry Horse for nearly a month.

Here is the history of the change - all our crowd were sent off to a remount depot to look after about a thousand horses. We all got pretty fed up with this, and as the Fort Garry's did not ever seem to be going to come to anything, I came up to London on sick leave to try and get into something better. I had seen Norman Barber, and he was arranging something for me through General Pitcairn Campbell, but in the meantime ran across Lieut. Eisdell, who used to be a master of mine at Lakefield - he said he could get me into the Navy much quicker, so I went ahead with his scheme and dropped the other.

He got me the commission in a week, but had to wait in town another two weeks while a lot of red tape was gone through to get my discharge through the War Office.

Everything is now in order, and I am just waiting my orders from the Admiralty, which should be along in a few days.

I expect to report out at the Crystal Palace on Monday, and to put in three weeks' training, and then to be shipped out to the

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Dardanelles or somewhere like that with a naval brigade.

I have had an awful lot of trouble, worry and expense over the thing, but am very glad I went ahead with it.

You seem to be having a great time at home, the skating especially seems to be flourishing - I suppose I shall soon be hearing you are engaged, your letters usually have about a dozen chaps' names in them, but as I do not hear any Winnipeg gossip, I cannot tell what is going on.

Mr. and Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Bain are at the Hotel Cecil, and Cam. Strang, who is at present stationed in London, and myself have seen a good deal of them the last few days.

Mr. Ball and I went out to Tidworth last Tuesday to see all the old crowd who all look very well.

It was quite funny my going back in a fine uniform and being entertained at the Officers' Mess (from cook to guest).

I sat between Morris Fisher and Frank Sawers, they are both looking well.

Campbell Strang and myself had dinner on Sunday night with Capt. and Mrs. Dennistown, at the Langham Hotel, where they are staying - the Capt. went out with us on Tuesday to say good-bye, and to get his belongings before returning to Winnipeg, which they do in a few days.

It is very fortunate his being able to get away from the 34th., and he seems to be pleased - his experience with the Fort Garry's ought to be of great service to him when he takes up his new 3rd. Contingent command.

I must close or won't have anything left for Mother's letter, which I am just going to start. I suppose you will see them both.

Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

Hugh Winslow,

care the Bank, Threadneedle St.

Lieut.

C O P Y.

Hugh wounded

*Cable re E. W. S.'s brother
Hugh - sent to Hugh's father
E. P. Winslow in Winnipeg.*

GREAT NORTHWESTERN CABLEGRAM

June 8-15 (GOVERNMENT CABLE)

LONDON.

Edward P. Winslow,
Bank of Montreal,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Regret inform you sub Lieut. Hugh P. Winslow wounded in operations
Dardanelles anything further received will be at once communicated.

Admiralty C. W.

Copy of undated letter from Sub-Lieut. Hugh P. Winslow, R. N. V. R.,
at the Dardanelles. Written between middle and end of July, 1915.

Howe Battalion, 2nd R. N. Brigade.

My Dear Mother:

I am just feeling as though I have come in to a fortune - what I have come into is twenty five letters. Rather a nice pile to have handed you after six days in the firing line. These are the first in eight weeks. I will just give you the dates so that you may know which ones I have received:- yours were 16th, 22nd, 26th, 30th of May and the 9th June - Frances', 19th, 26th of May and the 9th and 14th of June - Terence's, 15th and 25th May - Lois, 5th June - Maurice Fisher, 23rd May - A. E. Holt, 2nd June - Aunt C., 5th and 29th June - Aunt Annie, 26th June - another one from you of 18th June and one from Aunt C. 2nd July have just been handed to me.

I have also received one each from Philip B., Mrs. Eisdell, Hammy Baker, Benson, B. of M., A Mrs. Gandy and a Mr. Hutchinson. Mrs. Gandy was the lady whose house I was billeted in near Crystal Palace.

Hutchinson is the Editor of the Windsor Magazine, and a friend of Jasper Winslow's. He was very good to me whenever I was in London, and had me to dinner, etc., several times.

I could have written you a few days ago, but have been absolutely out of paper, as everyone is here. It is a very good idea of yours enclosing some together with addressed envelopes.

All the letters are most cheering - you all seem to be having a very good time, golf, tennis, bridge, motoring, picnics, there seems to be no end to it. The funny part of it is I am having a very good time as well. I dont think there could be a happier family than we are.

Glad to hear you are enjoying the car so much, also very pleased to hear that Ken is such a furious driver.

In one of your letters you say it was lucky you didn't come over as you would just have missed me, but what I would have done would have been to stay in England another month.

How I happened to go off at so few hours notice was this. I was in one of the newer battalions at Blandford, when I heard of a vacancy in the Collingwoods, who were just shoving off - there were three others after it, but after a good deal of work I managed to make it. I left in such a rush that I didn't even get my laundry or make any arrangements re my clothes, which I had left at the Palace.

So glad you had a trip to Montreal, and hope you enjoyed yourself.

I am always a bit worried about Naomi, you never say much about her. It is hard her having Forty away. One thing I can tell you if he is like the Artillery men here he will be all right - they are several hundred yards behind the front trenches, and don't stand much chance of being hit, not half so much as an Infantry man does.

Speaking of that lot in France - I see Douglas Green was killed by a shell - same brigade as Forty.

I am afraid those pictures of me will be very weak attempts. I just rushed in and had them done on the spur of the moment. I had made up my mind after "behind the beyond" that the next time I went into a photo place I would have my own way - sit down the way I wanted to and look natural. Needless to say they bullied me in the same old way - picture of the King in front and the usual thing pulling your hair behind.

In one of your letters you mentioned the Botterells, which reminds me I saw Mr. B. the last night I was in London. I had run across Curzon Morrow in the afternoon - he is A. D. C. to Gen. ----- G. O. C. Can. in England.

We had dinner together, went to a show at Dalys "Betty", went back to the Savoy for supper and ran into the above, who I was very pleased to see.

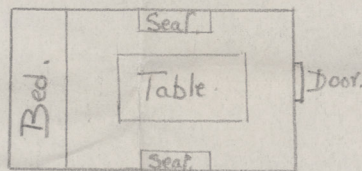
If you communicate with Sir F. W. T. please thank him for enquiring after me.

The stupid part of this war is that the wrong people are sympathized with, namely, the Soldier. His only troubles are being away from home, and when he is in the fire trench putting up with a bad smell and not much sleep. When a man gets killed it doesn't bother him very much, and when he is wounded he has the best time in his life.

I have only seen one man really suffering, and that was one of our Subs. who had to have his leg off later on. I know when I got sixteen bits in my face and head it felt very much like that crack I got at Metis, only not so bad.

We have just had six days in the trenches, and are now back in our rest dug outs for the usual "stand easy". We rest out of range of their rifles, but not of their artillery. I have a very swaggy dug out, which I made yesterday.

It is awfully hard to fix anything up here as wood, or rather lumber, is very scarce. I planned this place one night in the trenches - climbed out on my stomach and got a bit of wood off one of the Turkish wire entanglements, and use it as a cross piece to hang a square tarpaulin over - I use a large sack opened up one side and end, to cover the ends - they make an excellent substitute for fly netting. The whole is in a hole four feet deep; this is the plan of the interior:-



The bed is a Red Cross stretcher, table made out of a box and seats made out of boxes. The end which faces their artillery is, of course, fixed up with sand bags.

Everyone seems to ask what to send, but after the six to eight weeks that it takes, that is for this to get to you and you to get anything

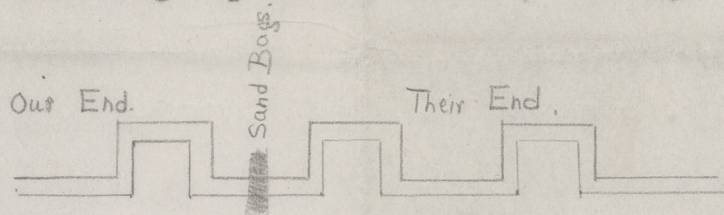
here, you do not know where you may be. I would have got everything in Cairo or Alexandria, but left before I had a chance.

I had been in Alexandria about a week and was just going to get the things when I heard of a chance to get off on a boat that sailed in two hours. I rushed about and made it, but without fly netting, very important, condensed milk, jam, biscuits, etc. etc.

I am afraid Frances' and the other letters will have to wait a little while, as at present I have not discovered where I can raise another sheet.

I think I had better send the list of things to Aunt C. Would you mind settling with her - it will be for tinned things and note paper.

I had some fun the other day in the trenches. The Turks, as we thought, were holding the same trench as we were - we had taken part of a trench and put sand bags up as a blockade, thus ~~by~~



For some days we had been throwing hand grenades at each other, and then they were silent for a day. I had to take two men with me to take down the sand bags and crawl along to see how far they had moved down - fortunately they had cleared out altogether.

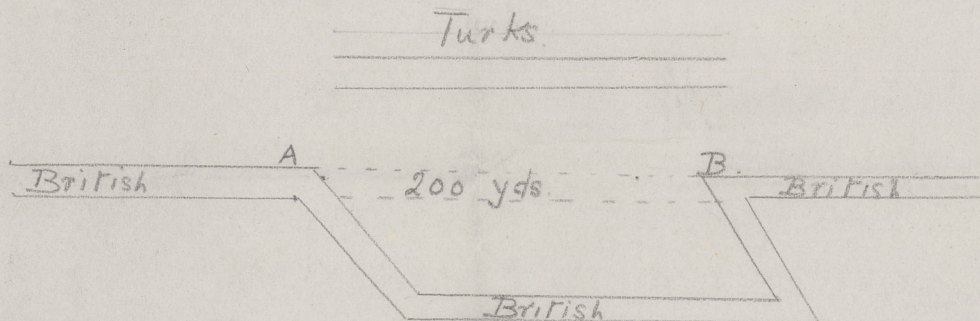
Later on we crept down 120 yards of another one of their trenches and found it deserted. It was in such bad shape that we were unable to hold it, but had to build a new one in front.

The new trenches we have just taken are in a fearful state - the dead have been put in the parapets and the floor with only a few inches over them..

Every night when it got dark I took a party out and buried twenty or thirty who had been there for two and three weeks - needless to say

respirators were in fashion. It is a rank job, the odor, while fearfully disagreeable, is not dangerous.

We had another interesting job which we were lucky in.



Our trenches went back at one point as above, so we straightened it up by digging from A to B. We marched out under cover of darkness in single file, making a line from B to A, and then dug ourselves in. They didn't discover us till daylight, when we were pretty well dug in - lucky they didn't see us at first, or it would have been a wash out - I was afraid they would. We lost one Officer and one man, both killed. The Brig. Gen. came along next morning and told me he was very pleased with the work, so it was very satisfactory all round. We lost nine killed, thirty wounded last time up (six days) which wasn't bad considering the work.

I have enjoyed the letters ever so much, do write often. I am afraid this is rather a jumble. I have just had a splendid swim in the sea, which is only one-half mile from here.

Always your loving son,

(Sgd.) Hugh Winslow.

P. S. I should like to see what those pictures are like, also a snap of yourself.

is in one of them. I hope the
youngster is doing well & has the
right sort of hair etc.

I like the name very much,
who is the John after.

I have been laid up in the
R.N. Hospital here for a month
but hope to be back on the
peninsula in about ten days.

Septic poisoning was the
trouble, it is a very slow
business & has taken about

from Edward's brother
Hugh Winslow stationed in
Europe with R.N.V.R.

UNION CLUB,
MALTA.

Monday 25th Oct 1915

Dear Edward & Lois

Congratulations & I have just
received a letter from Aunt Charlotte
to say your son's name was to be
John Harrington. This was the first
I had heard of the new arrival
& needless to say was very surprised
& pleased.

My letters have all gone to
the Gallipoli & no doubt the new.

from Amis as long as I expected.

I have just been having lunch on board the Minnewaski a transport. She is taking a large Canadian field hospital to Salonika & I went on board with a friend to see if there was anyone I knew.

I met most of them - they are all from Toronto Varsity & I quite expected to find Jack Maynard amongst them.

The three head men were Sir's Roberts, Hendry, & Pimrose (all Colonels).

It is supposed to be the last word in field hospitals has 1000 beds 600 tons of baggage & several new things such as ice making machines etc.

Moved back to Neutral.

It was very unfortunate
you not been able to pay them
a short visit in Wimsey

I think they were very
disappointed when you weren't
able to go out.

I have just been spending
a few hours with Philip Barber

He has been in England
on leave & was just passing

which have never been attempted
before.

We haven't been doing very
much lately in the fighting line.
They seem to be content to
hold on to what they have got
in Gallipoli for the time being.

Are you still in
Sherbrooke or have you

UNION CLUB,
MALTA.

through here on his way ^{back} to the Dardanelles

I of course saw a good deal of him when I was in Paris. I like him very much & was glad to see him again - He was very good to me when I was wounded in June.

You mustn't tire yourself out Lois with those two kids you must certainly have your hands full.

Give my love to them both & to yourselves I shall look forward to hearing all about the new arrival when you have time to write

Yours affect
King Windsor

COPY

Gallipoli, 9th December, 1915.

Hugh.

My dear Mother:

I am afraid this will not be in time for Christmas, so I will have to be content with wishing you a Happy New Year.

I have been back two weeks, the first six days I had in the firing line, and the last eight in our own so-called Rest Camp.

The weather man did not give me a very good welcome at first, and we had some shocking weather for five days. The first week was very cold; of course, not the below zero variety, but the very damp sort, which is much worse.

It was extraordinary getting back to the firing line as I did when it was dark. The first nights were absolutely pitch, and there was always a slow drizzle. You can imagine how hard it was to make your way up narrow saps and trenches which are crowded with troops and very slippery and wet - I would have given anything for one of our stable lamps or one of the ones they use on the railways.

It is extraordinary when I have to take a party out in front now - I used to find it rather hot sometimes, crawling with my nose in the mud - now with the inky nights we walk about putting up new wire or making a new line further forward without anything to trouble us except strays.

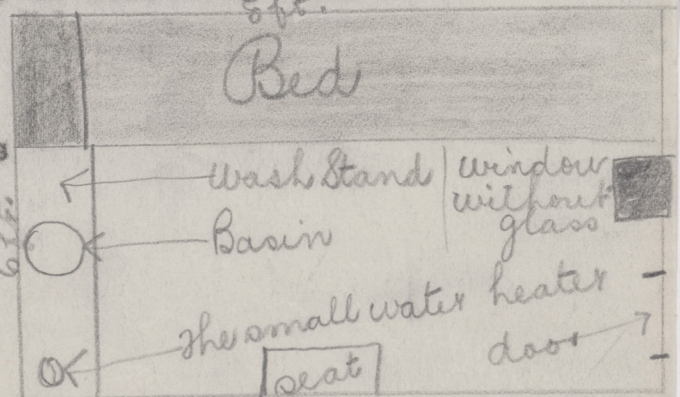
You see the men really at their best now - I really do not know how they stick it. They have very good capes which come down to their knees, but, of course, have to nearly all lie out in the open and suffer a lot of other discomforts that I do not come in for.

Luckily we have been having perfect weather for our week down - quite warm in the day time - I have noticed one or two men in swimming.

The battalion has shifted camp many times since last September. It is an awful nuisance, and would be absolutely unnecessary if the Staff would only do things in the right way. The worst of it is, we have just finished a new Camp, and there is a chance of us having to shift again, as to-morrow we take over a new sector more on the right.

I have just finished my sleeping quarters, and it is a very luxurious place for Gallipoli. It is something like this:

The 8 x 6 hole is 3 1/2 ft. deep with the exception of the bed which is only cut out about 1 1/2 ft. The part above ground is 3 ft. made by 7 rows of sandbags. The roof, which is the important part these days, is half steel plate and half tarpaulin. The



plates we get from the sides of the River Clyde (a ship run ashore). I also have some tared blankets over some doubtful places, and I am all ready for the first test. The C.O. has just looked in and tells me not to do any more work on it as we are going to shift. I am so used to this sort of thing now that I have quite got over smashing things at this stage.

10:15 P.M. We move off at 7:15 to-morrow morning and as breakfast is at 6, I do not think I will go to bed at all - it will take me pretty nearly all the time to get packed up and finish this and one or two others.

You asked me about the other Officers; it is rather hard to describe them, etc. I have just had dinner with the Col. and a game of bridge. He is a young chap, that is about 35 and goes in for being rather a knut.

Most of the others are rather a mixed lot and there are not many regular N.O's. or chaps like we had at first - everyone, of course, is in the same boat after having heavy casualties.

My Co'y. Com. is a man called Edwards and a very good fellow (Irish) I am 2nd in Command, next is a Sub named Fry, a nice fellow - he comes from Vancouver Island, or rather has been farming there. The other two Subs are both men I like, Anning a boy of about 19, and Hakeing, a petty Officer promoted about a month ago.

When I was away I, of course, did not receive any letters except from Aunt Charlotte. I found a tremendous pile waiting for me when I came down from the trenches. I will just give you the dates so you may know which ones I have received:- one Christmas Card from you - your letters were August 19,22,24,30,31; September 4,7,11,14,18,21,25,28; October 2,6,9,12,16,25,30; November 2; Frances' August 28, September 1,12,18,21; October 1,19,27; November 1; Naomi September 29; Dad August 18, September 10, October 31; Uncle Chas. 30th August, also quite a good picture of you and he enclosed; Aunt Annie November 3; Aunt Charlotte September 8,13,24,27; October 26; November 9, 14,20. I enjoyed them all very much - I sorted yours out in order of dates, and they made quite a story.

10th December, 9:P.M.

I got so sleepy last night that I could not finish this - I am now in quite a good dug-out about a hundred yds. from Mr. Turk.

I am just making myself a cup of Washington Coffee with the new canned heater, also having a tin of Asparagus.

The parcels which I received a few days ago are splendid, and contained just the things I wanted. You have solved the problem of doing them up - they arrive in perfect condition. The cotton is very useful - I will cut out the printed names and use them as labels. One of them does instead of a brass plate on the door of my dug-out.

The two parpaulins are very useful - they have been made into a bag to hold my blankets when I sleep in the trenches. I have tied the two sides and one end to-gether.

I should have made lists of the things as I undid them - there were five cotton parcels, I cannot remember whether there was a sixth in paper or not. The one I received last September was in a tin box - I think this was the Sherbrooke one. I needed the socks, and your pair with the

double toes are very comfortable. Please tell Naomi that hers are very good. I have a pair of them on now; they are just right, and not too heavy. I have any number of the original ones at Alexandria with my other warm clothes. I have sent for my bag from there, and hope to have it in a week or ten days. None of the original ones have ever shown any signs of wearing out.

I did not take the numbers of two of the cotton parcels, but the other three are 6, 7, and 8.

The Sterno Heater is excellent. I use it two and three times a day for making coffee and heating shaving water. It is one of the most useful things you have sent. I had just lost my only pipe, so the one in the parcel was very welcome. The warm under-clothing is a good thing. Please tell Mrs. Remon that I like the handkerchiefs she did for me very much.

I was able to get two pairs of boots in Malta, so I am all right in this respect. I also got a pair of rubber ones here. I had a fine pair of field boots made for £2 1/2, and an ordinary pair for £1. The long boots were quite cheap; they usually cost a fiver in England. All the tinned things were excellent, especially the beans and the Washington coffee. The Ganongs were in very good shape. Needless to say, they did not last long. I have enough notepaper now to do for a long time - in the last lot of letters there were 2 1/2 dozen envelopes addressed to you, so I won't need any more for a time. All the other things are very useful, towels, soap, tooth powder, etc. It was splendid getting all the pictures; I have them put up in my dug-out. The two of you, especially the profile, are excellent; it is very nice having them to look at. The one of Frances standing between John and Herbert Gemmill is also very good. You and she look very grand seated in the Car. The other ones of the house, motor trip picnic, and Ken's trip are interesting.

I will enclose some quite good pictures taken in Malta when I get back to camp. I left them behind by mistake.

I think I told you that the field glasses were very good ones, and useful - thank you ever so much for sending them.

I am looking forward to the hamper you mention; we do not expect to celebrate until New Years, as it will be our turn in the trenches on Christmas.

We are trying to arrange a spread for the men, and an entertainment afterwards - it is, of course, hard to get the eatables. I am rather sorry I did not write to people who were sending things out to send them to me for our men. However, I do not think they will do badly; they are well clothed and warm enough, which is the main thing.

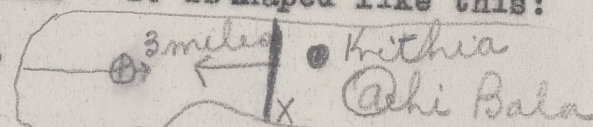
I was very surprised to hear Madeline Christie was engaged. I though Americans were not the fashion these days.

I have my chamois waistcoat on now - it is equal to about three shirts. The belt you made is no more. I have another one without the half sov.

I think you asked what Gallipoli was like - it is shaped like this:

⊗ Rest Camp. ● Krithia Cape Helles.

X About where I am to-night



All about Cape Helles and on either side are cliffs rising up from the shore. There are two old Turkish Forts on this side. The Asiatic shore runs along where I have drawn the black line. From Cape Helles to our rest camp it is barren, but from there to Achi Bala it is green and quite pretty - there are a number of vineyards about. The line running across is the present firing line. Krithia is a small town which has been pretty well knocked about by the ships. We were quite close to it in our old trenches, and could hear a dog which was always barking.

The weather has been perfect lately; we understand the really bad wet weather is in January and February.

I saw a great number of Canadian Nurses when I was in Malta. They seemed to be from all parts, but I did not see anyone that I knew. I wish I had known Cecily Galt was at Mudros - I could have gone ashore and seen her when I was there. I overheard the head of the Naval Hospital and the Chief Red Cross man of Malta speaking very highly of the Canadian Nurses and Doctors; they seem to be doing very good work.

You all seem to be doing a great amount in Canada, especially for the Red Cross. I hope you won't all be broke after the War.

I have had a long letter from the R.F.Co., and am very glad to hear everything is going along so well, and that there has been such a splendid crop.

Glad to hear such good reports of Ken and Terence. The former seems to have altered a great deal. The rest of the family seem to be leading a very fast and furious life. After reading two dozen letters of your doings one gets the impression that you will all be up for a rest cure in the near future. I am so glad to hear Mrs. Remon is herself again; please give her my love. Will you also remember me to the Gemmills, Fishers, Cross's, etc.

Could you send me a large tarpaulin that is anything bigger than 8 x 10 - the larger the better? It should have the usual ring affairs round the edges like this:

They are the most useful things for covering dug-outs, messes, etc. I hope some more canned heat is on the way - the little heater is a great boon, and I can't have too many of them. The milk was useful, but as a rule I can get it here. The tinned things are, of course, about the best; all the ones so far have been excellent. It is impossible to get coffee; I could do with a lot of Washington. Our great trouble at present is light.

The Colonel is the only one who has proper lamps; they are like those good ones we used to have. You could not, of course, pack anything like them; but, if you are able to get anything that you could pack, I wish you would send it along. A few good candles if nothing else is possible. Could you also send a strong pen knife and two Ingersoll watches.

You have been simply splendid about sending things, and I am afraid not hearing for so long of their arrival is not very encouraging. I assure you though that they are very much appreciated. A man has just been down to our camp. He tells me there are five large parcels for me. It is quite like being at School again and getting hampers.

I will write again about the above on Thursday.

I think that picture of me standing ought to be burned. It is an awfully weak looking thing. The full face is not bad.

My best wishes and love to you all for 1916, and very many thanks for the parcels,

Your loving son,

(Sgd.) Hugh Winslow.

P.S.

I am just writing one letter to you all.

Mudros, 16th January, 1916.

My dearest Mother:

I have just finished reading your last six letters - the last two together with one of Dad's just came this evening. The dates were Nov. 23rd, 27th and 30th, and Dec. 4th, 15th and 18th.

We have not been allowed to write for the last three weeks, and during the last two on the Peninsula no mails were landed or taken off.

I have received three parcels since I arrived here, two not numbered and one marked 13, also a Diary, which is just what I wanted. All the things were useful, but the towels and soap were particularly welcome as my kit is again adrift. I have now received all the parcels up to 13. I think I told you what the contents of Fortunes and Masons parcels were.

We had a very fine dinner on Christmas night out of them and several other parcels the Mess had received. I think I said not to send a tarpaulin which I asked for a month ago. A parcel with a British Warm of mine seems to be lost as Aunt Charlotte says she sent it in October. I have enjoyed all your letters very much, and the parcels have been splendid.

I am afraid I must appear very ungrateful in not having written more often, but I used to find it impossible in the trenches. My kit seems to have gone again. We have been here for more than a week and only a small bag with practically nothing in it has turned up. I am sick as I had a lot of things which it will cost a lot to replace. I am going to be bankrupt soon, this last loss will be about £70, not to mention the June touch of about £30.

It was rather fun and quite exciting in the trenches at the end. There was great competition to be in the last party to leave. I was in luck and got a job that kept me and some engineers behind after the last party had pushed off. All the troops with the exception of a few hundred were marched down with muffled feet and put on ships by eight o'clock on the last night. It was quite an anxious 4 hours waiting till 11:45 the time for the last party to leave the line, as only a very few men were left to keep up the bluff. It would have been a finish affair if the Turks had got on to what was happening.

After the last lot had pushed off at 11:45, we had to telephone to D.H.Q. and tell them all was clear, cut the wires and fix up some little surprises for Mr. Turk when he came over. This only took about 15 minutes, but it seemed rather longer. It was an extraordinary sensation after everyone had gone, with the other side potting away as usual, and then marching down to the beach as if we were going to rest camp. The Turks did not find out we had gone until the last people were embarking, when a few mines were heard going off. These were put in place several days before we left and all we had to do before we left was to fix up trip wires across the trenches and communications which would run to a box of explosives or some unused shells, which were arranged so as to go off when the Turks caught their feet in the wires or picked up a nice new rifle to see if it were real.

It was quite sad and I think the majority were quite

sorry to leave when it came to the point. The men had a pretty bad time en route for Mudros. 700 of them were packed on a Destroyer's deck which, as you know, is under water most of the time when they are under way in even a small sea. I luckily was under the Ward Room table, so was able to keep dry.

I was looking forward to seeing Cecily Galt this time - she has unfortunately left for England. All the Hospitals are leaving here with the exception of one. I was here for a day just before Christmas and found time to go to the Canadian Hospital and see her for a minute or two. She looked very well and pretty, but not nearly so, or rather much thinner than when in Winnipeg.

A fine lot of peppermints, a mouth-organ and some chiclets have just arrived. Thanks very much - these moth balls are very nice and seem to help a rotten cold in my head.

The Colonel and three other Officers have just sailed on the "Olympic" for ten days leave in England. They (the orderly room) came around and took the names of all Officers and men who had landed before 1st June and who had not been to England since. I will cable you as soon as I hear when my turn is. Is it too much to hope to see you on this side? Do not do anything about it until you hear definitely from me - it will probably never come off.

The diary you sent is just what I wanted; I must get the last 2 weeks filled in.

I am feeling almost cheerful at the prospect of leave, but it is pretty hard to do anything but grouse about ones gear these days.

Now that we are out of the trenches I am going to attempt this every other day. I hope two letters in one week wont be too much of a shock.

I must close now and get into my blankets as this cold is making me feel a bit rotten. Have had three swims since I have arrived - it is a good deal colder than Metis. We are in bell tents, but hope to move into huts in a few days (ones left by the late Hospitals). Might go to Salonika any day, but we are not sure.

Your loving son,

(Sgd.) Hugh.

P.S. Have just read this over; it is a horribly disjointed affair and fearfully written, but I am afraid I will have to send it as it is, and try to do better next time. Thank you again for all the trouble you have taken over letters and parcels. I cannot tell you till I see you how much I have enjoyed and appreciated them.

(Sgd.) Hugh.

Hugh
ARM.

6th Casualty Clearing Hospital,

B. E. F., 17/7/16.

My dear Mother:

Just a line to let you know that I am getting along very well and that my arm is hardly hurting at all.

I was hit yesterday about noon and got down here about 7: P.M. I, of course, had a rotten time for awhile, but after it was trimmed up last night it has been very comfortable. I am really very lucky; it is off about two inches below the elbow and is the left arm.

I hope you have not had any panicky telegrams.

Please don't worry at all as I am absolutely comfortable. I will stay here for four-or five days until the thing has closed up and then will come right home. Don't try to come over to Boulogne as I will only be there a short time.

Please excuse the scribble, it is hard to write on one's knee.

I am not writing to anyone else, so please let Aunts C. and Annie or anyone I ought to drop a line to, know.

Everything is going very well here, that is in the fighting line.

I am in an excellent Hospital with very good Nurses and Doctors.

I have had a lot of visitors to-day (our Officers) and everyone is very nice. They are all very sympathetic, but I don't feel that I deserve very much.

Best of love to you all and be sure not to worry,

Your loving Son,

Hugh.

P.S. Tell Frances to hurry up with her course as I will require her services pretty soon.

H.W.

Dear Edward

This is better. 2 inches below the elbow
the nurse said above the elbow ~~but~~ Hugh had not
reached London when your Mother sent these letters.

No. 6 Casualty Clearing Station,

18/7/16.

My dear Mother:

I am feeling a lot better to-day and have got rid of the sick feeling I had yesterday after the Chloroform. Have just had my arm dressed and it is feeling wonderfully comfortable. Have also had a shave and brushed my teeth, which was quite a feat.

Seven of the Battalion Officers came to see me yesterday afternoon, it was a treat to see some one after lying alone for 24 hours. They are coming over to-day and I am hoping for a game of Bridge.

I am trying to work out how to hang on to thirteen cards. I will have to have a board made when I get back.

I suppose you are still with Aunt Charlotte.

If I have any choice I think I will try to go to a London Hospital. What do you think would be the best place?

I expect I will be here for four or five days more, but I don't expect they will keep me in Boulogne.

The Matron was going to put my bed outside to-day, but I am afraid she can't on account of the rain.

Your loving Son,

Hugh.

Written after loss of
(left) his arm.

No. 6 Casualty Clearing Station,
18/7/16.

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Your loving Son,

Hugh.

Bank of Montreal

E. P. Winshaw
father of Hugh
and Edward.

last page missing.

Winnipeg.

27th July, 1916.

Dear Edward:

I arrived here this morning, and have been handed a cable from your Mother, dated 24th inst., reading as follows:-

"Hugh in London in splendid form".

This news is very satisfactory, and we all must feel very thankful. It seems evident that Hugh was not wounded badly, if at all, elsewhere. Whether he has lost the whole of his *left* arm, or only part, I do not know. A loss such as this is very trifling compared with the losses some of our friends have to suffer.

While I was at breakfast this morning news was brought to me that Mrs. Fisher's second Son, Larry, had been killed, and I went over to try and comfort her and Audrey. The elder Brother, Maurice, was killed while I was in London, and I felt then that I should hardly be able to face poor Mrs. Fisher. On top of her terrible loss comes news this morning of the loss of her other Son.

I hope Hugh will not be incapacitated from all military duty; at the same time, one must acknowledge

Continuation of letter to E. S. Winslow, Esq. *dated* 27th July, 1916.
from his FATHER E. P. Winslow.

weakness enough to be glad he is getting some rest from the first line. I suppose it is not an exaggeration to say that he has been under fire since he went to the Dardanelles early in 1915.

I find a letter here from Mrs. Remon dated at Banff 21st inst. She was not well, and Donaldson took her there for a change. I do not know how long they are going to stay.

Mrs. Gemmill is in England, but Hugh Phillips and Louie gave me a very warm welcome this morning.

Please remind Lois to have a set of Photographs sent to me, and the bill.

I spent a day in Brockville and another day in Stratford, and, as there seemed no other good way of getting out of Stratford, I went to Sarnia, and took the boat from there to Fort William. I stayed with the Lawrences in Stratford. The Town is wonderfully improved. I saw a few old friends, and called at the Bank House, which I was taken over by the new Manager, Webster from Levis. The grounds and garden looked very well, and the House very comfortable. I used to think the House very large, but it seemed rather small coming back to it.

last page missing

Hugh's father
E. P. Winslow
writes to his
eldest son Edward W. S.

Bank of Montreal

Winnipeg.

3rd August, 1916.

E. S. Winslow, Esq.,
19, Montreal Street,
Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Dear Edward:

There has not been time yet for a letter to reach me from your Mother since Hugh's removal to a London Hospital, but I received from her yesterday a letter, dated 17th July, written by "Sister Luard", who at that time was attending Hugh at a Casualty Hospital in Flanders. In the letter she tells your Mother that Hugh's arm was shattered by a shell on 16th July, and that it was necessary to take it off "above the elbow". She wrote at Hugh's request to assure your Mother he was not suffering, and she added that she had seldom seen so little fuss made over so severe a wound.

Sir Frederick, who is in London, cabled me yesterday:- "Hugh's health and spirits quite wonderful".

I am sending Lois to-day a little piece of Naomi's Wedding Cake, and hope it is not eaten on the way.

your affectionate Father
E. P. Winslow.

France, 28-12-17.

My dear Mother,

In your last letter ~~to~~
11 of the 12th you don't say a word about
your operation. I had a letter from
Naomi a couple of days ago telling me
you had had it. I hope it does all
that was expected of it and that you
are all right again now. Were you
able to be about at Xmas time? We had
a very successful Xmas here. I only had
breakfast and dinner - 4 P.M. That was
enough. The men ~~all~~ had a splendid
dinner too: that is half of them did. The
other half get there's at New Years. I am
going back for another then too. We are
in the furthest corner of the earth here -
13 miles to H.Q. billets. The hole I am in
now I found at mid-night the night
before last. I tried to find a less filthy
one yesterday but without luck. This one

is really quite decent now and more comfortable than I expected any dug-out could ever be. It appears that all the inhabitants of the place except the rats have vacated it. They say if you fire a revolver at them they get such a scare that they stay away for weeks at a time. I am going to try it. I have a stove-so-called-in one corner and some stove pipe [luxury] up the stairs. There is a 6 gallon creosote drum on the stove half filled with boiling water, which I am now going to apply to myself.

Your affec. son,

Kenelm Winslow.

I am glad you sent this paper. It is impossible to get good paper here.

France, 7-1-18.

My dear Dad,

A letter from you has just come dated Nov. 29th. That makes it 5½ weeks on the way. The maple sugar came on New Year's. I was beginning to wonder if the whole of Canada had been blown into the sea or just the mail at Halifax. I have a letter from Naomi, too, which looks as if it were written when she was lying on her back. Fortunately she has not complicated matters by writing across the paper both ways. It was written just 4 days after her operation for appendicitis and something else, not specified. That might be a lot of things. Mother was apparently worrying herself sick over Naomi and Naomi, I expect, was absolutely exhausted after writing to me. She promised Mother she would write.

3

Hugh must be all right as he is not mentioned at all. It's my turn for the operating-table now, but I haven't decided yet what to have cut off or out. Perhaps I won't need to. I see people every day that didn't decide for themselves like civilians can. Some are on ambulance cars, some on flat cars, and some are not on any cars at all. Some of the latter never even saw the 1917 type of cars. I have a lot of other things to say but won't say them as this is all a degression from Naomi's operation. She enclosed a long letter of Frances's to Mother. It made me home-sick, and then brought on my present mood which as I have just told you in a page and a half is pessimistic and cynical. However, you can be quite satisfied that there is no more serious reason and that I am

normally quite ^{3.} happy and contented
down here with the rats in my little
6'x8' dugout - all of which space is taken
up by water and smoke. I wasn't going
to mention the rats etc. but it just slipped
out, so I'll continue. Yesterday morning
I was lying asleep on my back when a
nice fat rat jumped off a shelf square
onto my face. I thought it was about time
to get up so got dressed and went up and
found it was pitch dark. I never know
the hour or the day of the week - only the
day of the year as that goes on my reports.
Last night a messenger tried to reach
me down here but was driven back three
times by the smoke. Then he went and
got another chap to give me the message.
He was wiser. After one futile attempt
he put on his gas-mask. That night
I was burning soft wood instead of the
usual nice hard wood railway ties.

It is only sometimes that a few of my noble 100 warriors can be spared from the work to cut firewood. A few days ago some general came along and asked them why they were cutting up ties. They told him for fire-wood! I thought if they were getting as inquisitive as that I had better have an inspection to-day. Half the outfit had no rifles - engineers seldom do except on paper. After persuading them they must have rifles they scattered and produced them in a couple of hours. There are a lot of things turn up from nowhere in this country and disappear into the same place. About three weeks ago in a village back from here some Australians saw some Frenchmen who had come back to dig up there-money. They kindly offered to help them. The Angaks struck the box and shovelled it out with the rest of the earth. After a while

the Frenchmen began to get suspicious and after being told to "partis" the Australians went. The Frenchmen did not find the base. In any other country but this that would be called stealing.

I had a splendid letter from Terence the other day and quite a good snapshot of himself with the cup. Its years now since I have seen him. It makes me realize that the time does fly.

Edward with a family, a car, and Asst. to the G.M. Naomi married to a major. Frances running our house, Hugh running an office at the Admiralty and Terence looking like a man. Pretty soon I'll be the baby of the family again.

Well I hope this doesn't seem like

the ravings of a maniac when taken all together. I am not going to try to read it all over to see. Besides if I did you might get no letter at all.

I almost forgot to say that we had a most successful Xmas and New Year's. Turkeys + geese etc., etc., etc. for everybody. I had a bit of a ride on New Year's [I was back at billets then] in a beautiful home-made cutter or sleigh. The horses were hitched up in tandem. It is said to be the only sleigh with the armies in France. Its proper military "designation" has been much discussed. I suggested "Wagon, with runners, for New Year's calling, officers, for the use of, Mark I."

Your affec. son,
 Kenelm Winslow.

THE GOVERNMENT LADY -

1811
Ward
War
amusing

Anna Maria Mehitable Jones
Was just a bundle of skin and bones,
The sort of woman you often meet -
Knobbly fingers and long flat feet.

Her hair dragged down behind in a bunch
She had dinner when you had lunch.
The Government lady came to the door
And she had pamphlets dozens and more.

She talked to Maria firmly and long
And all that Maria did was wrong.

She oughtn't to pare her potatoes to boil them -
To pare her potatoes was only to spoil them.

She oughtn't to waste the pod of the pea,
She oughtn't to stew and stew her tea.

She oughtn't to feed the baby bread
Before it had ever a tooth in its head.

Now Anna Maria was mother of five
Three were dead but two were alive,
And she had always fed her baby bread
Before it had ever a tooth in its head.

She oughtn't to spend her money on drink,
She oughtn't to stuff up the kitchen sink;
She oughtn't to shut out the air and light
She oughtn't to close her window at night.

Now Anna Maria Mehitable Jones
Had always fastened her window click
For air in her bedroom made her sick.
She oughtn't to buy herself ready made clothes
She oughtn't, she oughtn't till goodness knows -

Before that Government lady was ended
Anna Maria was sorely offended.

But Anna Maria had spirit within her

The spirit that makes a saint a sinner.

When she saw what was right she straightway did it
And then if need be afterwards hid it.

So Anna Maria Mehitable Jones

Asked in dull and colorless tones

The Government lady to step inside.

She opened the door of the corridor wide

She took a chopper and hit her hard

And buried her body in the yard.

THE MODERN HYMN OF HATE -

My Tuesdays are wheatless,

My Wednesdays are meatless,

And I grow more eatless each day -

My house it is heatless,

My bed it is sheetless -

They are given to the Y. M. C. A.

The bar it is treatless,

My coffee is sweetless,

I daily grow thinner and wiser -

My socks they are feetless,

My trousers are seatless,

Great Scott, how I do hate the Kaiser.

181 World War
Kaiser