

Sept 6<sup>th</sup>  
1915

My dear old Pat.

ever so many thanks for your letter. I was so pleased to get it + to know you are alright + I hope your luck will continue + we shall meet again after this ghastly business.

We have been busy making trenches etc at the firing line three of the men were badly wounded the other day, Doig was one of them + he has lost his eye ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

~~bad~~ bad luck isn't it? we got back last night after a fortnight of it, they shelled the town occasionally + killed three officers last week an RE, an RA + an infantryman great consternation reigns as to who is commanding the Regiment, Wathin + Giblett are back + Bill Stanley who

is junior to both of them is nominally  
commanding. Wathin came & took  
my squadron last night so I  
suppose I am considered  
useless as Bobby is still left  
commanding C Squadron. I am  
so sick of it all I shall try  
& get another job somewhere  
out of the regiment, however  
it will end by someone being  
brought in to command. John  
Chesham has been married  
& is still at home & Mike has  
not recovered yet. I was  
so sorry to see the Snail  
was killed but what a  
fitting end for so gallant  
a man. Will good bye old boy  
write again soon  
yours as ever

Brock