Dearest Pa:

I shan't be able to make this very long as I have been put in charge of the D lines - accommodations for 970 odd pts - which means I see the walking medical cases the day of or after entrance and the bad weather and the fearful physical conditions in Flanders has meant many large convey and a lot of work.

Elinor goes to — tomorrow. It's a great disappointment, but of course I can get down to see her every week or so if work is moderately light and thus it's not completely missing her. I am within easy distance of her if anything happens.

Imagine the foothills at home reversed so that they face westward and toward the Atlantic Ocean instead of toward
rolling plains, and you have to a certain remarkable extent the situation here—
with the counterpart of the Rio
Dempsey and Rio Grande running north
and south — the Chemin de Fer de Nord.
We are encamped — really a vast colony
in tents and light huts all along
a splendid road down which the Red
in lorries run day and night —
some labeled “Gift of the City of Jaipur”
or “The Citizen’s Committee of Jaipur,
Trinidad” — etc.

The chances of seeing new people
and new ways of doing things
are fairly good here. The Mess contains
a very attractive bunch of men
apparently, and though many
of the men would be glad of
the chance to transfer to USA
jobs the likelihood is not great.
that this will take place.

I live in a Bell tent - much like Dr. Gardiner's rarity - out at the corner of this lot of officers' tents. It is conducive to brisk dressing and undressing and keeps me in at the mess during the evening, for squalls and winds come hurrying in from 'the Atlantic - at times we hear the roar of the beach - and it is cold practically, i.e. the result is cold hands and feet. I do not regret buying good clothes in England and plenty of warm clothes for the winter. Before the frigid weather starts I trust I shall be in a chicken house which is warm enough to live in during the worst of it. Beatrice is the name of the oil stove Clinton gave me and if it weren't for her I'd have been pretty cool already.
I had a bully time in London with the Merrills — no raids I was sorry to miss them — but in every other way most agreeable. The trip across the Channel was easy, and made diverting by the airplanes and ships of all kinds that convoyed us. It was very interesting — and on arriving I had dinner to a young Canadian officer who told me much about his kins.

My work thus far has been hurried and very much in the rough. Otherwise nothing to report at present, and I'll write next Sunday.

I am very much worried lest Mrs. Beam's illness prove serious — I certainly hope it won't.

Yours

Alan.