

Returning to France.

"A Genuine Letter"

FRANCE,

August 30th, 1916.

O Bill, live forever!

May it please Your Majesty thy servant of the regiment of men that are pioneers, the third battalion in France, would make report to you concerning divers goings and comings of thy servant.

It came to pass after many days that those high in authority in the place that is called Shorncliffe spake unto thy servant in this wise saying, "Thou wilt take thyself and thy baggage and all thy goods and chattels and wilt see to it that thou reportest thyself before four of the clock on the day Tuesday, being the second day after the Sabbath, to him that is the Embarkation Officer at the place Southampton. Thy servant, hearing the decree of them that wore brass hats and red tabs took heed thereof and saw to it that their word was as law unto him; and packed such worldly goods as were necessary to him, and at the time when the sun was highest in the sky on Monday, the day preceding Tuesday, thy servant did even shake the dust of the place called Shorncliffe from his feet and depart therefrom saying, as was his wont, "To-hell-mitt!" Thy servant did tarry on his journey for the space of one night at the town London and did stay at the inn which is called the Cecil. There did he meet many warriors which same did ply him with strong drink, exclaiming the while, "Thou only livest once, and when dead art in very truth dead a dam long time." Thy servant, heeding these words, didst ply them in return; and in very truth, when the morning was come, was his spirit exceeding sore within him and even did he wish he had never been born. Yet did he continue on his journey to the place Southampton and did hie him unto him that was the Embarkation Officer in company with sundry others. He said—but what matters it what he said! Here endeth the gospel according to St. George (who expects to be canon-ized soon!!!!)

'scuse me!

As ever

GEORGE