

Life in Petrograd with the Czercho-Slovak Army.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

The Czercho-Slovaks, or to speak more correctly, the Slovo-Czerchaks, have come very prominently under the public notice lately on account of the action of the Soviet Maximalists, who have played their cards according to the dictates of the People's Russian Commissary, headed by the notorious Count Gotsuchakori and his satellites Lennin and Trotsky.

The writer was for some years in the Slerzo-Jerkak army as a *Gelfrichisse* or N.C.O., and was able to note the people with whom he was surrounded, and their style of living.

Their constitution is along lines having much similarity to those of an Expeditionary Force, though the personnel is of a more widely distributed nature, the members coming from Poland, the Ukraine, the Serbia, Roumania, Timbucktoo, the Bulgo-Slovarian Deserts and Winnipeg. These soldiers have for their governance officers and N.C.O.'s of relative authority, bearing much similitude to our own Canadian Army, in fact, the name of the joint where their headquarters are situated, Keif, was adopted on account of such similarity, Keif being short for Kanadian Expeditionary Infantry Forces.

The Army is governed by a Diet; that division of the Slovo-Cerjojaks to which I belonged having a most excellent cuisine, the food being issued in such large quantities, or junks, causing the origin of the term Junkers.

Some archaeologists contest this, or shall I say my Division had its name Junkers from the habit we had of indulging in frequent picnics or junketing out in the fields, be the weather favourable or inclement. At the end of the first ten years of the war, some of these picnic grounds were cut up into town lots 60—120 dollars, and the writer would be very glad to meet intending purchasers in front of the post office and jitney them to the grounds, on presentation of the proper requisition which must bear the Orderly Room Stamp.

Purchasers will find it a very good bye (to their money).

Thus we have a very good explanation of the present Bolchevo-Czerjoko-Slovak situation in the Duroba at the time when Lenin and Trotsky handed over the ammunition, which England gave to Russia, to the Germans.

Many of the shells "captured" by the Germans found their way into the British lines and back areas. The correspondent has seen part of the base of a British fifteen-inch shell dug up not twenty yards from a Canadian Casualty Clearing Station.

Perhaps it might be interesting to those of my kind readers who are ethnologically inclined to study awhile the deliberations of the Doruban-Duma.

The situation might be considered as divided into forty-two parts, roughly. These parts or sections might be again roughly sub-divided into fifteen sub-sections, which, for the purpose of analysis, can, it is easily seen, be capable of being split up into ninety-five, or to be more exact, ninety-four sub-headings of not more than one thousand words each.

Let us firstly, that is to say begin with the fifty-four parts roughly, then take, in their proper order, the thirty-five subsections, again roughly; or, to have an exact *resume* of the situation, the forty sub-sections, smoothly. This, as any child can tell, will give us the final analysis of the two thousand word sub-headings of one hundred twelve-inch columns each. Nothing could be simpler.

Starting then with the Licy sur Clignon affair, which brought on the murder of the Archduke Johannus Bullowski by the Greek spy Jakobus Kannukos—but there is a shortage of paper, and perhaps at a later date one may be spared to write more fully on this enthrallingly interesting subject.

The writer, on first joining the Bolchevo-Turko-Russo and other -O Army, was a deputy assistant and honorary acting batman to the Shleibelngswinderberg, or what you would call the Commanding Officer, and, during lulls in serving vodka and sodas, he was able to note a rather peculiar game of cards, or card game.

The pack of cards consisted of twenty-six pieces, each with a letter of the alphabet superscribed thereon. The player staked, or bid money on a certain letter being turned up by the dealer.

Thus one would stake or bid, or bid or stake (according to your taste, gentle reader—), A. Another would bid B, yet another officer (this was entirely an officers' game) would bid C, or J, or H—anything, and he could change the letter each shuffle. I noticed that my master, the O.C., bid L almost constantly.

Amongst those in the humbler walks of military life, some of the *Gelchaffen* or R.S.M.'s, were of distinctive and exclusive mein, hard-workers, and as is usual with the Bolchevo-Slovojak tribes extremely regimental. One in particular, in my half-platoon, was so energetic that he did as much in one day as others would do in twenty-one days. On account of this he was called by his affectionate compeers, Three Weekes. Popular with the Frauleins, a keen and energetic sport, he was somewhat handicapped by having stopped some *slapen-gemens-helft*—or shrapnel, during a war with some savage tribes called Unz. There was another *Gelshaften* attached to our half-platoon or *audreinesht*, who was also a congenial soul, frank and kindly. All dense people may disagree with me, but such is the case, and this fact will help much to explain