

and said that most of their good players had the flue, but we told them that our pitcher was inoculated that morning but they didn't seem to be able to touch him except their pitcher who was trying to hit him every time our pitcher was at bat. I just forget what the score was but it was something like 9-7.

We had quite a fair team this year but a little while ago the C.C.R.C. beat us by quite a big score. There was quite a bunch of the corps signals up to see the game they were shouting for the C.C.R.C.

Well Horace try and get over here as soon as you can as we are having a great time except that it is sure some cold with only one blanket these nights.

Remember me to Mary Smith and tell her that I am a real soldier now and I have put in for special leave to get married (peret). I bet you don't know what that means.

Your old sidekick,
SINBAD.

Letters of a Green Soldier.

No. 1.

2ND PRIZE WINNER IN MAJOR LAWSON'S COMPETITION.

MY DEAR UNCLE—

At last, I am able to write you a fuller description of my doings in France. Well, in the first place, I consider that a lot of valuable time in instruction is wasted at the training schools in England. All the time I was at the C.C.R.C. (which you know is the reinforcement camp), I daily expected to be called up by the Divisional Signal Company, as my training had been very thorough, and without blowing, I felt that I was a really first class man on signalling.

Well, in company with numerous others—most of them very indifferent signallers—I reached the Divisional Signal Company.

On my first parade, the Sergeant-Major (whom I must say seems a very decent sort of fellow for a senior N.C.O.) asked me some questions, but did not seem particularly interested in my qualifications; and would you believe it, I was told to report to the N.C.O. in charge of the cookhouse! I repeat, I—an operator—(though the only ones who appear to be called operators are those who work on railroads)—working in the cookhouse—fierce I call it—I'll bet they don't do that in the German Army! Good heavens! think of it! me, after my training—scrubbing greasy pans! Am generally as dirty as a sweep, and to hear what the fellows say when they come for meals—some of them must think we eat all the bacon ourselves—oh, I get mad at times, and to think of all those cold-footed pikers back home!

Well, I put your letter away for a day or two, and will now add to it. I must tell you this, I was doing pretty good work in the cookhouse, and as often as possible offering suggestions as to how things should be done; the last time, I nearly had a fight with the Corporal of the cookhouse—a mighty good job for him he was an N.C.O.!

Well, as luck would have it, they took me out of the cookhouse, and sent me out to a Brigade to run a telephone exchange—my chance at last, but I was doomed again to be treated very shabbily—I tell you some of the officers have very little patience, and won't give a man a chance—anyway, I didn't like the Sergeant, and the fellows who worked there were all the

time talking of their leave to Paris—never a thought of the war, and some of them have been in France a long time.

Well, this evening, the Sergeant told me to “get my junk together,” and report back to Headquarters. This is good news—Headquarters at last! I am coming into my own—training counts—I was wrong to think otherwise—a man must be tried out, I suppose.

Will add to this letter to-morrow or the next day.

Well, I am feeling pretty mad about it all—do you know, after walking with all my “junk,” as the Sergeant called it, down to Headquarters—the Sergeant there told me I had better report to the Sergeant-Major, as he knew nothing about work for me. Well, I found the Sergeant-Major at the horse lines, and asked him when my work in the office could commence, and he said, “Well, for the present, you will work here!” Fancy—in the horse lines! I had a mind to speak to the O.C. about it—only I would not like to get the S.M. into trouble.

Well, after putting my blankets and kit in an old shack where there was not any too much room—a Sergeant called me, and told me to help another man clean a cable wagon. Now, you know, any one could clean a cable wagon; and why have trained men wasting their time on such work?

Some of the fellows who work here seem content—in fact, very happy; I was talking to one chap, and he laughed when I asked him how long it would be before I was used as an operator. He asked me if I worked for the P.C.; at first I did not understand him. I put in three months with a buzzer class, and can do fifteen a minute on the sounder, I am sure. One beggar called me a conscript—I sure was mad, but said nothing. Well, I must finish my letter; you will readily understand my position.

Do you know, I have to help clean up the stables in the morning—it's awful; and then clean the limbers and cable wagons—they always clean anyway. In the afternoon, I help a driver swing chains in a sack—they call it “putting on the queer glitter.”

One chap who seems pretty decent told me I should ask the Sergeant-Major for a job as a batman—you know, looking after an officer. I will think about it.

Hoping this War will end soon,

Your affectionate nephew,

SAPPER P. GREEN.

P.S. (1) Another fellow told me I might get sent to a Battalion, but they can't do that—I did not enlist as an ordinary soldier.

(2) I'll put this in a green envelope, as I don't want the officers to know my opinion of the Army.

“Cherchez la Femme.”

We have received a mysterious communication from France.

It is in the pointed handwriting of a French lady; it has escaped the censor, and was posted in an Army post office with a civil stamp.

It tells a touching and pathetic story of how a watch was nearly lost in a Paris jeweller's and then, by a miracle, recovered.

We would like to have some further information about this. Parisian papers, please copy.