

Notional Naughty Nonsense Nullifies Naive N. C. O's Nerve.

"TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER."

From U. R. Furrey, C.S.M., C.E.

To
Mr. Ray R. Knight,
Lieut. C.E.
E.T.D.
re Honourable Mention

Sir:—

I have the honour to address you on the marginally noted subject.

Possibly no man within the confines of our Depot has more conscientiously discharged his duty than I. I never give any information of value to my superiors,—few as they are, or to my inferiors. Never a letter comes to my hands but it lies off file for weeks, and altogether, I am a model of an orderly room chief, and yet, sir, I am as yet without my meed of praise in your journal. I suggest that the enclosed photograph be used, and I am also forwarding under separate cover some brief incidents of my life which you are at liberty to publish. I suggest you do this next week as I propose buying a copy of the paper then.

I have the honour
to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
U. R. Furrey, C.S.M.

W/E.C.J.
Enclosures

Sir,

By the way you've been featuring me in your paper lately one would think there was only one Sergt Major and that me, round the depot.

I am drawing your attention to some really fine fellows this week and hope you will see your way to divert some of your personal touches to them.

H. Eavins, C.S.M.

(Ed. Note): Dear H. E.—Really and truly now, the only particular object we had in view in mentioning you so frequently was to have the use of the dog. Not very well could we mention one without the other.

Dear Mr. Night,

I've just been thinkin' its high time somebody roon' here raised the strong voice o' protest aboot the wey the pollyteeshins are ruinin' the country by declarin' it dry.

As a temperate man wha likes a bit snifter—just noo an' again, ye ken, I think its a positive disgrace to the sodgers to make them hiv tae resort to blind piggery so that they can hae their mornin'.

I dinna ken whit the country's comin' to and I'm beginnin' tae think she'll sune no be worth fechtin' for.

Barbwire Mac, C.S.M.

Sir:—

I take up my pen to write you about the dirty treatment I am receiving from the man who makes up the drafts.

In spite of my anxiety to go with the boys I am kept here, and have been here nearly two years.

I am single, Mr. Editor, and have not a care in the world and why should I not be allowed to do my bit?

Of course I may be indispensable round here, in fact I rather imagine that's why I am being kept here—to stop the yappin', but I would esteem it a favour if you would use your influence to get me put on the next lot going over.

Yours truly,

R. Weskot, C.S.M.

Dear Sir;

It's sure a bad day for your paper when you've forgot to apologise to me for nearly three weeks now. I'll have you

remember that I am mighty particular about these things and as I am so popular round here I hope you will see your way to give me a little more notice than you've been doing lately.

Jimmy O'Boyde, R.C.E.

Dear Editor,

Will you grant me space in your valuable columns to protest against the treatment I am receiving over at the Sergeants Mess?

An unkind fate ordained that I should share a room with that Caledonian reprobate Jimmy Barr, and I can honestly say that I'd rather be back in France again breaking Germans' ankles than to be suffering much longer the insults I am daily receiving from that venerable shoer of horses. He puts all his empty bottles between my blankets, uses my sox, steals my soap and calls me a mole. Please say if there is any chance of Barr getting into the old man's home along with Teddy Lowman as, if there is not I am going to get a sick furlough and won't come back till they move him.

Yours dejectedly,

Shorty.

Mr. Knight,
Dear Sir,

To think that here I am gey near sixty years auld and I canna get peace at nicht for bein' tormentit and abused by an orra like character wha imagines that jist because he shook hanns wi the King, that he can dae jist whit he likes in my room. Sir, I tell you solemnly that there will be murder done soon if they don't move that elotngated monstrosity that canna find ony better wey o' earnin' his livin' than by diggin' a hole in the ground in the middle o' winter.

If he does na stop his nonsense I'm thinkin he'd be better occupied diggin his ain hole in the ground because I'll hit him over the heid wi yin o' the bottles he's sae fond o' pittin between my blankets.

Yours, etc.

Jeems Baur.



New Recruit:—"Say, Sergeant, this suit don't fit me at all!"
Q. M. Sergt.:—"Well, what in Hell do you expect when it's been waiting three years for you?"