

yesterday. Expect he wondered where the mud came from that had collected on us since he saw us so spick and span at Shorncliffe."

The following is an extract from a further letter from LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, Dated 25th October, 1915:

"Enclosed is a parody much circulated over here. It absolutely reflects the impression and feelings of the men, and officers as well, in my opinion. The creepy and crawling things are horribly in evidence in the trenches. So far bugs have not bothered many, if any at all; no actual cases have come to my notice as yet, some say it is only a matter of time though."

Parody

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the War and all,
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode
And sharpnel shells are a-la-mode.
Over the sandbags (or parapet) helmets you find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, Far from Ypres I long to be
Where German snipers cannot pot me,
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
The rats are running around my head,
Stretched out on my waterproof
Dodging the rain drops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where the camp fires glow
Full of French bread cafe au lait,
Dreaming of homes and nights in the West,
Somebody's overseas boot on my chest.

Far from the starlights I long to be,
Lights of old London I'd rather see,
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

We give below a letter from MR. J. D. PALMER of the Royal Naval Air Service, formerly of the London, Eng., staff, dated 29th October:

"Very many thanks for your letter and the copy of 'Letters from the Front,' which I found most interesting. I understand that Lawson went back to France, but is now home again to take up a commission. It is good news