

## PRIVATE CLARKE'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

Being a succession of rather strong statements calculated to make those at home believe that he is a regular hero already, and written with the hope that it will be reproduced in the columns of the town paper. Many Tommies, when writing home, disregard the truth absolutely in their efforts to make big fellows of themselves.

2313711 Pte. Clarke, G.,  
C.A.S.C.T.D., Shorncliffe.

My Dear Mother and Dad,

Well, I am in England at last, and I am mighty glad, too, for we had some exciting experiences while aboard ship. We were chased by four different submarines, and only missed being sunk by the great speed of our boat, the "Gram-pion," which is capable of travelling thirty-five knots per hour. I was the only one on board the whole ship who wasn't sick. But I expected that. We passed many boats coming over, some so close that we exchanged greetings with those aboard them. By the way, I'm broke, and could do with about five pounds. That's what they say over here; in Canada it is about twenty-five dollars.

Since arriving in England I have had some exciting times. Last night some German Zepps visited Shorncliffe. They dropped a bomb right outside our tent, which luckily did not explode. If I get that five pounds I will express it to you as a souvenir. Zeppelins are great big affairs. They look like aeroplanes, but have two planes instead of one. Every evening several are located in the sky by our searchlights over here, and they are generally brought down by our aircraft. I have not a cigarette left, would you mind sending me some.

On a clear day you can see France plainly from here, and you can hear the guns roaring at all times just like thunder. The first day I was here I saw a balloon rising in France. Yesterday I

was offered Corporal's Stripes, but didn't take them, I prefer staying in the ranks with my chums. We need leg-gings over here; would you kindly send me a pair. Privates and Officers dress alike over here.

England is a great country; I like it so much. Shorncliffe is in the county of Kent, so is Folkestone, a city of about 150,000 people, about three miles from here. I'm going to visit it when I get that five pounds. The English money is hard to get on to at first, but I have mastered it now; a penny is equal to two cents, and so on. A lot of the boys have those long knee boots over here. I would like a pair, but can't afford them.

I nearly forgot to tell you about the naval fight I saw in the Channel yesterday. One of our super-submarines engaged an enemy's light dreadnought, and there was some fun for a while. I yelled with excitement. After a lengthy struggle our craft of course won. It lodged an eighteen pounder shell in the German boat right below her bread line. She made an heroic effort to reach land, but sank after about six or eight hours. It was some fight. Any time father wants to he can cable me money. They shoot it across under the ocean in a little tube called a cable; it costs a bob a word. How foolish I am, you don't know what a bob is, do you; well, it's—let me see, I've got a bob and a quid mixed. Anyway, it's English money.

How is everybody at home? I wish that Freddie were over here, and I'd show him around England. It resembles Canada somewhat. There are horses and cows and everything just like at home. I am well, but need money. Will try to keep away from France as long as possible. I'm not a bit afraid, but I don't want to worry you. Will write often.

Lovingly your son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—If Father is going to send me that five pounds, he can use the address at the top of the letter.

D. D. MORRIS,