

FROM THE TRENCHES

In many of the Irish letters the mode is more picturesque, the expression comes easier.

“Dear——,—We got it last night but one, and J—— and C—— went home, God send they meet no Germans there. J—— had it in for them since big Tom went. I’m as I was, with a chip off my foot that’s healing fine, and I hope you’re doing well in these bad times. They have a story here that the German’s firing silver bullets, as the leads run low. If I got a few in me, I’ll bring them home to set you up. Send all the cigarettes you can find and chocolates. This is hell, and I have no time to write, the kisses is for yourself, but I expect the girls will steal them off the paper. Keep laughing, woman.—Your affekt. boy, ——.”

This, again, is from a very young north Irishman :

“Dear Wife,—I have not written before,