

gardens, are albums for fellows to ink stuff in, a sort of memory book. Most of the stuff is weak and rotten, but now and then something good has come along. I must put something on myself, but I don't know what yet. I also came across a list of men's names who had been here, the date they came, and the date discharged. This list was interesting because I see a month here is all that can be safely expected.

3 September, '17.

I have had no mail from any one, from the Battn. or anything. I guess that is because I have moved around so quickly. I still don't know what happened when they went over, that morning. The fellows here from the 29th were casualties in earlier scraps — just minor affairs. I have written F., also K., and another fellow. It is useless writing again; things change so quickly out there, any or all of them may be dead, or in Hospital, or where they can't write. It's rotten not knowing what has happened to F. It is useless to worry, yet I can't help it. He and I were real friends. I only hope he got a nice one. It is the best thing you can wish any one out there — and indeed I cannot see how he could possibly go through the recent stuff and get nothing. I only hope it wasn't a napoo.