

the Slovo-Bolchevak situation on the Baltic at the time I write. The use of foreign words occasionally in this article may seem irksome to the reader, but in what other manner could I inform the reading public that I know the language, nay, to quote the leading poet of those countries, Aubar Shelven die gotterdamerung, Liebenschelft, bordenstrasse slapoffski. The true meaning of these quaint but striking words is self-evident.

For amusement, a game with a bat and sphere was very popular with the *gelshaffen*, or rank and file.

A man with a short club allowed another to hurl a five-ounce unripe bomb at him from a little distance away. Behind the man with the club, squatted another player with a kind of shrapnel helmet over his face, and a thick chest protector on his bosom, called *gellfestrassen*, but no more foreign words after this. I've convinced the long-suffering readers that I don't know anything of the Kerjerko-Bolak language of the Sarviettes, suffice to say that the Serviettes are close attendants of the Finnish Diet. This is different to the German Reichstag, where the corner of the table-cloth is used.

To continue about the games. The man with the chest protector, worn even on the hottest days, signals to the bomb thrower, if he sees the player with the club attempting to dodge, and should he be understood in time, the jug or pitcher can land a good one on a protruding part of the clubber's quarters or even on his ribs.

After the club-bearer has done writhing in agony, and spitting blood, he is allowed to limp to a place of safety marked by a bag, filled with sand or sawdust, pegged to the ground. As long as he stands on this, the hurler cannot attack him, though he, the hurler, casts longing and vindictive eyes in his direction.

On the field, other players are scattered about each having thick pads on their hands to prevent them scratching themselves (Evidently *pediculus-capitis* is referred to—Editor). Behind the thrower of the bomb is the captain, who decides doubtful points in the game and though the onlookers question his decisions, he never gets cross. (See it? Captain Cross).

After playing for a few minutes, partisans of both sides, at a given signal, rush on to the ground gesticulating and shouting, soon to work themselves into a state of hysteria, from which they gradually subside and leave the players to proceed with the game. It is, owing to these proceedings, the sport derives its name. It is called a Bawl Game.

One would imagine that the participants of the Bawl Games were recruited from the Black Guards, but this is not so. They are a decent and well-meaning lot, and this is just the way they amuse themselves. *Chacun a son gout*. While mentioning the Black Guards, some of the N.C.O.'s of the *jungfrauenmallschaft*, or Army Medical Corps, go about the towns without wearing their Geneva Crosses, being afraid that if

they are in the vicinity of a street accident, and are called upon to render medical assistance, they may display some want of acquaintance with the proper procedure.

The above remarks will amply and simply illustrate the attitude of the Presidium of Murman Regional Council, which was exclusively advocated by the *P.P.P.*, no other paper having the perspicuity to notice the hebdominal hegemony that existed in the *Politisch-Anthropologische Monatschrift*.

Of the *Giebichenfels*, or late arrivals at night at sleeping quarters, when most of the soldaten, or soldiers, are in bed, one might note that they tread very heavily, talk loudly, drop their boots with a bang, and don't seem to care a dam whether their neighbours wish to sleep. Such conduct amongst the conquerors of Ypres, Vimy, Givinchy, and the Grass Estaminet on the Poperinghe Road, would not, it is certain, exist for a moment.

Somewhat similar to the institutions in the Canadian Army, there is in that of the *Slovo-Bolschjak* a large convalescent centre in which hard-working *Taggleblatten*, or Physical Training men urge the leadswingers to abandon their evil ways and become good *Czercho-Slovaks*.

They dress in a different uniform to the common herd. That which covers their trunk would suggest to some on the English side of the Channel, a wealthy costermonger in holiday garb, while the blue pantaloons remind one of a naval petty officer. The *Taggleblatten* are the hardest worked men in the Army, and are so exhausted by the previous day's work that they remain in bed after every one else has started about his day's business.

Passing the gymnasium one can hear their kindly oaths as they gently exhort their classes to bend their knees or straighten the fingers. The word *Chow* is used very frequently, and one is puzzled on hearing it as it does not appear in any of the Bolchevik dictionaries.

Other forms of amusement are indulged in, notably picnics out to the woods, whist parties, and, of course, dancing. Picnics are held out in the open in all weathers, wet or fine; the hardy Slovak being accustomed to the snows of the Caucasus, or blizzards of the western prairies.

To these the dashing *Taggleblatte* or P.T. men, as they are known among their intimates, bring their charming wives and sweethearts. The P.T. man is a "sly dog" with the beautiful native women, and the permission "to marry" announcement frequently appears in the part two routine orders of *Lokalan lieger* (Platoon Post).

Many a soldier enlisted after his honeymoon to go to the front. On returning home after the war he found himself a grandfather.

The Bolchevo Slapjacks are total abstainers, as the late ill-starred Czar had made *Vodka Verboten*.

After heavy exercise such as that indulged in by Golfing Officers, Orderly Sergeants, and