



Poem in a letter from Lance Corporal J. Beaton. Feb 1915

“ Noo Wullie, I’m just sittin doon
 Wi a pencil in ma hand
 To try an write a simple verse
 That you will understand.
 Weel I’ll hae tae tell you
 About the parcels that we got
 An we have to thank you
 For getting sic a lot.
 They were distributed equally
 Among the boys oot here
 An for the guid auld Kirrie club
 We gae’d a hearty cheer
 The cocoa an the milk was grand
 An the mealy puddins tae
 We’re only wishin that we had
 A puckle mair
 Whene’er we saw the tins o snuff
 We kent it wis a wheeze



But I tell ye when we opened them
 They fairly made us sneeze.
 Noo as I’m in my bed wi cauld
 I’m feelin a wee bit seedy
 But think when I have feenished this
 I’ll manage to write tae Reddie.
 A the boys that got body belts
 Are sendin her a letter
 They said they’d send a postcaird
 But I said the first was better
 I doot I’ll hae tae draw the line
 For I’ve nae mair tae say
 Tell aw the lads I send my love
 An that I’ll be back some day.

Two of Beaton’s poems have been included in the War Graves Commission’s Media Trail centenary commemoration.

www.westmuir.org.uk