

**Lines Written by the late Lance-Corporal John Beaton, Kirriemuir who was Killed in Action on May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1915.**

Dear Bill,  
We're in the trenches noo,  
Wi the weather just a treat,  
There's nae mair shiverin wi the cauld,  
An nae mair soakin' feet.

Ye've nae idea hoo warm it is -  
The sun sheens high abune -  
It maks us tired, an' sleepy tae,  
An' burnin a' oor skin.

The nicht I got your box, we left  
For three days' spell up here;  
The mune's just bonnie ilka nicht,  
And' the weather fine an' clear.

An' if old Fritz and Wilhelm tae,  
Wad come upon the scene,  
I think we'd mair than smash them up,  
An' open Billy's een.

It's juist as true as Steuck Scott said,  
They wadna hae Bill yonder,  
An' by the way he's cairrit on  
Aw'm shair I dinna wonder.

It's him that's been the cause o' us  
Bein' here fae last November,  
An' if I had his neb - I'd pu' it  
As lang as a green cucumber.

We're doo again for three days' rest,  
An' the weather's juist the same;  
Of coorse, there's nane o' us wad mind  
Hoo sune we're ordered hame.

There's a'e thing I've tae tell ye now  
A sad an' waefu' tale -  
O' a' the "comforts" that I lack  
I miss my "ginger ale".



For as reg'lar as the clock ga'ed roun' -  
Be the weather wat or fair  
I hed my "Barrie" an' a pie  
Or twa (or maybe mair).

I'm shair tae that oor Sergeant  
Alang wi' me has missed it,  
For it's the best o' a' the drinks  
That ever I hae tastit.

The water here, ye want tae pree  
It fairly maks us shiver;  
It's near eneuch tae send us hame  
Wi' some kind o' the fivver.

But never mind, the time will come  
When we'll be back tae see ye,  
An' that will be a happy time -  
The first nicht we are wi' ye.

I ken ye'd a' be gled tae sees's  
Back in dear auld Kirrie;  
I tell't auld Fritz we wantit hame,  
But it seems he's no tae hurry.

I promise ye he'll get it yet,  
We'll gie him sic a fricht,  
For ilka doggie has his day,  
An' ilka cat his nicht.

I think ye kindly, ilka ane,  
That's workin' for oor sake,  
An' I send the best o' love, an' houp  
Ye'll min' ye're auld freen'.  
JAKE.