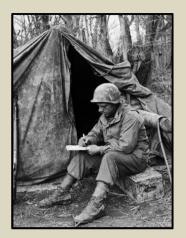


Poem in a letter from Lance Corporal J. Beaton. Feb 1915

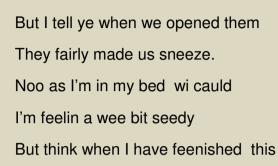
" Noo Wullie, I'm just sittin doon Wi a pencil in ma hand To try an write a simple verse That you will understand. Weel I'll hae tae tell you About the parcels that we got An we have to thank you For getting sic a lot. They were distributed equally Amang the boys oot here An for the guid auld Kirrie 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











A the boys that got body belts

I'll manage to write tae Reedie.

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

