

LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS.

PTE. F. E. KENNEDY.

Mrs. M. Kennedy, of "Court Royal," 113 Wattle-street, has received letters from her son, Private F. E. Kennedy, from which we make the following extracts:—

"9/7/17.—To-day and yesterday I have been doing a bit of sight-seeing over what at one time had been a battlefield. It is horrible to stand and think of what France has been through. When you stand on the green hills and look over, just as day is breaking, all you can see is one mass of shell holes and smashed up villages. To think that people should go through what the people of France have been through, I can tell you it brings back sweet memories of our little country over the seas, that we are fighting to save from the hands of these barbarous Huns. A German after the war is over ought not got a space to move in; everywhere he goes he ought to be shunned. I was also having a look over a little British cemetery (which is known better to the boys here as a "rest camp"), and it looks well. Every grave is marked by a little, neatly made wooden cross, and marked on it is the soldier's number, name, regiment, and when and how he met his death. There are several of these about, and the military authorities take great pains in seeing that the graves are kept nice and ornamental all the year round. If only some of the cold-footed stay-at-homes could only see what I have seen, no necessity to see the real thing; they would waste no time in joining to save a country that is worth fighting for. I would very much like them to hear how the boys here speak of them. I will enclose the chorus of the latest song of the Shirets, as sung by the boys at the front. The cemeteries will always remain, so when the war is over and when villages are rebuilt they will always look after them. I suppose after the war the place will be mentioned where they are, and the names of the dead published, so that the relatives of soldiers who have fallen in action will be able to go out and see the graves of their loved ones who fell fighting for a noble cause. I am getting on well with my French. I can speak a bit, but not much. I have learnt since I have been abroad Egyptian, French, and a few words of German that I learnt from the Fritz prisoners. I was talking to one, and this is how he looks at things. He said, "If Germany wins he has to go back on his farm, and if England wins he does the same, but if the war lasts 20 more years he is alright: he has finished with war." I wish I was.

"Chorus of the Shirets," sung by the Boys at the Front:

Send out the grid and boys' brigade,

They'll keep Old England free.

Send out my mother, my sister, my brother,

But for God's sake DON'T SEND ME.

"17/7/17. Last week the division to which I belong held a memorial service to the boys who fell in action at Pozieres. It was very touching to think of our comrades who were laid there 12 months ago. A big cross to their memory was unveiled by General Birdwood, our commander. They talk about the scarcity of food. I don't see it, as since I have been back to the unit I have done well. To-night for tea we had sardines, cheese, bread,

have been back to the unit I have done well. To-night for tea we had sardines, cheese, bread, butter and jam and tea; if we always get that I don't think the troops will starve."