

Some New Year Resolutions

- Never to smoke any more—Woodbines.
- To make no more bets—about peace.
- To let the Paymaster “keep his money.”
- To let my moustache grow again—seeing it's no longer compulsory.
- To have no crimes on my conduct sheet—provided the C.O. will co-operate.
- Never to humiliate myself again by asking for a pass.
- To salute everything encountered in Burberry, leggings, or officer's cap—for fear of overlooking some new-hatched sub.
- To leave at once all concerts where an entertainer starts to sing—
“Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “If You were the Only Girl in the World,” or “A Broken Doll.”
- To refuse to answer all future visitors' questions regarding German's I have killed, prisoners I have taken, or Tanks I have seen.
- To win at least one more gold stripe before the year is over.

PSMYTH.

What's What

When you've done your bit in Flanders, that amazin' bloody spot,
It starts one cogitatin' and a-wonderin' what's what—
Why you left the plow, the ink-pot or some other cushy job
For the slushy shiverin' trenches with a vermin-stricken mob?
'Cause a Tommy's just a human—which he ain't if he don't doubt
What the devil all the killin' an' the murderin's about.

Ever since I come to Blighty I've been readin' up a bit
How the world was ever fightin', always had a martial fit—
In the Bowery or the Balkans or some Asiatic zoo
Where a martyr may be Tartar, Mongol, Monkey or Hindoo.
Why, the pre-historic cave man was as happy as could be
When he slew his sleeping bride with nasty neolithic glee!

Then the Jews and 'Gyptians also was a mighty martial horde,
Slew each other with a shin bone, ass's jaw,—perhaps, a Ford!
Interference with longevity was their besettin' sin,
They was fairly nuts on brevity, — unless you're mentionin'
Methuselah, the good old top who standardized man's days,
As Lloyd George will do for Victory by selfless, serving ways.