

## THE OLD TIMER

I met him in the gloaming dim  
Where Poplars fringe the road.  
I saw he sought for speech with me,  
« Old man » said I, « Explode !  
The estaminets are open, and all my pals within,  
If thou wouldst have a word with me, then enter  
and begin. »

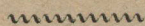
« My son » said he, and cried a few  
Salt, scalding, bitter tears,  
« I came not here in quest of mirth  
Nor even for free beers.  
I could a tale untold to thee would freeze thy  
youthful blood,  
Of happenings rare, when we came first to dwell  
upon the « mud ».

I shoved my mess-tin o'er to him.  
He took a mighty draught.  
He lowered his face over the brim  
And quaffed, and quaffed, and quaffed.  
He hummed a « Bill ». He hummed a light, then  
cleared his throat and spake —  
« At Ypres, last year » — « Hold ! Hold ! » I cried,  
« If you your thirst would slake.

At my expense, then can that stuff  
Of « Ypres, last year » Old Son.  
There's been a scrap or two since then,  
And anyhow, that's done. »  
He stuttered and he stared ; he swore ; he mutter-  
ed and he groused  
Of « Fresh, young guys who never saw no servi-  
ce », and he roused

Himself to efforts new, and spoke  
Of Festubert, of course,  
Givenchy too, then Petit Douve.  
(It was his last resource).  
But all unheeding there I sat and drank my Bel-  
gian ale,  
For fifteen hundred times I'd heard that ancient,  
hoary tale.

« Draft ».



### German immigrants pouring in ; what about the alien act ?

More evidence of the criminal slackness  
of our Government.

When is this reign of apathy to cease ?

(By our own special wheel-arrow service).

None of our valued contemporaries appear to have noticed that since the beginning of July there has been a constant influx of Germans into England.

Almost daily, large parties of them may be seen stepping off the boat at Southampton and passing thence into the very heart of Merrie England, and every one of them is a trained soldier.

Our moribund Government not only tolerates this thing, but even encourages it. These men are freely invited to occupy vast tracts of our richest park lands. Escorts are provided for them. They are conducted, free of charge, by Government officials to residences where whole colonies of them are housed and fed by our doddering and effete Legislature.

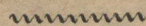
Even Members of Parliament look on at this iniquitous proceeding with satisfaction writ large on their smug features.

A remarkable thing about these aliens is, that many of them have resided for a considerable time in the Somme district of France. They are easily recognisable by their dress which is of one colour and pattern, and by the fact that they bring no luggage.

The Member of Parliament for Busseboom has been invited to question Premier Asquith on this strange and wanton violation of our laws for the exclusion of undesirables.

## REGIMENTAL POETICAL REALITIES

- GENERAL'S INSPECTION. « The sunset of life gives me mystical lore.  
And coming events cast their shadows before. »
- FARM-HOUSE BILLET. « I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls ».
- ORDERS. « Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new ».
- ESTAMINET. « I heard a voice, « Drink, pretty creature, drink ».
- Pipe Band. « Discords make the sweetest airs ».
- Salient. « My lodging is on the cold, cold ground and very hard is my fare ».
- Fare (Mulligan). « Little drops of water, little grains of sand ».
- Crump Holes. « 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ».
- Stand To. « The stars that have most glory have no rest. »  
« And like a lobster boiled, the morn.  
From black to red began to turn. »
- Rum Issue. « Though lost to sight to memory dear. »
- Pleasures, Sports, etc. « Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink. »  
« I counted two and seventy stanches, all well defined, and several stinks. »
- Keating's Powder Inspection. « Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there ! »
- Grousing. « And from the discontent of man the world's best progress springs. »
- Relief. « Each bullet has got its commission and when our times come we must go. »  
« For this relief, much thanks. »
- A. S. C. « They also serve who only stand and wait. »
- In Blighty. « Danger well past, remembered, works delight. »



## SOME SOUVENIR

The Boche very kindly left a large variety of mementoes in one of our trenches which he used, for a short time, in the excusable absence of its proper and permanent owners. These articles of vertu were for the most part, hardware and cutlery, although there were a few other souvenirs of a different and more perishable nature.

Everyone collected souvenirs. There were gas masks for ma-in-law, buttons for the baby, parcels from dear, old Wurtemberg for immediate consumption, suitable gifts of all sorts. They bulged out every private's pockets. They clanked and rattled against rifles. They hung suspended from equipment. Everywhere there were tokens of Fritz's attentiveness.

One officer picked up a mud encrusted bayonet of a strange and obsolete pattern, and carried it carefully out. Unhappily, on having the acid test applied at the billets, that is to say, after having been well and truly wiped on his batman's pants, it turned out to be a « Ross » bayonet.



An officer of the umpteenth battalion was horrified, on rounding the traverse, to find one of his men looking steadily over the parapet. « What are you doing there ? » he demanded. « Why don't you use the periscope ? » « Well, sir », the man replied, « the Germans have broken three periscopes on me already ».