



TO SAM HUGHES.

SAY, General, just a minute,
While you listen to the lay
Of a rough Contingent soldier,
Pulling down one-ten a day.*
If you spare me half a moment
I will not be over long,
But will lubricate my larynx
And unload a little song.
Busy Sam.

What's all this talk of scandal,
And the howls of graft and shame?
Ha! all who climb the ladder
Get a hand-out just the same.
So, pay but scant attention,
Keep your same old steady pace.
There is nothing smooth nor crookèd
In your rugged soldier's face.
Honest Sam.

And if we crib a bit, ourselves,
About the clothes and pay,
We'll back you to a standstill;
Count on us most any day.
Tho' you handed us the rough stuff
On the concentration camp,
You made us fit, 'spite blistered feet,
Sore backs, and soldier's cramp.
Trainer Sam.

* "One-ten." One dollar and ten cents, a private's pay
in the Canadian Service.