

HIGHO WORKEN PARTY.

(A dirge by Bill).

Then again said "Hiawatha"
 I am hugely interested
 In this working party business.
 Should you ask me who discovered
 And commenced this form of torture,
 I would tell you in a jiffy.
 It was not the Brigade Major
 Or a Company Commander,
 'Twasn't Victor of Vancouver
 (Who commands this here battalion)
 Wasn't anyone with feelings
 You can bet your dollar ten per.
 'Twas a special friend of "Wilhelm's"
 Who receives his correspondence
 Where the conscientious shirkers
 Toil and labour at his fires,
 (Cashed-in with the mumps and measles
 And such ladylike deseases).
 Shovelling coal to beat the devil
 To torment themselves forever.
 (You can guess the map location).

Full of patriotic spirit,
 We came out to fight the Broches,
 Blast their hides and damn their whiskers,
 Now the greater part of Belgium
 Is contained in bags, sand, common
 Through the energetic efforts
 Of the ever ready "Seventh".
 Should you meet a column, moving
 Single file, and stretched out snake-wise,
 Loaded down with stake and wire,
 Shovels, picks and Susie's sand bags,
 Mortar bombs, expanded metal,
 Newton Pippin's detonators,
 Mills grenades and other "hangos",
 Cruising slowly twixt the shell holes
 (Using language not atrocious)
 On a night as dark as Hades—
 Cloud-bursts bursting from the heavens
 With enthusiastic fervour—
 No great intellect's required
 To identify the unit,
 We have been there and we've had some—
 "Pass the Seventh".

Mortars trench are mostly useful
 When there's no retaliation.
 Picks and shovels have their uses—
 Sentries not on duty notice.
 Stakes and wire and Susie's sand bags
 Built by our Black Art exponent,
 Are most excellent as targets,
 And the Bosche esteems them highly,
 Bashes them in high good humour
 And "Kr-r-r-umps" the work of hours.
 So the merry war continues
 And we're satisfied to be here.

Now, a word to you "objectors",
 Cranks and peace talk agitators
 Who cosrupt the air in Blighty.
 "Safety first" and no conscription
 Will not beat the Bosche in Flanders
 Which is our immediate business.
 We will *do* our working parties,
 Grouse and growl but get the work done,
 Whilst *your* maiden manhood grovels
 At the prospect of a duty
 Which should be your highest privelege.
 Those who murmur "Gott Strafe England",
 As they sight along their barrels,
 Have their *own* Gods—what have *you* got?
 Damn *your* hide and blast *your* whiskers,
 And just wait till *this* is over.

Working parties are the devil,
 And we grant you that most freely;
 We could use *you* if you'd venture,
 In the meantime we'll continue
 At this unpleasant pastime,
 And the knowledge that we've done so
 When at last we're ticked for—Hades?
 (Where all good old Seventh go to)
 Will not make us lie uneasy
 And alone, before our fellows.

W. A. C.



Who was the painfully truthful private, who, when writing to a correspondent, said: "Dear friend, I had a close shave the other day. A shell struck the parapet and buried me under what I thought was ten tons of earth, later, I found it was only five tons".

x x x

Who was the person who said: "Essence of body is better than presence of mind". Oh, my prophetic soul. He must have had the salient in his mind's eye.

x x x

Who was the man, who, when offered his rum ration in a large spoon, took it, surrounded the contents with a sigh of satisfaction, cocked his head with the air of a connoisseur and said: "Very fair rum Sir. I'd like a drink of that".

x x x

Why is it that when men are going on leave they nearly knock each other down to be first on the boat, and first to land at Blighty, but on the return trip it's "After you my dear Alphonse".

Mentioned in Despatches. 2nd Brigade Band.

We're back again—with the Brigade, I mean. I say this for the information of those who don't know it And, that all may know it I say we are glad of it. The 2nd Brigade Band away from it's Brigade is like a wife away from her husband. Everybody is very nice, but it isn't the same you know. But 'Pop' isn't the deminutive Paris it is cracked up to be. We've been there, so we know.

Our time was not wasted during those few weeks in the city. With great assiduity the war was studied from all points of view; how it is being won, how it can be won, and why it ought to be won. Information on these points can be had on application to the various military experts. A new pattern shower bath has been another result of those eventful weeks; and it's inventor, who has a certain fame among graveyard ghosts, will be pleased to demonstrate it's capabilities to interested persons. Also, a new field service hammock—but enough of that. You know now that our talent and time has been used to fine advantage.

In our spare time we held a few practices and gave one or two concerts—about two or three practices to be exact, and as many concerts. During those weeks when the band of the Coldstream Guards was in Pop, the members of the 2nd Brigade Band chummed up with those Guards soloists who seemed patient and amiable, got what tips they could, and have been trying ever since to make good use of them.

Capt. Rogan himself paid us a visit one morning at practice. His praise was encouraging and his advice good, He realized, he said the difficulties under which such a band as this must have been organized, and what obstacles would frequently confront it. But his confidence in the abilities of band master James made him confident of the band's success.

He had known Bandmaster James for many years, and had been a college chum of his father's. There were other pleasant words, about Canada and the welcome the Canadians had given the Coldstreams on the tour of that land.