

The Poet's Corner.

Why Not?

We have an allied food pool, our troops are pooled as well;

Each nation uses others' ships to carry shot and shell.
We use each other's transport to beat the wily Hun,
Behind the line and in the fight we carry on as one.

All these we have in common, their worth we know full well;

In unison there's always strength, and victory they spell.

Although it's taken years to learn, and we've paid a heavy price,

But now with one supreme command we make no blunders twice.

So why not touch the heart strings of this mighty allied throng,

By finding someone who will write an inter-allied song?
Just send the word throughout the lands of Allies large and bantam,

To find someone who will compose an inter-allied anthem.

JESSE S. LEWIS.

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New Nursery Rhymes.

Jack and Bill they stuck it till
Their knees were under water;
Jack fell down, and said to Bill
Some words he didn't oughter!

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There was an old soldier who lived in a trench,
Who'd beaucoup de souvenirs, German and French;
He sacked them and packed them
For many a mile,
And then got fourteen days for losing his smoke-helmet!

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There was a little Hun,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were all dumdum, dumdum;
He shinned up a tree
To snipe what he could see,
But now he is in Kingdom come-come-come!

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Little Miss Mabel
Sat on a table,
Down in her Estaminay;
A Sergeant espied her,
And sat down beside her,
And stayed there the rest of the day!

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Simple Herman met a German
On a night patrol.
Said simple Herman in bad German,
"Wie bist du? Ja wohl!"
Said the German to simple Herman,
"All right, Kamerade!"
Simple Herman bombed the German
With a Mills grenade.

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A red-headed man from Kildare,
Whose knowledge of books was quite rare,
When asked what he'd read,
In answering said,
"I'm delighted to say, I've red hair."

"Whatever You Do, Don't Do It."

If the Sergeant-Major bowls you out for something you did not do,

And you feel like starting a boxing bout for putting the blame on you—

Don't do it.

If you should go up on "Orderly Room" (you're no soldier if you don't),

And the S.M. shouts "Mark time! one! two!" and you feel like saying "I won't"—

Don't do it.

If your Company is inspected by the King, and "Attention" strain is none too brief,

If you think that to dance the "Highland Fling" will give you desired relief—

Don't do it.

If you visit the M.O. on "Sick Parade," 'cause you've decided not to stick it,

If you think that to bluff him you're "insane" is the way to get your "ticket"—

Whatever you do, don't do it.

C. A. E.

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Rhymes of a P.T. Man.

An N.C.O. to Brighton went,
His rations for to get;
He met a "chic" young flapper there,
Who was so nice and young and fair.

At close of day, they mooned away,
Upon the beach to squat;
They sat upon an upturned boat,
Which seemed a pleasant spot.

But sad to say, ere closed that day,
The boatman had with tar made play;
With tar he must have been quite slick,
For sure he made that couple stick.

They sat alone in fear and cold,
And the first to move was our hero bold;
He made one spring into the air,
And left his breeches sticking there.

Now this little rhyme will surely teach,
It's not wise to sit down on the beach
Without first looking where you are,
For it's awful stuff that tar.

"HAMSTRING."

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Verses for a Greeting Card.

We send you a card of greeting, from a land destroyed,
forlorn,

The grey clouds, the grey earth meeting, where the fields are shelled and torn:

Oh! the long dark trails we've travelled, where the warring hosts contend,

Life's skein seems all unravelled, but we're staying—until the end.

The year that is now beginning, we hope, e'er its course be run,

That the fight, which our boys are winning, shall then be completely won;

That we'll stand in our old-time places, in the land of the Maple Tree,

'Mid loving and cheerful faces, in a world at peace—and free.