

July 22nd, 1918.—Looking up a bit—19 convalescents taken in and done for, this date. As one left for pastures new, the hospital can only claim a gain of 18 on the deal. Rather better than some of the transactions of late. What do you think?

July 23rd, 1918.—A representative of a celebrated firm of London photographers was here this afternoon and took a "panoramic" of the personnel, and at the same time took a great "risk." There seemed to be a little hanging back, on the part of the victims, and the question was whether it was bashfulness on their part, or a fear that they might injure the camera! Boss White back from London, and on the job again. "Willie we have missed you."

July 24th, 1918.—As there is a rumour that the number to be admitted into hospital soon is to run into three figures, the Sanitary Sergeant had the big swimming tank emptied, and re-filled, this afternoon. Verily, a man of great foresight!

July 25th, 1918.—And it came to pass, that one and twenty of those that were afflicted came into the camp of rest, known to the wise men as Cooden: and peradventure there not being sufficient for these, two score and twelve of those recently made whole were sent to find a place in which to lay them down, elsewhere. And the evening and the morning were the twenty-seventh day.

July 27th, 1918.—And he, that is known as the Auditor from the city of Lon, came into camp, when the dew was yet wet on the ground, and proclaimed, in a loud voice that he had come to call upon the various stewards to give an account of their stewardship. After much wrestling with various papyri he came down from his high estate, at about the hour of four in the afternoon, and declared that the shewing of him in charge of Regimental accounts was good. And straightway he placed the mark that is "Red" against his report, and dispatched it to the city of Lon.

July 29th, 1918.—Now let it be known of all men, that yesterday was the Sabbath, and nothing happened beyond the usual rites attending the holding of Church parades, at which there were many of the land of Coo.

Now it came to pass there was a stranger in camp, who, putting the Commandment No. 4 on one side, continued his evil courses, and laboured at the accounts during the hours that the righteous on the parade called Church; but after the mid-day meal a great fear took possession of him, and he forebore from labouring; and there was peace in the land.

It being now come to the day of Mon, he that had come into the land of Coo as a ravening lion, did rise early, and much chastened in spirit, proceeded to clean up the remaining stewards.

After much travailing and scratching of ears, he proclaimed that all was "on the square," and quickly sitting down, wrote "Good—very." And these stewards likewise received the mark that is "Red."

Now it was come to the hour of evening when a great host of afflicted ones appealed for admittance at the camp portals, there being five score and fourteen; and they were admitted, and many were clothed in garments of blue, the remainder sticking to Khaki till the morrow. And the M.O. in charge of the Division, called No. 1, saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning was—the end of July.

IF I WERE FIT.

If I were fit, I would not sit
At a desk-job all day long;
And I would not think I did my bit
By singing a soldier's song.
And if I went home at eventide
To a Mother, Wife or Son,
I could never look them in the face
If I couldn't handle a gun.

If I were fit, I wouldn't sit
In a theatre, bus or tram,
And see the boys in their khaki kit.
But I would feel not worth a damn.
And I'd choke if I said I couldn't be spared
For another six months or so;
Then I'd kick myself for a yellow cur,
And then I'd get up and go.

If I were fit, if I were fit,
And met a Man in the street
With sun-tanned face and faded kit,
And trench-mud on his feet,
I would throw myself in his path and crave
As an act I'd remember with pride
That he'd condescend as a gentleman
To wipe his boots on my hide.

If I were fit, I could not sit
In a church on Sunday morn,
And here the Parson say his 'bit'
Of comrades battle-worn.
And if he should try to save my soul,
I'd ask him to change his views,
And tell him that mine could never be lost,
For I hadn't one to lose.

If I were fit, If I were fit,
I tell you I'd think it a shame
To work on the 'staff' and then to quit
With an 'acting rank' for fame.
By God! I'd go where the bullets fly,
And if one found my heart,
I'd thank the great Stage Manager
That he gave me a real man's part.