

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL SOLDIER.

(Continued)

same portion of the anatomy that he was. How will he explain to a crowd of sympathizers, the reason a bullet caught him "there". They won't understand that when a man is creeping along a twelve inch trench and, like an ostrich keeping his head down, another portion of him (yes the part that got shot) is bound to show above the trench. And again, supposing a pretty nurse says "Where abouts is your wound". I don't like to put in my diary just where he did get wounded, but this I will say; If he sits down on anything harder than an air cushion during the next six months, he will remember that there is or has been a war on.

They brought up some good news with the rations *Friday* last night. We are going way back for a rest and we may get paid??? Let me see. If I behave myself for two more days I ought to draw a full pay this time. There's only one thing I'm a bit anxious about, and that's my burnt mess-tin. I wonder why it is, that when a real soldier loses or damages his mess-tin or equipment he gets soaked anything from one to five days pay. Yet, should a Fritz Minnewerffer blow it to smithereens he gets a brand new outfit free? I have an idea.

Last night was the very first time I was thankful for being shelled. During the bombardment *Saturday* I crept up behind my poor overworked, unsuspecting mess-tin; a few sharp jabs with my bayonet and the deed was did. I can just imagine the look upon the Q. M's face when I presented this mess-tin in exchange for a new one,

"Shrapnel"?

"Yes Sir; high explosive".

"Why didn't you keep it in your dug-out"?

"There's no dug out in my crater Sir"?

"CRATER"?

"Yes Sir, advanced crater".

"Here's a new mess-tin, you don't need to bother getting an order".

(To be continued—maybe)

### THE NEW PIANO

(Exp.—My mother writes, "I have a new piano")

The days out here, are cold and drear  
But now they're somewhat better,  
Because my mother's lent fine cheer  
With a sweet, but simple letter.

She writes how all the boys and girls  
Are with good pleasures keeping;  
How Mary's hair is out of curls  
And Mary sick with weeping.

How Mrs Jones has just popped in  
To have a cup of coffee,  
And Charlie slipped and cut his chin  
While eating hard rock toffee.

But best of all she writes me this,  
"I've bought a new piano";  
Which tells me mother's in her bliss,  
And singing sweet soprano.

So what to me are bombs and guns,  
And thunder boomin' canno';  
I cannot hear them, for there comes  
My mother's sweet soprano.

She's playin' as she used to play  
In days of old and gladness,  
To while away the weary day,  
And overcome her sadness.

Oh! don't I wish the war were o'er  
And I was back with mammy.  
I'd sing and make the welkin ring  
In every nook and cranny,  
While she played ring-a-ding-a-ding  
On her bran new pianny.

Jack Strand, 2nd Can. D.A.C.

### To Teetotallers.

Here we are in muddy Flanders,  
Far from comforts and home cheer,  
And it raises up our danders  
Every now and then, to hear  
How some "Billy Sunday" shirkers,  
With their kill-joy faces glum,  
Chase around as temperance workers  
Making squeals about our rum.  
Sure enough they want to stop it,  
Claiming that it does no good,  
Doubtless thinking that we moid it.  
(Gee! I only wish we could).  
But if they could see our faces,  
Or imagine how it cheers,  
When it hits the frozen places,  
They'd be stricken dumb for years.

They don't know a thing about it,  
Neither have they any right  
To even whisper much less shout it.  
Even if we did get tight,  
Till they come and share the scrapping  
At the side of fighting men,  
Then they soon would stop their yapping,  
Never to commence again.  
Let them stay at home and quibble  
If it suits their line of graft.  
Money talks so "Ish ka bibble",  
Each man to his chosen craft,  
We'll drink rum, and they "Peruna",  
Name of hypocrites delight,  
For it's plain that they would sooner  
Criticise,—than come and fight.

R. Williams, C. A. S. C.

### Sidelights,

Though we long for the land of the Maple,  
Though we long for the mountains and trees;  
Is it much wonder when living  
In a land where it's mud to our knees?

We came with the keen hope of fighting  
Our foes, to push them back from view,  
But we find that it's nothing but trenches,  
And little but work now to do.  
Each day means more digging and cleaning,  
The mud from a caved in old trench.  
Every other day here it's raining,  
Which means one continual drench.

We work at a job that is endless,  
Till the sight of a shovel's enough  
To make you curse at the training,  
That at home was all a bluff.

We read in the papers of battles,  
And of how victories are won;  
But we seldom read about shovels  
And, the digging that's continually done.

Give us credit, though sometimes we grumble,  
It's not what we figured to do;  
To fight with a pick and a shovel  
And no other prospect in view.

Let us handle our rifle and bayonet,  
Let us charge at the Huns in the way;  
And we'll show that it beats picks and shovel,  
For we're eager to finish "The Day".

J. S. Cruickshanks.

This isn't exactly a war anecdote, but it's all in the game. News Editor musingly, "Should there be a comma or a semi-colon after that last word?"

Pay Clerk, also some stenographer, "Let's have a semi-colon, we haven't had one for quite a while".