

Tape.

(From the Barton Convalescent Hospital Magazine).

A Daimler with the G.O.C.
 Passed Private Smith 1603.
 Now, Private Smith gave no salute,
 But gazed unseeing at his boot;
 The car was stopped, from thence emerged
 Various "tabs," who promptly surged
 Round Smith, to see if he was blind,
 That he had openly declined
 To rise in salutation.
 They took his number, age and name,
 Where he was bound, and whence he came;
 And having all they thought they needed,
 The Daimlar car "forthwith proceeded"
 Towards its destination.

A massive screed was soon compiled
 (Printed in triplicate and filed);
 An edict, harsh, and just, and stern,
 (Ended "initial and return,"
 And duly affixed with the office stamp)
 Went forthwith to each divisional camp—

To wit:

Sir,
 It devolves on me
 To say on behalf of the G.O.C.,
 That, learning to his great regret,
 That certain men to-day he met
 Did not salute, or try to pay
 Compliments in the proper way
 (In spite of markings on his car,
 See para. 60 in K.R.),
 He leaves the matter as it stands,
 For further action, in your hands.
 (A dignified and proper strafe
 For one so high up on the Staff).

Acknowledged with divisional tears,
 The matter reached the Brigadiers
 In envelope marked "Confidential"
 (A word that always seems essential).
 The G.O.C., the Umpteenth Corps,
 That men in your Brigade
 Are "slack saluting off parade,"
 (Written in red upon all these
 Was: "For your information, please.")
 Brigade H.Q. got busy then,
 And wielding an ever-ready pen,
 Wrote chits of dire dissatisfaction
 (Signed "For your necessary action.")
 Beginning thus:—"It would appear
 (Though why it should is never clear)
 The practice of saluting is
 Becoming slack, and sloven, viz.,
 X Army Order 612
 Herewith attached and passed to you."
 Adding: "Such wilful non-compliance
 Amounts to mutiny and defiance."

Each O.C. unit thus apprised
 Of how the Staff was jeopardised
 In Battalion Orders placed a solemn
 Warning in the stop-press column,
 "The Brigadier regrets to say
 That instances have come his way
 Of soldiers who did not salute
 The General as he passed en route."
 A clerk wrote out and under-lined it,
 The Adjutant then countersigned it.

The Company Commanders read
 All that the Brigadier had said,
 And had their N.C.O.'s paraded;
 And, duly instructed and upbraided,
 Despatched them to the rank and file,
 Where they, in turn, in flowery style
 Explained with force if not with tact
 How, passing Generals, one should act.
 Now Private Smith will click his heels
 To anything that moves on wheels,
 From Daimlar car to humble Ford,
 For the pen is mightier than the sword.
 This marked up in the Army's annals,
 And passed through all the various channels,
 The Army turned itself once more
 To minor things, such as—the war.

—From *The Bystander*.

♦ ♦ ♦

That Same Big Moon.

(No. 1 Fragments from France.)

Parody to tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

VERSE (Girl):

As I sat beside my window on a lovely night last June,
 And I saw the bright stars twinkling round a great big
 silver moon,
 As my thoughts of you were drifting, in the trenches
 full of mud,
 I wondered if that same big moon shone on you from
 above.

CHORUS (Man):

I surely saw that bright moon, the one you saw last
 June,
 Out in No Man's Land, where I had to stand the whole
 night through,
 And while that moon was shining, on sentry I was
 pining,
 When a sniper near snipped off half my ear, and the
 moon still shone.

W. CARPENTER.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Last Place Thought Of.

[Tune—"There's a pretty spot in Ireland."]

There's a little spot in England,
 It's a place called Seaford town—
 It's the last place God e'er thought of
 When he made the world go round;
 If you suffer from rheumatics,
 It's a splendid place to stay:
 You can lay out on the sea shore,
 Or have a mud bath every day.

O, I dream of dear Toronto,
 And dear old Montreal;
 You can ship me any day from here
 To any old place at all—
 I'll dispense with Q.M. quarters,
 And substitute a home,
 If you'll let me say a fond farewell
 To this place called Seaford town.