

THE FATIGUE PARTY'S LAMENT.

Not fifty miles from — is a dug-out, damp and low,
In a snaky line of trenches, in a land of rain and snow;
There's a long communication trench, where no one's ever seen,
There's a straggling fatigue party a-coming o'er the green.

They report somewhere to engineers, where engineers are not,
They toddle back a mile or two to find the fatal spot;
They take a calling down for being somewhere where they
should,

They resignedly pick up their loads of rails and wire and wood.
The officer in charge says, "Number off," and then they find
The party far too numerous, though some have dropped behind.
The officer in charge says, "Carry on"; they carry off—
Their loads to some uncharted spot and dump them on the turf.

A fertile brain, o'er gold stars twain, has struck a bright idea,
To build a fence with wire dense which Germans cannot clear
Away, away by break of day, for it is shrewdly set,
A full mile back behind the track where enemies are met.

The work is o'er, the men are sore, and straggle back that night
And thirst for something strong and brown, for something
with a bite.

But hark! The Orderly Sergeant's voice says words it didn't
oughter:

"The rum is done, you blasted fools; go draw yourselves some
water."

—**—

AND HIS DAY'S WORK WAS DONE.

Bill Juggins went out to the war, he thought it would be fun;
No sooner had he reached there than he spied a burly Hun;
So he loaded up his rifle, but his sight he never set,
And then he went and put his head above the parapet;
He very soon was spotted by the ever-watchful Hun:

An electric shock went through his block.

And his day's work was done.

Bill Blinker he went out one day some souvenirs to find,
The bullets whistled round him, but old Bill he didn't mind;
These little things ne'er worried him, he never knew any fear,
He said he wasn't going back without a souvenir;
He got one very shortly: it was a bullet from a Hun

That gave him a shock that stopped his clock,

And his day's work was done.

Old Kaiser Bill set out one day his enemies to crush,
And wiped out little Belgium on his ever onward rush;
They didn't mind neutrality these vile inhuman fiends,
But when Britain and her sons stepped in, they showed them
what it means;

They stopped the rush to Paris and they've kept him on the run.

So Kaiser Bill make out your will,

For your day's work is done.

—**—

MY LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH.

I've a little wet home in a trench,
Where the rainstorms continually drench;
There's a dead cow close by
With her hoofs towards the sky,
And she gives off a beautiful stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor,
There's a mass of wet mud, and some straw,
And the Jack Johnsons tear
Thro' the rain-sodden air
O'er my little wet home in the trench.

There are snipers who keep on the go,
So you must keep your "napper" down low;
And their star-shells at night
Make the deuce of a light,
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we chew,
For it's days since we tasted a stew;
But with shells dropping there,
There's no place to compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

—**—

WHIZ-BANGS!

WE understand that one of the shining lights of our regi-
mental aristocracy has lately developed a stray inter-
est in social uplift, and that he generously devoted
a considerable portion of his recent leave to the Y.M.C.A.
Report says he met some young people with very taking ways.
(Oh! you Harry.)

Talking of women's war work, we heard a new one the other
day. One of the boys was home on leave, and, of course, his
admiring feminine relatives were tireless in their efforts on his
behalf. One of them, going through his kit for fit objects for
the washing machine, came across a small bag containing a
peculiar-shaped, fusty-smelling flannelette garment. Our
comrade returned to us with his tube helmet starched and
ironed. (See illustration on page 6.)

REVIEW COLUMN.

THERE seems to be a deeply-rooted idea that no publication,
however unpretentious, is ever quite complete without a
Review Column. In this case the Editor-in-Chief—or,
more correctly speaking, the O.C. Echo—has made it quite
apparent that this publication is to be "complete," and
since the Review Column must be, regardless of the quantity
or quality of our trench literature, it only remains to collect
anything and everything in print from the dug-outs and huts
of the Battalion. True, the quantity is limited, but, thank
heaven, the quality lends itself to criticism. Certain publica-
tions will surely feel highly honoured when it comes noised
abroad that they are to be found in the front-line trenches and
are deemed worthy of attention by the super-critical Johnny
Canuck, even when their "literary lapses" are punctuated by
whiz-bangs, coal-boxes, fat Berthas, woolly bears, and the vast
horde of unearthly creatures, chief of which and most ferocious
is "the minnenwerfer"—prehistoric, but lately granted a new
lease of life.

A thorough search has been made, and here is what we find,
and where we found it. The *Manitoba Free Press*, everywhere;
the *Winnipeg Telegram*, somewhere; in the cook-house and
subalterns' dug-outs and scattered throughout the line, the
Saturday Evening Post, *Everybody's Magazine*, *Life*, *The Tatler*,
Sketch, and *Canada*, and one or two others; and in the Com-
pany Commander's dug-out, *Punch*, the *Literary Digest*, and—
I regret to have to record the fact—*La Vie Parisienne*.

To criticise a daily paper is a danger we in the front line are
not asked to run; besides, they tell us what we have to do and
how we are to do it, and lots of definite information on the
duration of the war and other little things which are interest-
ing people at home. *Punch* and *Life* and the illustrateds help
things along very nicely, but *Canada* is extremely popular. It
tells you all about the rapid promotion of those you left behind,
and causes many a heartfelt oath by the announcement that the
man who took the tenth subs.' course after yours, and who
stayed at home, has just received his majority, while you, alas!
are still a sub. Oh, we like to read *Canada*. Then, again, we
learn from it all the gallant deeds of returned heroes—heroes
whom we left at Shorncliffe, and we simply burn to emulate
them.

In the inventory of our trench literature we couple with the
illustrateds no less a publication than *Life*, whereas *La Vie*
Parisienne should really have occupied that place, since to most
of us—those who don't read French—it is an illustrated pure
and simple. In regard to it we have only one criticism to make,
or, rather, one suggestion: "Write it in English."

Seriously though, many and varied are the publications which
find their way into the trenches, and whether they make us
swear or smile, they help more than anything else to relieve the
monotony and to keep one's intelligence from corrosion or dry-
rot (according to temperament), and they constitute one of the
few real comforts of trench life.

In conclusion, we wish to pay our respects to what might be
called "local" publications, among which we presume to take
our place and which, though like *Trench Echo* are published
for local consumption and that of our friends and relatives at
home, find their way into the Battalion by devious routes.
Those we have caught a glimpse of are: "Dead Horse Corner
Gazette," 4th Batt.; "The Listening Post," 7th Batt.; "The
R.M.R. Growler," 14th Batt.; "The Brazier," 16th Batt.;
"The Forty-niner," 49th Batt.; "The Iodine Chronicle," 1st
F.A.; "The Splint Record," 2nd F.A.; "Now and Then,"
3rd F.A.

And although those who are not intimately connected with the
units to which these journals belong cannot fully appreciate
much of their humour, we wish to congratulate them on their
issues, and we trust that before long others will appear and
likewise find their way to us. M. H. G.

—**—

SOME ARGUMENT.

(Scene.—Barrier near the local "Staggerer." Enter car bear-
ing very exalted and distinguished General.)

SENTRY: "You can't pass here in daylight."

GENERAL: "Oh, that's all right. I'm General Timberberry.
I'm in command around here, you know."

SENTRY: "Very sorry, sir; my orders are not to allow any
vehicle along this road in daylight."

GENERAL: "Yes, yes! But I want to pass—will accept the
responsibility."

SENTRY (hailing corporal at guard tent): "J. B., come over
here and settle THIS ARGUMENT."

—**—

We welcome back to our fold Major R. M. MacLeod after
his illness in London (which necessitated ten days' leave exten-
sion), and trust that the rest in the trenches will soon restore
him his good health once more.

—**—

OVERHEARD AT FOOTBALL MATCH, "A" v. "C."

Spectator: "Where did 'Ibby' get those pants? 'E ain't
been on leave yet."

The long and short of it—Spack and Saundy.