

The Poet's Corner.

Ode to the Roads of Sussex.

Sapper A.G.S., who modestly asks us to refrain from publishing his name, has submitted the following ode which was inspired by his duties as a D.R. :—

Roads of Sussex : they are splendid,
Contoured, narrow, and well-bended,
Full of twists and hairpin corners,
Responsible for many mourners ;
Pools and puddles, ruts and mire,
To overthrow one do conspire ;
Hills and vales all in order,
Right up to the county border.

Waggon loads of hay or straw
Do their bit to get one sore,
For they block your line of vision,
And you make a quick decision,
But beyond them cattle wander :
In the ditch you've time to ponder,
That it's best to " wait and see "
Along the roads of this county.

We predict a brilliant future for Sapper A.G.S., both as a D.R. and as a poet. As a D.R. he is an observer of nature, and as a poet he has real courage. For instance, who but a courageous man would write :—

" Waggon loads of hay or straw
Do their bit to get one sore."

Truly, this is a great wah !

Après La Guerre Finis.

(Dedicated to Sergt. J. L——h)

Just think, when this business is over,
And we all start off for home.
Where there's no more talk of " Going over,"
Or of getting a shell on the dome.

When you're lying at rest a-thinking
Of the party you meet that night ;
And old John comes in a-blinking,
And snaps " No parties to-night."

Can you imagine no more wiring,
Or carrying jobs, napoo.
Or deepening, that job so tiring ;
In fact, just nothing to do ?

Oh, Jack, that day you'll love us,
And you'll lose that worried look,
When, instead of a shovel, you'll lend us
Your much-loved old note book.

L-CORPL. H. C. DUNNING.

A Useful Article.

It's bon for a candlestick, kettle or pail ;
It makes a fine seat in the wet ;
It saved me from many a bump on a nail—
A service I'll never forget.

And then when to Blighty on furlough I go,
It makes me old soldier toute suite.
Ah, what gracious glances the maidens bestow—
Rich and poor, and obscure and elite.

It's heavy and awkward, yet I love it well,
Despite all discomfort and that ;
For it once saved my bean from a splinter of
shell—

My rotten, old, pesky, Tin Hat.

SAPPER G. W. BARTLETT.

Camouflage.

Red, did you say ? Did I see red ?
Oh, stow your bally row.
I never sees no red, I don't ;
I'm colour blind, that's how.

Look at the head on that blasted 'un
A-lying there just dead ;
It looks to me like a green, green cheese,
But I *know* it's a blasphemous red.

I watched all day, an' I watched all night,
Fer a chance to get 'im neat ;
But every time I took a sight,
'E was camouflaged complete.

For the greens an' browns of the stinkin' earth,
Mixed up with the flamin' red,
That looked like blue and grey to me,
When I tried to find 'is 'ead.

So I comes out one night from an R.E. dump,
With some whitewash in a can ;
An' I whitens the front of the trench that 'eld
That multi-coloured man.

An' when the bright blue sun come up,
Where a red sun should have been ;
'Is 'ead showed over the whitened top,
A glarin' flarin' green.

I miss the greasy blighter now,
With 'is camouflagin' 'ead ;
But I saw 'is soul in 'is eyes as 'e fell,
An I'll swear 'is soul was red.

—B.

1st Tommy : " What's a soldier for ? "
Chorus : " Something to hang things on."