

Thoughts Outside the Examining Room Door

Behind that door there lurk for me,
Three M.O.'s cool and grim;
And every scar they'll wish to see,
Also the injured limb.

They'll ask how long I was in France,
How long I've served the King;
And then with verbal probe will lance,
To see if lead I swing.

Then, was I wounded at the Somme,
And does it ache or pain,
Would I rather go back home,
Or up the line again?

O, men of science, fateful three,
You ask me questions ten;
Just come with me to Picardy,
You'll know my answers then.

Tune—"O Star of Eve."

O, Star of hope whose radiant smile,
Doth the unwary blue beguile
Back into khaki, marked P.T.,
So once again across the sea
To sodden France to play his part—
O, Colonel Starr, just have a Hart,

Pte. F. GIOLMA

All the Difference

Have you ever been out on the prairie at night,
When the old moon above is shining real bright?
If you think of the Maker's all-powerful might,
My — you feel small!

Have you ever been out on patrol as a scout,
When you wish like the dickens that moon would go out?
Tho' you aren't very large, you will wish you were nowt.
My — you feel big!!

When you sit in a trench with the shells bursting round,
And you huddle right down with your nose to the ground,
When your pals are 'going out' with never a sound:
Life's not worth much!

When you've got back to 'Blighty' and met that one girl,
And you feel in your heart that you've captured a pearl,
You forget about death, for your heart's in a whirl:
And life's the whole thing!!

Pte. J. H. MATKIN, 8th Batt.