

The song of the 1st B.C.

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We are tired of resting here.  
We are tired of drinking beer.  
Write a letter to the Corps —  
« Let us take some trenches more. »

Answer comes from Army Corps —  
« You can take three trenches more. »  
Do you think we'll stop at three ?  
Not while we're the 1st B.C.

Ena Mena Mina Mo,  
Up the blinking ridge we go,  
If on top we cannot be,  
Then we're not the 1st B. C.

Once on top we will not stop.  
When we've got them on the top  
Down the far side they will flee  
From the good, old 1st B. C.

Fritz will say — « For home I pine.  
Further fighting I decline. »  
So across the Rhine we'll be.  
(Three months leave for 1st B. C.)

Any more lines, dear, old thing,  
We will take and give to —  
V. of V. proud man will be,  
But he knew his 1st B. C.

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A CLIMPSE OF HOME

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The snow lies deep upon the hill,  
But deeper in the dell,  
And ice-encrusted is the stream —  
The stream I know so well.

Keen as a knife, the frosted air  
A thousand lights reveal.  
A thousand scintillating lights  
Across the night sky steal.

Look ! what a wondrous land I see,  
The late moon rising shows.  
The Moose's brazen call is heard  
Across the fleeting snows.

Calm on the hill he stands supreme,  
Eager for love or fight ;  
And once again his brazen call  
Re-echoes through the night.

I see again the virgin wood  
Where Nature's children sleep.  
While from the chimney of my shack  
The curling smoke wreaths creep.

Relentless now the forest creeps  
Where once the clearing stood.  
No more upon the frosty morn  
The axe rings in the wood.

No friendly fire adorns the hearth.  
Within the shades lie deep.  
Across the portal of my door  
The skulking Coyotes creep.

Perhaps some future day will see  
My long delayed return ;  
And once again a friendly fire  
Upon the hearth-stone burn.

Ptè Joe Sullivan. 466410.

Private Isadore Cohen was on sentry duty in the trench, when the German officer slid over the parapet and shoved a gun in his face. Izzy was scared stiff, but not so badly that the business instinct wasn't working. « It ain't a bad gun you got », he admitted » but it's been used a lot. Tell you what, I'll give you ten francs for it, and not another cent. »

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« When I enlisted, » said the 47th man, « I had to pass seven doctors before I was able to join the battalion. »

« That's nothing », answered the old 7th private « A pal of mine in Valcartier, a man of good physique, was turned down by the medical authorities because he was ugly. »

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### Situations Vacant

Engineer wanted for large brazier. Must be skilled mechanic with 19th class papers. Preference given to man who can run a muck stick between meals. Must be good coke rustler. Must be able to produce abundant heat without either light or smoke. Hours from dawn till dawn, light duties only after that. Comfortable quarters on the firing-step. Water laid on. Wages Fr. 30 per month Bonus after the war. Liberal diet. Apply in person to almost any section commander in front line.

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Situations Wanted.

— Ex-soldier desires employment as private secretary to munition worker. Can operate typewriter any make, Colt, Lewis or Vickers-Maxim. Very rapid and accurate. No objection to working nights and Sundays.

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### Sale or Exchange.

Private in Canadians, late real estate magnate, will exchange 25ft lot in Ocean View Extension, Greater Vancouver — cost originally forty of the green and crinkly ones — for bombproof job any capacity.

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Personal.

If the author and composer of « Oh My ! I Don't Want To Die. I Want To Go Home. » will communicate with this office he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

