

On they journey to dismissal,  
And in hectic fifteen minutes  
To prepare them for a lecture.

As we wait for "evening stables"  
See that lithe and supple figure  
With a trumpet 'neath his arm-pit;  
See him amble to the flag-pole,  
Scarce a lad of sixteen summers,  
As he grapples with the halyards  
And the good flag comes fluttering  
To the ground at sound of "Sunset".

Now the warriors are assembling  
In their jail-like stable-jackets  
With their grooming-kits beside them.  
Near them stands the sergeant-major  
With his erudite assistant,  
He who says "You'll be for  
Night-guard",  
He who says "Why were you absent  
From the sick parade this morning?"  
And when all preliminaries  
Such as Roll-call and Inspection  
Are completed, when "All present"  
Is stentoriously reported  
To the officer on duty,  
With a swinging gait that wavers  
Like the great Atlantic breakers,  
Moves the party to the stables  
To commune with long-faced comrades

With too obvious reluctance;  
There to gather the aroma  
Of wet straw and filthy bedding  
Which is subsequently carried  
On their garments to the mess-room.  
Such the stench, one cannot wonder  
That when mixed with smell of food-  
stuffs  
One becomes a thing abhorrent  
Even to one's boon companions.

But there comes an end to all things,  
E'en monotony and tedium  
Have their limits; e'en the patience  
Of an editor is finite;  
And lest I should be indicted  
On a charge of too much verbiage  
Let me hasten to assure you  
There are sundry other aspects  
Which may well be relegated  
To a subsequent edition.

Thus we leave the mental pictures  
Of the Pile-o'-bones encampment  
As we steal away in silence  
In the gathering of the shadows,  
In the aftermath of sunset,  
With the twittering of the night-birds,  
And the requiem of nature.

—B.G.M.



The first Jig-Saw Puzzle to reach the Arctic.