

## The Poet's Corner.

### Ravin'!

(With apologies to the Original "Raven.")

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered weak and weary  
O'er a complicated switchboard  
Mentioned oft in Signal lore,  
Things were in a beastly jumble,  
And before I ceased to grumble,  
Suddenly there came a rumble,  
Like I'd often heard before—  
Just a faint mysterious rumble,  
Somewhat louder than before.  
" 'Tis the G.O.C.," I muttered,  
"Calling up Battalion Four,"  
Simply this, and nothing more.

From the mass of plugs a-lying,  
I selected one, and trying  
Every line that I could think of;  
Surely there were most a score.  
But no answer was forthcoming.  
Though the damned machine kept humming,  
I had but remarked before;  
'Tis, said I, past understanding,  
Answers not to my demanding.  
"Sir, you want Battalion Four?"  
This, said I, and nothing more.

Now my soul was seized with fury,  
Things I said would shock a jury,  
As I raged, and stormed, and cussed,  
As mortal seldom cussed before.  
Anger was within me burning,  
Fiercely 'phone and switchboard spurning,  
Jumped upon my feet, and turning,  
Saw the S.O. at the door:  
Only he, and nothing more.

"Sir," said I, with firm intention,  
Though I shook with apprehension,  
"Tell me why this cursed invention  
Keeps on buzzing more and more  
To my peace of mind destroying,  
Language which I much deplore,  
Language which the gods abhor."

For a moment he stood gazing  
With expression most amazing;  
Then the words poured in a torrent—  
Holy Smoke! how that man swore.  
By the gods of heathen nation,  
By all things in God's creation,  
Without pause or hesitation—  
Swore he till his throat grew sore,  
Plainly, he could swear no more.

With a voice now quite bombastic,  
With a glance and smile sarcastic,  
He directed my attention—  
To a bug upon the floor.  
There he sat, the table under,  
While I gasped "Well, what in thunder—  
Is that four-legged wonder  
Sending Morse or semaphore?"  
This I gasped, but nothing more.

Now perhaps you will be thinking  
That yours truly had been drinking,  
But I swear that blooming beetle  
Could send dot and dash galore  
Still, if you have a suspicion,  
That this tale is supposition,  
I declare your disposition  
Is to me a beastly bore.  
So I murmur in conclusion,  
"C'est le Guerre; yes, 'tis the war."

A. VIMYIST.

♦ ♦ ♦

### The French "Poilu's" Philosophy.

In France, one is either in the Army or not.  
If not, there is no need to worry!  
If in the Army, one is either in the firing line or not.  
If not, there is no need to worry!  
If in the firing line, one is either wounded or not.  
If not, there is no need to worry!  
If wounded, it is either seriously or not.  
If not, there is no need to worry!  
If seriously wounded, one either dies or does not.  
If not, there is no need to worry!  
If one dies, one can't worry, so  
Why worry at all?

♦ ♦ ♦

### The Poem of Peace.

BY DER KAISER DAT VAS.

Mein people of der Vaterland,  
All dead except a few;  
Von thing you ever thank me for,  
Dat PEACE I gave to you.

Before I come for holidays  
To Saint Helena's Isle,  
I make you happy in your heart,  
And much you all have smile.

Und all the other nations, too,  
Are feeling very glad,  
Because I have delivered them  
From their defeat so bad.

Great Deutschland now is over all,  
Our foes have had their fill;  
In lands we gave them back again,  
Our heroes there are "still."

Mein men do permeate the earth,  
According to mein plan;  
The finest German victory  
Since this, mein world, began.

So satisfied mit vat I've done,  
I drew mine guns away  
From Belgium, Russia and the rest,  
And ask them for no pay.

True German hearts are ever good,  
And so mit those who live;  
To all these countries dat we beat  
Much money did we give.

Mein Kultur I did teach them all,  
They know now vat it means;  
So having finished my life's task,  
I vent behind the scenes.

"VIN BLANC."