

THE SONG OF KHAKI BLANCO.

Of the honking of the "Two Gee's";
Of the groaning of the bath mats,
Groaning 'neath the feet of many,
Many for the onslaught mustering;
Of the Spirit of the Bullet;
Of the Spirit of the Bayonet;
Of the one, the great O'Grady
In his prime at seven ac-emma;
Of the fair god Khaki-Blanco,
And his white squaw, Blanco-Blanco;
Of the burnishing and brushing—
Dawn to dark for ever brushing;
Of the eyes left and the eyes right,
Of the eyes front, still and steady;
Of the quick march and the slow march—
Of especially the slow march—
Sing I now in stolen accents,
Sing I now by purloined numbers—
I must do it all by numbers
Lest I falter in time-judging
And bring shame upon the teaching,
Teaching learned in blood and sweating
At the great Canadian Corps School,
Where they do all things in order,
Very perfect, very pretty.

Many, many are the wigwags;
Many, many are the tepees,
Bright in hues that shame the sunset,
Decked in hues of nightmare fancy,
Many are the braves that muster,
Bearing odds and ends of colour—
Each his clan and each his colour—
Muster on the groaning bath-mats,
Standing steady on the bath-mats,
For the calling of the roll-call,
For the marking of the markers;
While the stern platoon commanders
Count and count upon their fingers,
Ready for the big parading;
While the bright instructors sparkle
With kind words of admonition,
Some in mutters, some in whispers,
Some in shrieks that shake the welkin;
Admonition for the warrior—
How to hold his head and back up,
Which is right foot, which is left foot;
Kind, but proud are the instructors
In their knowledge of the latest,
Latest quiff from distant Blighty,
In their crowns and martial emblems,
In their golden three-fold stripings,
In their gifts from Khaki-Blanco,
Very perfect, very pretty.

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"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."
as the Commandant said, when the motor-bike
bowled him into the ditch.

THE NERVY NINE.

There were eight with me at Valcartier,
Nine of us all in a tent;
I could tell you the name of ev'ry one,
Of every single son-of-a-gun,
(And they've all gone somehow one by one,
As the ten little nigger boys went.)
But you wouldn't know Big Ben from Jim,
Or "Shorty" from Sam, or "Red" from
"Slim,"
And even "Long Alec" you wouldn't know
him,
So my breath would be mis-spent.

There were nine of us camped at West Down
South,
And nine of us crossed to France;
And we grew to savvy each others' gaits,
When all of a sudden we fouled the Fates,
And the only one left of all us mates,
Is me by the grace of Chance!
In one short week there were four went West,
Four of the whitest, four of the best,
Pushing up daisies with all the rest
That fell in the big advance.

Then Alec got his in a bomb attack,
And he'll never scrap again;
He's over in Blighty, merry and bright,
Lucky, poor chap, it wasn't his right,
We simply could *not* get him in that night
As he lay out there in the rain.
Then "Red" bobs up, and gets himself hit,
And tough as he is, I was scared a bit;
But we'll see him again when they pass him
fit
For the Reinforcement train.

Then Ben and "Slim" went for officers' jobs
(How they love a Sam Browne belt),
Now I guess I could beat 'em both out of
sight
In holding my men in the thick of a fight,
But I only just know how to read and write,
And I'm damned if I ever spelt.
But Ben has dropped an "h" in his life,
And I've seen him eat peas with a knife,
And the other guy, "Slim," has *some* sort of
wife,
And *that's* where the pinch is felt!

And so I'm left alone of the bunch
(They called us the "Nervy Nine"),
If I have my eye on old Blighty now
Do you blame me, boys, if I feel somehow
A trifle fed up and sick of the row,
And the fag of the firing line?
Ah, if they could only come back again,
The men that I knew on Salisbury Plain,
But they won't, so I guess I must stand the
strain
Till the Germans give me mine.

R. M. E.,
Western Cavalry