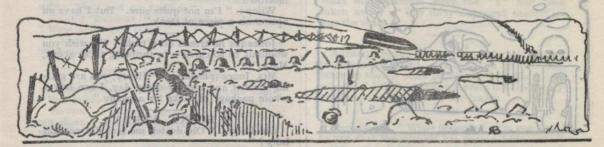
DECIMATION.



Ten little Fritzies going up the line, One stepped on a live grenade, Then there were nine.

Nine little Fritzies in No Man's Land too late, One walked into our night patrol, Then there were eight.

Eight little Fritzies saw a plane near Heaven,
Pilot dropped a bomb on one,
Then there were seven.

Seven little Fritzies, a bit of trench to fix, One showed his head too much, Then there were six.

Six little Fritzies, to win the war they strive, Ambition made one take a chance, Then there were five.



One little Fritzie, bosom friends all dead, Began to study Kultur, Now he's off his head.



Five little Fritzies joined the Flying Corps, Archies tumbled one to earth, Now there are four.

Four little Fritzies observing from a tree, One tried some monkey tricks, Then there were three.

Three little Fritzes each sailing in a "U,"
One boat tangled in a net,
Then there were two.

Two little Fritzes scouting round for fun, One got the Iron Cross, the other— He got done.



For the benefit of those who "proceeded" into Hospital yesterday—"Don't forget the Salute!"