

DECIMATION.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two little Fritzie 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!"