

TRENCH SONGS OF THE FIGHTING FIRST

Tie a bunch of British Tommies up together for any considerable time and they will produce no end of stories and a couple of songs. It has been so with the famous Canadian First Division, and no doubt it will be the case with the later ones as well. Through the kindness of Lieutenant Sutton, we give, herewith, the words of two of the most popular produced by the First Division. Like the chanteys of the old sailormen, the weird lays of the cow-camps of the Southwest, and the interminable songs of the lumber-jacks, these songs of the Fighting First appear to claim no definite parentage. Particularly in the case of "Tickler's Jam" there seems to have been no traceable authorship. Someone started it and then verse after verse was added, until now its extent can only be adequately expressed in yards. The short song, "I Want To Go Home," is unusually good, combining, as it does, real pathos with humor.

I Want To Go Home

I want to go home; I want to go home!
The Maxims and Johnsons around me roar;
I don't want to go to the "Front" any more.
Take me over the sea,
Where the "Allemands" can't get me.
Oh! My! I don't want to die!
I want to go home!

Tickler's Jam

We went to fight the Germans and prepared to give them beans,
We took out lots of soldiers and likewise some gay marines;
We had everything we wanted, and the food was jolly fine;
There was one thing in particular—an extra special line—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,
How I love old Tickler's Jam!
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep
I'm dreaming that I am
Washing my poor old frozen feet
In Tommy Tickler's Jam.

We were fighting in the trenches at a place called Neuve
Chapple;
We fairly took the place by storm, midst hail of shot and shell.
The Germans saw us coming and they stopped their old brass
band,
Then turned and ran like lightning when they noticed in my
hand—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,
How I love old Tickler's Jam!
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep
I'm dreaming that I am
Forcing my way up the Dardanelles
With the aid of Tickler's Jam.

We've done a lot of deadly work with bombs thrown by the
hand;
They go off like an earthquake and they shift some tons of
land;
These bombs are made in hundreds, and by men not highly
trained;
They're simply made of little tins that at one time contained—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,
How I love old Tickler's Jam!
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep
I'm dreaming that I am
Having my tea with Kaiser Bill
And Tommy Tickler's Jam.

When I get back to Angleterre, back to my dear old wife,
I mean to make the most of things and see a bit of life.
I love my dear old woman, but her life I'll surely take
If ever she puts in front of me jam of that well-known make—

Tickler's Jam, Tickler's Jam,
How I love old Tickler's Jam!
Plum and apple in one-pound pots,
Sent from England in ten-ton lots;
Ev'ry night when I'm asleep
I'm dreaming that I am
Condemned to fifty years C.B.
On Tommy Tickler's Jam.



TOM FISHER

Old Country
Civil and Military Tailor

LADIES' AND GENTS'
BREECHES SPECIALIST

MY RIDING AND WALKING-OUT
BREECHES CANNOT BE BEAT

PHONE 1080 L

2481 WILLOWS RD.

STILL LEADING!

THORPE'S

HIGH CLASS BEVERAGES

A Colonel named Armand Lavergne,
For soldiering life does not yearn;
Since Armand is pretty
And thinks it a pity
To give his poor 'tummy a turn.

Officer to sentry: "Call your corporal." Sentry (yelling)
"Smithy!" Officer (sternly), "I told you to call your corporal."
Sentry, "Yes, sir." "Smithy, you North American Chinaman,
you're wanted."

The terms of derision Scotch and Scotchmen as applied to
Scot and Scotsman, were created by Lord Byron in revenge for
Scotland's rejection of his works.

The surest way to get promotion is to be proud of your
Regiment.

The snowstorm by enforcing a break in the regular and
strenuous training, has prevented many young soldiers from
going stale.