

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

ABOUT WORKING PARTIES

The following valuable notes are (not) from the diary of an officer who has "had some." When you "lamp" the fateful order from the Orderly Room coming into your billet, start coughing and complain of trench feet and trench fever. The Company Commanders are all sympathetic that yours is almost certain to detail someone else for the job.

However, if you fail, make the best of it. Don't get up too early to meet your party. The mens' nerves are already shattered and your appearance on time might cause some to collapse.

When a sapper comes up and tags your party for his particular job, get square with him by giving your opinion of Engineers as trench makers. A few encouraging words like these endear the two corps with one another.

When the task is allotted, criticize the necessity for the work. This puts heart into the men who love to waste sandbags. Then find a nice soft spot and light your pipe. Read the morning paper, then have a snooze. The men will work much better. They will say unto themselves, "Let us surprise little Algernon by showing how much we did while he slept." If the result is not what you expected and you fear an adverse report, send for the sapper and scold him. Then have a dispute about the time for "knocking off." If the sapper dares dispute the accuracy of your wrist watch, crime him for insolence.

If your party is shelled a bit, remember that it is because the powerful German telescopes have detected an officer—yourself. Consider your men first. Though your valorous instinct says no, withdraw instantly to the rear. Once the Huns see the officer has gone, they will not shell any more—thus you really earn the V. C. for saving lives. "Discretion is the better part of valor," so be discrete and retire.

Never look after the party's food or rum on your return. That pampers the men. Let them scratch for themselves and learn self reliance. If they fail to get the rum they will be peeved but think of the joy in W. C. T. U. Lodges.

Remember you are entitled to 12 hours sleep on your return to billets and your breakfast in bed. Arduous labor requires rest.

"A" Company's Hymn of Hate.

There's a beautiful land called Flanders,
That's noted for lockjaw and glanders;
Where it rains all the time
And the sun does not shine,
But is alright for ducklings and ganders.

Old Kaiser Bill's hordes took a hold of this land,
And entrenched themselves in behind bags
filled with sand.

But a few shells from our guns,
Soon dispersed all the Huns,
Which shows that their scheme was not very well
planned.

Now we're only waiting the day
When Haig says: "Boys, there's the way;"
Then with bayonet and shell,
We'll sure give 'em Hell
And show how the Eighth can repay.

For they caught us one day up at Ypres,
Where our trenches were damn hard to keep,
But we fought hand to hand with that dastardly
band
Who with gas put our comrades to sleep.

So sharpen your bayonets L.B.D's,
We'll bring that damn Kaiser right down on
his knees.

Come woe or come weal,
We'll give 'em cold steel
For our vengeance they'll find is hard to appease.

ON DIT

There are 'eaps of ways of pronouncing YPRES.

The reputation of MESSINES as a health resort is gone.
German experts report it as "distinctly unhealthy."

No need to go to London to see "Shell Out" played.

The Smart Alex who wrote home to his wife that he was held up by an "Ack Pip Emma" in London is in wrong

with his family. "Who was the awful creature?" They ask.

Who is the chap who on a recent visit to London became "Estaminated" and wandered to Hyde Park Corner where he fell asleep. "Hey what are you doing here?" said a policeman. "Waiting for rations" was the reply.

To learn to talk French listen to the repartee between the apposing lines some quiet evening.

Seems to us we once heard of a place called Canada, but that was long ago.

The 'Plaint of the Horse

Oh say! Mr. Editor Orr Sir,
A word with you if you don't mind,
I'm only a war-worn old horse Sir,
But my story's worth hearing you'll find.

Each pay day you issue your "Rag" Sir,
And the boys gather round for a smile,
Now there's no pay day for an old "Nag" Sir,
But you might mention us once in a while.

You see Sir, we're no good at writing,
And our "Folks" live "Somewhere out West"
We're built so we're no good for fighting,
But tell them we are doing our best.

The boys in the trenches at night Sir,
Are protected by sandbags and wire,
They "Duck" when they see a "Flare-light Sir,"
While we face the Hun's "Rapid fire."

We take their rations and mail Sir,
In loads which are piled mountains high,
We'll still do our bit without fail Sir,
But please mention us once, wont you try?

You sit in your cosy old dug-out
And write up some story or fable,
All the while there's your faithfull old plug out
In the rain, sleet and mud, for a stable.

In peace times no doubt you wont need us,
Except for shoe leather or glue;
But please take us back where they'll feed us,
To our friends of the Cross painted Blue.

Bonypart.

Zipp I addie I ay

Old General Von Bellow a Hun of a fellow,
Played on a "Jack Johnson" one night,
Sweet "Melodies" rare in the trenches somewhere,
We all got dug in out of sight,
But he started prancing
When he saw us advancing
With British Tommies at our side,
And with one big yell O!
He showed he was yellow,
For he kicked his poor batman and cried;

Chorus

Zipp I addie I ay I ay,
Zipp I addie I ay
I don't care what becomes of me
If only I get back to sweet Germanee,
Zipp I addie I ay I ay
My feet they vos just like clay,
They've got guns like "Big Lizz,"
And I dont like this biz,
Zipp I addie I ay.

Now some kinds of music makes me sick and you sick
And some kinds are anything but grand,
So when they started passing us
"Jack Johnsons" and gassing us,
'Twas worse than one dam German Band,
But look not Von Tirpitz,
To welcome home Fritz,
Who thought into Calais he'd stride,
For with shrapnel and snipers
He couldn't take "Wipers,"
So he "Straffed" us once more as he cried:

Chorus