

## How 15 Platoon ended the War.

(AN IMAGINARY EPISODE.)

THE days were long, with a fiery sun,  
That gave you the thirst of a king;  
But we managed to get all our rations,  
And that's, as you know, the main thing.

To our right and our left were the Tommies,  
In front were Fritz and his bunch,  
But they wouldn't accept our bold challenge,  
And that is what gave us the hunch.

To kill them by bringing in science,  
By taking a leaf from their book,  
And so to my story, which mentions,  
The kind of revenge that we took.

Now amongst us were very fine singers,  
There were many men there that you knew—  
There was Quayle, and Horne, and old Fergy,  
If I mention only a few.

Flanagan, fiery, impassion'd  
(He planned houses in calm days of peace),  
Scrivener, whose singing was faulty,  
And Taylor, McNair, and Jack Preece.

Jamieson's voice was a coal-box,  
That took away everyone's breath,  
And the singing of Fricker and Riddell,  
Made us long for a violent death.

George Clark and Mackenzie, as soldiers,  
Were as fine as e'er came from the West,  
But whenever they started to warble  
The least I can say would be best.

Of France and of Not I would mention,  
They fought as their fathers of old,  
But the way they would try out their voices—  
'Twould give healthy men a bad cold!

George Smith, who slept outside, would listen,  
But not often lend us his voice,  
While Anderson, working the buzzer,  
Stayed away, I think, mostly from choice.

Now this is the scheme that we cherished,  
To kill, by degrees, every Hun—  
We'd sing to them in their own trenches,  
And those that survived—well, they'd run!

A committee each night would consider  
How best we could work out the scheme,  
And Mackenzie and Quayle, the debaters,  
Would hand out advice by the ream!

George Clark, having two stripes, was chair-  
man,  
And Fergy was mentioned as "Vice,"  
But he found all his spare time was needed  
To rescue his shirt from the —.

Then Flan, he suggested that Taylor,  
Should fill the position of "Sub,"  
But Horne, as a Lance-Jack, was "balky,"  
And felt, and declared it, a snub.

With Flan. and Jack Preece in the running,  
We dare not do anything rash,  
And Scriv. badly wanted the duty  
Of hoarding and guarding the cash.

As sec., there were Quayle and Mackenzie,  
The only drawback was their youth,  
But we knew that as partners-in-talking  
They stick to the bedrock of Truth!

At last all was ready, and slowly  
We crept from our home in the wood.  
Convinced that, if need be, we'd perish  
In the one way that true Britons should.

No challenger stopped our night journey,  
No sentry called loudly "Who's there?"  
But deep in our hearts we were hoping  
To live on till *Après la Guerre!*

And then, at the last, we were standing,  
Right opposite Mr. Hun's trench,  
And back in our rear were "Eye Witness,"  
And Sam Hughes, and General French.

They'd come, some heard, to be ready  
To welcome us on our return,  
And give us all V.C.'s and "hand-outs,"  
And passes, and "money to burn."

We started. Ye gods! What a medley  
Of voices were raised in that song!  
I fancy I still see the Boches  
Start up to find out what was wrong.

And then we all warbled in earnest—  
I've paid for many a worse show!—  
And Fritz, in his madness, sought safety,  
Nor waited the order to go!

The trenches were cleared in a second,  
Men everywhere threw down their guns—  
And then—(it had seemed but a minute)  
We saw only vanishing Huns.

The reserves and supports likewise "beat it."  
As fast as their legs could touch ground,  
And we bagged all their kit and their money  
That was found by us lying around.

Then back we returned to our trenches,  
And Joffre and French said "Good biz!  
You've rid Mother Earth of a nuisance!"  
And Sam Hughes chimed in with "Gee  
Whiz!"

That's how we outwitted the Germans;  
You've heard how the V.C.'s we got;  
And how the Great War we had ended  
Without even firing a shot.

### What Prominent People and Papers think of the 'Gazette.'

The *Gazette* will be an interesting souvenir to many a war-worn warrior.—*John Bull.*

The *Dead Horse Corner Gazette* is, in spite of its title, a very much alive newspaper. It has all the breeziness of Canada's wide expanses. The *Gazette* has collected good wishes in six languages, including German. The latter, over the signature of "Fritz," is somewhat shaky, but no wonder, after the grim resistance which the Canadians exhibited when attacked by German hosts near Ypres.—*Middlesbrough Gazette.*

University Library, Cambridge.  
*Editors of the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette."*  
GENTLEMEN,—I hope you can spare a copy of your *Gazette* for preservation in this Library. I am doing all I can to represent for those who come after the whole story of this war.

As a wholesome change from the sordid material supplied by the German propaganda, I should much appreciate a sample of your breezy comment.

Faithfully,  
FRANCIS JENKINSON, Librarian.

Many thanks for copy of the first number of your paper. You are to be congratulated in every way, and the paper will be looked for with greatest interest by all ranks.

R. E. W. TURNER, Major-General.  
(Commanding Second Canadian Div.)

### CHRISTMAS WALLET FOR CANADIANS.

The Canadian War Contingent Association, at the request of the National Service Committee, is arranging the preparation and distribution of a pocket wallet at Christmas to every Canadian soldier at the front and in England. The wallet will contain paper, envelopes, postcards, blotting-paper, and a pencil, and will bear the inscription: "Christmas greetings to our brave soldiers, from their Canadian homes." Various suggestions for a Christmas present were submitted to General Alderson, who recommended a pocket wallet as the most useful gift.

### THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

The following true incident goes to show the spirit which animates the women of France in support of their gallant armies in the field:—

In a little northern town in France through which troops were passing, a woman in deep mourning called on the mayor.

"Why have no soldiers been billeted on me?" she asked.

The mayor rubbed his nose and blew it hard. He knew her son had been killed a few days before.

"I thought that in your sorrow, madame, they would remind you," he said at length. "They would console me," she said.

When a young sergeant got to the house he found it lighted as if a festival was on. In his room were cut flowers. There was champagne at dinner.

The lady, in a pretty spring dress, waved good-bye from the doorway next day.

"No," she said to the Mayor, "I did not tell him about my son. It would have been a mistake to talk about my loss to a soldier on his way to fight." And she went quietly indoors and put on her black mourning clothes again.

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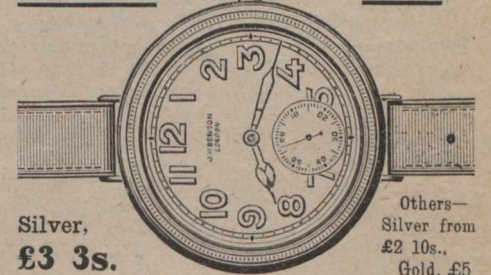
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