

## THE HUNGRY EIGHT.

Back in the headquarters' dug-out,  
Just as the night grew late,  
Tales of woe came over the line,  
Tales of the hungry eight.

They were up in the front-line stations,  
Where whiz-bangs drop by the score;  
They were short on their rations and  
candles—

And, oh, my God, they were sore!

They all grabbed the 'phone receiver,  
And said that the sergeant must come  
And listen to eight lengthy grouzers  
On the rations they thought so bum.

They came in from every direction,  
Eight grouzers from dug-outs dark,  
And they swore they'd all quit the station  
If the rations were not up to mark.

They'd had no meat or fuel for ages;  
Their bread was all mouldy and wet;  
They were all in starvation's last stages,  
And the dug-outs were all black as jet.

Where was their promised rum ration—  
The "stand to" that never took place?  
Just show them the bum who'd forgotten  
their rum,  
And they'd beat a "tattoo" on his face.

We know that their fine flow of language  
Made the "Quarter's" ears burn with  
shame;  
They called him . . . (deleted by Censor),  
And many a similar name.

When the sergeant had listened for hours  
He called up the "Quarter" by 'phone,  
Expecting to get satisfaction,  
But you cannot get milk from a stone.

So the grouzers starvation still faced  
In their dug-outs so cold and so bleak;  
In this state of affairs the four hungry pairs  
Remained till the end of the week.

When their tour of duty was finished  
There was no talk of famine or grief;  
They boasted of huge stores of rations  
And stuff they had left their relief;

Of the rations they'd drawn from the Q.M.,  
And the larder they'd left so full.  
Then the sergeant was wise that these eight  
hungry guys  
Hungered not, but were shooting the bull.

When the hungry eight tell you their story,  
How they worked hard with no grub at all;  
Just tell them you're wise, like the sergeant;  
They're only eight grouzers—that's all.

EARTH PIN.

## THE WAILINGS OF ONE OF THE DRAFT.



WHEN I joined the 66th the Colonel  
says, says he, I surely was a green  
'un, but he'd make a man of me;  
so he drilled me and he tried to  
put my stomach in my chest; he  
wasn't quite successful, though I  
gave him of my best. They sent us down to  
Sarcee, for musketry, they said, and march-  
ing into camp 'twas the Colonel who lead.  
We stayed in Sarcee for awhile, in very rotten  
digs, but enjoyed the ozone off the hills,  
straight from some lovely pigs; then back  
again to Edmonton we travelled, yes, once  
more, for ever taking us away the folks were  
awful sore, for we were raised in Edmonton  
—a fact of which we're proud—and when  
they saw us back again they shouted out  
aloud, "Hurrah! hurrah! the boys are back  
again," for they knew we'd soon be leaving to  
fight on Flanders Plain. We were ordered  
o'er to England—we were wanted at the front  
to uphold the fame of Edmonton and help  
to bear the brunt. We were drafted to the  
49th, as fine a bunch of boys as ever left  
the home town to put a quietus on the  
"Noise." In a shindy up at Ypres they  
were torn with shot and shell, but did their  
duty nobly, so with pride our hearts they  
swell. Old-timers think us soft and green,  
but some day we will show that we also came  
from Edmonton, the place where stickers  
grow. Although our hearts may grieve for  
the loved ones we have lost, remember it's  
the price of peace; we must help to pay the  
cost. As I write I hear them saying to their  
chum, "I say, Bo, how would you like  
to be at home among the Eskimo?" Then he  
says, "'Twill soon be over, and I'll be home  
again, way up, on my homestead, a-putting  
in my grain, and the wife will greet me,  
smiling, and the kiddies on my knee. You  
all can do your wandering, but 'Home, Sweet  
Home' for me."