of the

BASE COY. IN WRONG AGAIN!

(We are indebted to Sprs. Forsey and Furnival, for the following valuable contribution to our Treasure House of Verse. We opine that there is more in this than appears on the surface, and would suggest that Sgt. H. keep an eye lifting when Sprs. F. and F. happen to have their names on the cook house fatigue. Well, here she goes. Look out below.)

It was a balmy Summer morning, When the Sun was about to rise, I went with my pal to the Cook House.

To wash the forks and knives.

Howls and fearful curses, came through the Cook House door,

As me and my pal Forsey, strolled down the Cook House floor.

"Welcome," shouted the Sergeant, "I've a job that will suit you fine,

You use'd to belong to the Buglers, But forever you are mine.

We tried to see the M.O., But that was all in vain, So we went back to the Cook House, Wasn't that an awful shame!

We tried to get off on Sunday, But that could not be done, So we had to stay in the Cook House,

To work in the dirt and scum.

I guess we are there for the Summer, And till 1923,

Till the Medical Officer puts us, In Category B.

So our advice to all young men, Who are in Class C.3

Is, stay away from the Cook House, And stay in Base Company. Amen.

F. F. Ex-Buglers.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO MEET THE KAISER!

(The following original verse has been received from Pte. Emery Labine, No. 2 Co. 2n. C.O.R. Pte. Labine reaches a lofty plane in his beautiful poem. Let the Kaiser beware!)

J. H. RACICOI

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The Germans, with their big guns, are fighting in the trench,

Against the Italians and the English, the Belgians, and the French.

The Japanese are with them, but they don't give a damn,

There are several other nations, not forgetting Uncle Sam.

Chorus.

For it's a long way, to meet the Kaiser,

It's a long way to go,

But he'll find out, that we're much wiser,

Than we were some months ago, Good-bye Idol pleasures, farewell masquerade,

It's a long long way to meet the Kaiser,

But we're not afraid.

II.

The call to arms was answered, men came from the east and

The Colonies responded, sent to war their very best

Canada sent the Princess Pats, each boy a soldier true

Who'll fight and die for the Union Jack

And the old Red, White and Blue.

III.

The Kaiser took us unaware, thought we were unprepared, The Boers and Iindus would revolt,

he solemnly declared, He thought the boys in Ireland would rise against their King, Whilst in the battle, side by side, they're fighting while they sing

The French and British soldiers, in Berlin will soon be there, They will whip the German army, and they'll do it fair and square,

The Kaiser now is sorry that he started this big war,

For soon the French will say to him, "Mon Sieur, Comment sa vous?"

They say it takes a woman, for to bring a man to time,

The three things that a man most loves, are women, song and wine,

They say it takes a woman to bring Wilhem's will to grief

So he wouldn't stand the slightest chance

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