

THE 5TH BATTALION PAGE

Owing to the exigencies of the service, the 5th Battalion was unable to get its copy ready for this issue—but watch the next.

The Ancient Infantryman.

He was a man of the 1st B.C.
(And he stopped one of three.)
"By thy grizzly beard and thy B.C. badge,
Now wherefore stoppeth thou me."

"I have a tale to unfold and it must be told,
So just listen till I get through,
Those others can wait till a later date
But you my friend are new."

"So tarry a while and 'can' that smile
For this is a time for weeps;
Most attentive be and listen to me
While I tell you the story of Ypres."

But he wouldn't stay and he broke away
He'd be blowed if he'd remain,
For I've heard that yarn and I'll be goldarned
If I'll listen to it again.

All honour he said to the glorious dead
And the wonderful stand they made,
But it's past its prime and it's nearly time
That the ghost of the past was laid.

So wait for your praise till the Halcyon days
When for Canada you set sail,
You'll be there with the best so give us a rest,
For it's stale old man damn stale.

L. McKinnon.

Overheard on a Flanders road.

Conversation between two officers riding along a main road in Flanders,

"Say, this Flanders is a wonderful country in more ways than one, and not the least among these are Flanders odours; the 'pleasant' kind, and the 'strong' kind—mostly the 'strong' kind though." "Whew! gee that fellow came close; he almost took off my left leg that time. I'm glad it was an ambulance." "Why?" "Oh, just because; you see if he had 'got' my leg, I could have got inside it."

"This old plug of mine is going to get a 'bunt' from a motor lorry one of these times; when I want to turn him aside, he turns cross-wise on the road, and paddles along with his hind feet on the pave and his front on the bridle path."

"I say old Top, can you tell me if these transport blighters own this road? They seem to 'think' they do anyhow. Even empty wagons stop plump in the middle of a road, no matter who wants to pass—I should say they are regular 'road hogs.' If we did right we would take the driver's name and wagon sign and have a stated case on road ownership, before the powers that be."

"Hey! Oh no, that wasn't a motor lorry that was that blooming aeroplane buster that never does any 'busting.' It shoots merely to amuse the peasants."

"Did you say the speed limit along this part of road is six miles per hour? Humph, I guess that's the 'low' limit

then for any motors that I have seen going slower than that was stopped, dead. You see, when a motor won't go faster than six miles per hour, the driver thinks something is wrong, and stops to examine and look for 'trouble'—simple isn't it?"

"Ha! Ha! The Tommies don't seem to like mud splashed on 'em—that fellows language was simply sulphuric."

"What's that? You're going to write poetry about the lights of night on a Flanders road? All right old Top, I've got my respirator on, go ahead."

(And this is what his pal poeted.)

I see the lights of the lorry
Gleaming o'er the cobbles and mud,
Suddenly I feel all of a flurry
Suppose the driver's a dub.

A feeling of tremble and flurry
That is not akin to fear,
But why should a fellow hurry,
To get crocked so far in the rear.

Come tell me the lorry's O.K.
And the driver is sure of the rule,
That tells him he's now in Belgique,
And he who goes left is a fool.

Not by the trite old phrases,
Can you soothe that flurry of mine,
For of war this is one of the phases
And maybe the driver's had wine.

But treat me to something assuring,
"Why here the speed limit is six,
And that spluttering noise is the driver,
Got under, the old clutch to fix."

"Steady Bobbin—I might have known the
Bally thing was stopped, for if it had been
Going we'd have been gone long ago."

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Nemo.

BAND NOTES

One moment gentlemen; about the band; a few words in accordance with strict regulations I feel, would not be amiss. You should hear the flutes, they are scaled every morning, you should weigh the ultimate consequences, when they fall flat, and be sharp to note, if you are within a certain radius of their magnetic enchantment, the truly melodious reverberations of superb manifestations, that would force even your savage breast to be soothed in recrescent acknowledgement of its refined and unpolluted charms. One member of the band in particular, while arduously endeavouring to scale his instrument of gentle torture, fell miserably flat; we should be sorry to note his sharp decline, and advise him to defy criticism and face the music. After accomplishing many rests, he is now doing time, while the band played "Who'd a thought it?" We do not mind chaff, wind will scatter it, it is too flimsy. We can face a much sturdier obstruction by our critics, and disperse them by our deliverance of the "Gladiator." A young hopeful the other day, trying in vain to get rid of an extraordinarily illusive member of the grey-back tribe, was heard to exclaim in his utter wrath and discomfiture, that he would guarantee the future undisturbed existence of a louse between the thumb and forefinger of a nonparticular, unmitigated African gorilla. Our band is not rash, though unfortunately it once suffered from one, and will prove to the complete satisfaction of discriminating critics; undaunted and unflinching, while it will undoubtedly face the music, till Armageddon reigns supreme in all its terrible and fiendish glory. Any man denying such, should have his map altered.