

HIS SCALP!



1st INNOCENT: (Labour Battalion): "Why do they take his cap off?"

2nd ditto : "I suppose the Colonel wants a lock of his hair!"

APRIL 9th.

The Hun on Vimy Ridge maintained his hold,
And, Hun-like, in a brazen voice and bold,
Boasted he could not from that place be hurled
By all the legions of the Western world.
But in the hearts of Canada's bold sons
Was deep contempt for all the race of Huns;
And at the grim appointed day and hour
Made fierce assault upon that vaunted power,
The valour and the freedom of the West
Surged like a tidal wave o'er Vimy's crest.

Dull was the dawn upon that famous day,
Close were we massed, and eager for the fray;
Men from the land of mighty timbered wood,
Men from the land where rivers gleam with gold;
Where lofty mountains pierce the azure clear,
And softly mirrored in the lakes appear,
Whose rugged heights we oft were wont to climb,
And drink deep draughts of fragrant air sublime;
The breath of balsam, cedar, pine, and firs
With memories fancy still our senses stirs.

Five minutes more; we press our comrade's hand,
Wish him soft "blighty" to the dear Old Land.
Then a swift thought on that great, mystic Power,
Which holds us calmly till the "zero hour."
A whistle sounds—the signal loud and clear
Reaches at last our strained, expectant ear;
And, as we rise that signal to obey,
All heaven and earth is rocked beneath the sway
Of mighty guns, belching their thunderous doom,
Blasting the foe within his self-dug tomb.

Forward, then, beneath the protecting flight
Of myriad shells, steered by the God of Right;
That soaring, seething, blazing wall of flame
Beckons us on to victory and fame.
While on the further side of No Man's Land
There flare to heaven, by anxious gunners scanned,
Signals of sorts and preconcerted signs
To Bosch artillery in distant lines;
Guns which shall soon become our property—
Silenced and broken guns, trophies of victory.

C. M.

THEM GOL DURN SIGNALLERS!

When a working party's wanted
For to help build up the line,
When the comp'ny men are hiding,
Gee whizz! don't it just sound fine
For to hear the Sergeant-Major
In a voice that booms and burrs
Come hollering down the trenches:
"Where's them gol durn signallers?"

When you're straffed like old blue blazes,
Till the chill creeps up your spine,
As you dangle round the trenches,
Patching up the broken line,
Then the sentry, as you pass him,
Has to throw his little slurs:
"Halt! Who goes there? All right, pass on.
You gol durn signallers!"

When the ration rum is issued,
And there's battle in each eye,
When the Sergeant shakes the bottle
And find it's clean run dry,
It's the same old war-time story
Everlastingly occurs,
The detail that must go without
Is them gol durn signallers.

Oh, it's a joke to have a dug-out
Where it's nice and dry and fine!
But when one lands hard and heavy,
And you take an "up incline,"
When the smoke has kind of lifted
One naturally infers,
By the casual way it's mentioned,
It's them gol durn signallers.

But, never mind, for some day soon
We will follow up a line
In a place where all is roses
And the rations superfine;
But when work parties are called on
For to sweep those golden stairs,
I know who'll have to do it—
Them gol durn signallers.