

The following lines were written by Lieutenant Arthur M. King, of the Sixtieth Battalion, Canadian Infantry, in the Ypres Salient in 1916. He was afterwards killed in action at Hill 60.

THERE'S A CELLAR UP IN HOOGE.

(To the tune of "A little bit of Heaven")

There's a cellar up in Hooge that we landed in one day,
Where the floor is paved with Germans who have long since
passed away,
And when the Captain saw it why he nearly had a fit,
"Shure the others may have liked it but faith I'll not stand
for it";
So they sprinkled it with chloride just to cover up the smell,
It's the only place we know of that's a damned sight worse
than Hell,
And though the chloride's powerful it's more than we can
stand,
For it's just the vilest smelling place in this forsaken Land.

IT'S A LONG WAY UP TO THE FRONT LINE.

(To the tune of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary")

At Maple Copse we had a quiet time without a doubt,
And even in broad daylight why the Staff would wander out,
They'd come up to the Front Line in a manner that was brave,
And then about conditions in the trenches they would rave,
"You must pick up all the paper and clean off every
mat,
The conditions are disgraceful and we won't stand
for that,
For ourselves it doesn't matter we could get along
quite well,
But the General is a fusser and he'll give us Hell."

The Front Line is from Half Way House full many miles
away,
And our HQ are on to that as they doze through the day,
But when night settles down on Hooge and everyone's alert,
The Specialists and Staff are heard to cry in tones quite hurt,
"It's a long way up to the Trenches, it's a long way to
Hooge,
Mr. Miller can't fire his rifles and Toddles has no
tools,"
The Adj. says "I'm too busy and the Germans are
too near,
It's a long long way up to the Front Line so I think
we'll stop here."

A Window Garden.

A private had on several occasions asked his C.O. for "leave" so that he might dig up his garden. One morning he was brought before the officer, who eyed him fiercely.

"Jones—about that garden of yours! I've made careful inquiries, and I find that you haven't got a garden at all. What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir," said Jones, hesitatingly, "if the chap that went to see says there ain't no garden then some one must have pushed it off the window ledge."

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