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shock caused a temporary loss of voice and before the stricken one could stammer out the startling intelligence that he had suffered a complete breakdown overnight, the M. O. was rounding the last turn and showing a fine burst of speed down the home stretch. On the march our spirits rose. Also our hopes. The sun shone brightly and rumours flew merrily about.

Aboardship we sought out a steward knowing that there we would get information. We did. We listened to the old story, whose popularity never fails. The ship was badly in need of an overhaul and it was quite on the cards that she would make this voyage to — a flip of the thumb indicated a general westward direction. That was splendid, and he said it in such a blase tone that we knew he couldn't be led astray by personal feelings. But we must needs make assurance doubly sure. We decided to consult the stars. North-east, we were told, was Salonica, south-east Alexandria and west France and Blighty. After some slight astronomical disputation, due to the determination of one silly landlubber to take his direction from Venus, we located the North Star, and a little calculation showed us that we were going South and a little East. Strange! We were evidently going to be dumped on the coast of Africa. We were bewildered, and our bewilderment was not lessened when, on ascending to the deck next morning before reveille to get the full benefit of the sunrise, we found this (the sunrise) occurring immediately on our starboard. Something was wrong. But quite possibly it was just a temporary deviation to avoid a submarine and cheering ourselves with this reflection we awaited the changing of the ship's course. It didn't change. Our hopes got lower and lower until, as we sailed through the old familiar nets at the har-

bour entrance, they hit rock bottom with a sickening thud. We were there back again at Salonika. There was no doubt about it; in fact there never had been, for all the time, deep in our inmost minds, we had known that we were returning thither. And having arrived we lost no time in agreeing that, after all, there were worse places.

## ODE TO THE NORTH WIND

(Very much after Kingsley)

The South Wind steals o'er the  
Canuck camp  
And the Canuck's smile is bland  
For the days are warm and the beer  
is damp  
And the Canuck swears this  
happy land  
Is a place to beat the band.  
But oh, when the North East Wind  
doth blow  
Cold are the feet and nose.  
Cold as the tip of a polar bear's tail  
Cold as the Canteen "Home  
made" ale  
Cold as the look in the O.C.'s eye  
When the day's offenders sidle by.  
Cold as Charity — and that's  
bleeding chilly  
(But not half so cold as Karaisi  
skilly)

All shivery shakery  
Quivery quakery

There's a frost in the soup and sand  
in the bakery  
There are cracks in the huts and  
the tents are—well,  
If you ask me straight, I'd much  
prefer—

(Editor's note: We had just time to chloroform the poet with a sand-bag to catch this edition going to Press. He is still delirious.)