

Could I but run as fast as he
On the track I'd bid for fame,
His "hundred" time was eight three fifths
No : Longboat's not his name

Next in the line your humble came,
I ran with all my might
But though I did my best Sir,
He most got out of sight,

'Twas then I took the fatal step
Whose equal cant be found,
My mess tin lid worked itself loose
And tumbled to the ground.

I already had reached an awful pace
To be near the distant strife,
So I left my mess lid to its fate
Just to save my worthless life.

Of course I should have cantered back
The parade I should have stopped,
I might have done had I but known
The gol - darned thing had dropped.

A few days hence a list was made
Our "Want Ads." to supply,
When asked if I had any needs
I answered "Mess lid shy".

Before the O.C. Company
The next day we were brought
To explain the why's and wherefores
Of our kits being short.

My mess lid's sad and tragic end
I related with great sorrow
But the only answer that I got
Was "Orderly Room" tomorrow

As a convict next day, I was brought
To the regiment commander,
To say that court scene was a joke
Would almost be a slander.

Friends and helpers had I none,
All my help on me was stayed,
So I covered my defenceless head
And for his mercy prayed.

Said he, "Young man to you this crime
May sound quite finitissimal
To me it has a different light
You are a hardened criminal".

In vain I pleaded first offense,
I swore to mend my ways,
He addressed the crowded court and said
"Pay stoppage for two days".

I promptly said my I object?
He said "of course you may"
So I objected on the spot
Result - Reduced one day.

To change a sentence once its passed
Sounds queer to an old stager,
If I'd protested six more times
He'd made me Sergeant Major.

Had I had time I'm sure I should
Another protest tried,
But "Bout turn, Quick march" next I heard
And found myself outside.

An M. P. grabbed me by the arm
Wile I was almost weeping
"Come clean this dugout here" he said
And make it fit to sleep in.

I cleaned it up. Also the road,
For me a funny caper.
Some more Hun tricks I pulled off then
I burnt some scraps of paper.

But my actual cup of bitterness
Next day I was to drain.
Once more I was escorted to
Colonel (Censor once again).

Said he, "During the last few hours
I've thought a lot about you,
I think my famous (Censor) staff
Can get along without you".

I'll put you in some company,
T'will show me where your heart is.
You'll also have a nightly pass
To attend all working parties".

Twice punished for the same offence
I really am a martyr,
If I were only British born
I might plead Magna Charta.

The shock was far too great to bear
From my comrades all to part,
So I hied me to the doctor then,
With pain around my heart.

Said he to me your heart's all right
With quite a normal beat,
He looked at me as if to say
Why dont you warm your feet?.

He passed me to his sergeant then
Some more complaints to find,
A few swift passes of the hand
And I was number nined.

Of course that pill it did the trick
It cured me on the spot,
The dose, no doubt, would be the same
Had I been stabbed or shot.

And now I strive with might and main
To work off my disgrace.
No more bad words, No more woodbines,
And a meek look on my face.

In years to come when I proudly wear
That hard earned small medallion,
How proud I'll be, Yes I dont think,
Of the great umpteenth battalion.

C. H. ARLPEPIECE.

Anniversary Celebration

On Aug : 4th the 7th Battn. celebrated the anniversary of the "Scrap of Paper" incident by a strenuous game of football. The teams were Medical Detail versus the Battn. Officers. The game opened rough and could be easily seen that the Officers were after the Medical Detail's blood. The O. C. opened hostilities by putting M. O's back where his feet ought to have been.

This little incident met with the hearty approval of the spectators who shouted and cheered and passed sarcastic remarks about pills and castor oil.

Immediately afterwards the Medical Detail Goal keeper went to sleep and the ball rolled between the posts. Just before half - time during severe hand to hand fighting the Medical Detail goal - keeper mistook the ball for a bomb and let another one in. During the interval at half time the players crowded round a dixie and the O. C. of the Medical Detail took the opportunity to whisper some instructions to his men. Whatever he said must have had the desired effect, for the second half opened up with a terrific onslaught on the part of the Medical Detail. They attacked in skirmishing order and the Officers were completely routed. Just in front of their goal the Officers put up a spirited defence in massed formation, but without avail, for the Medical Detail had the situation well in hand, and the ball crashed into the net. The game now stood 2 - 1 in favour of the officers and ten minutes to play. During the manoevers which preceded the Medical Detail's second goal, the M. O. took advantage of an opportunity to get even with the O. C. Stealing up behind him he managed to get his legs mixed up with the O. C., with the result that the spectators had the pleasure of seeing the dispencor of sentences and the dispencor of pills both on their backs at the same time.

The Medical Detail's second goal was the best kick of the day. Taking his time and using such splendid judgement which is characteristic of of the Medical Detail, Pte. Green made a direct goal from the corner. When the whistle blew full time the game was 2 - 2 in favour of the Medical Detail. It was then decided to play it out Five minutes each way.

By this time the Officers were thoroughly disorganised, and the Medical Detail let them down lightly by only scoring one more goal.

The English are undoubtedly an extraordinary race, and it often is amusing to understand their methods of conducting business, and their attitude at the present moment is frequently a puzzle to their allies, the French, Irish, Russians, Scotch, Canadians and Dutch. The following two letters were sent to us by one of the allies, a Scotsman who confesses that he was bewildered when he was on leave in England at the atmosphere of gloom and sorrow which surrounded him on all sides. He thinks these letters will explain a great deal.

July 1915.

My dear Mother,

I have not heard from you for over a week but that is not surprising, the postal arrangements out here are so terribly mismanaged. During the six days we were at the battle of Ypres we only got our letters four times; and here where there should be no difficulty we only have one delivery a day. This is generally at night, but there ought to be