



'There's another chap down on the left
Who tacks M.A. to his name ;
He'll talk of art or the price of wheat,—
To him it's all the same.
His looks are insignificant.
In a battered pair of jeans,
No one would think that such a gink
Was a graduate of Queen's.

The sergeant of our section is
A most peculiar cuss ;
He wears a serge sans chevrons,—
No need of them with us.
His rifle's carefully curried,
He's a voice like Kingdom Come ;
He was a clod who carried a hod,
But can talk a drill book dumb.

The corporal with the greasy clothes,
And an eye of ebony black
(He got it in an argument
With the thief who stole his pack) ;
His office-pallored face is now
Red dyed with honest tan ;
A lawyer he that was to be
A city's coming man.

Down in the motor transport lines
You will find a goggled runt
Who drives an ammunition van
Thro' mud lakes at the front.
He always has a life-sized grouch ;
He grumbles at his fare ;
His van floor ain't a feather bed—
And he's a millionaire.