

They sent him socks and cakes like rocks
And things he couldn't barter,
He asked for more and got quite sore
When they sent a Boston Garter.

Pyjamas new he'd quite a few
And neck ties by the score
A fancy vest was laid to rest
Upon his dug-out floor.

Things he loved most, arrived by post
In parcels from Aunt Nelly,
"Pate de foie" for "Aunties boy"
With ju-jubes jam and jelly.

He'd p-riscopes and toilet soaps
And McIntoshe's toffee
He failed to see the use of tea
His drink must be "Camp Coffee".

A panama from Grandmama
A parasol from nieces,
A trouser press from Sister Bess
To keep his pants in creases.

He'd brush and comb to fix his dome
His face he daubed with powder
If he felt bad, he told his dad
To send out tinned Glam Chowder.

The postman groaned, the transport moaned
Until they couldn't stick it
The awful strain, got on their brain,
And then they worked their ticket.

The parcels came each day the same
Until the Quarter Master
Gave one big sigh and did a guy
Which saved him from disaster.

So now you know this tale of woe
Aint worth the time to read it,
Dont make a fuss or tear and cuss
Your cash we've got, we need it.

COLONIALS

War! We rushed to our papers,
War! We left our work
We even started loafing
Who'd never been known to shirk.

Surely there's something doing,
Something exciting and new.
But Mother calls to her children,
God knows we will see her through.

So we took the train to the city
We came in by boat and by trail.
We'd somehow forgotten our Mother.
Her call we could never fail.

So we took the oath by dozens
We took it score upon score.
We swore away our freedom,
Shall we ever see it more?

We who'd never seen discipline,
Never known restraint,
Swore away our freedom gladly
For the chance of dying a saint.

Six thousand miles to travel,
With six long days in the train,
But didn't the people cheer us
And wish us, a speedy return again.

All this took place in August,
Was it last year or ten years ago?
But somehow we've got a bit nearer
We're less than a mile from the foe.

Then we landed at Valcartier,
As a camp undoubtedly fine.
But we had to polish our buttons,
And shave and that's not our line.

Hurrah, for dear old England,
The home of childhood's days.
Soon we'll see parents, sisters,
Then Oh, for London and plays.

But they took us down to Salisbury
On a plain where it is always wet,
Our people wired and wrote us,
We answered "there's no leave yet."

At last our turn for leave came,
Imagine the exquisite bliss,
When we thought about nice food, theatres,
And the old flames we'd once more kiss.

Six short days then back to camp,
But somehow it was not so bad,
You see they'd welcomed us kindly,
Mother's truly "golden haired lad".

Then by and by came Christmas,
And didn't they do us well.
All had six days sometime,
But wasn't returning Hell.

We said good-bye quite gaily
We'll see you 'soon again,
But all knew that we should not
For we'd be holding our link in the chain.

One more move and we're over
Landed at St. Nazaire
We travelled up here in box-cars
Believe me with no room to spare.

Now we spend our days in the trenches
Or lie in reserve in a barn
The shells keep sailing over
So far they've done us no harm.

I'm writing this in a ruin
Its raining and rather cold,
But after all why worry,
We've a trench of our own to hold.

Sons of the Empire

Brothers in the Empire's cause,
Together here they stand:
Defenders of the Nation's laws,
United hand in hand.
Here on this friendly, foreign soil
Where heroes fell before,
They give their best to strife and toil,
As others did of yore.

E'en as of old upon the field
They face the tyrant foe,
But lacking now the spear and shield,
They still with courage go.
To gain for loved ones far away
Freedom to them so dear,
When the bugles on that happy day
Proclaim that peace is here.
When Britain calls her sons come forth,
To muster for the fight,
With pride to show their own true worth
For what they know is right.
Not for the glory of the fray
They bare the shining steel,
Only that justice hold the sway
They set their hands and seal

L/Cpl. W. H. COOKE.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Another fellow told the Colonel that he was no good in the trenches as he was troubled with insomonia.

"You cant sleep Eh?"

"No Sir"

"You're just the kind of men they want in the trenches, the Germans can never take you by surorise. Up you go with the best of luck"

The Colonel began to feel tired for he sat on the table whilst he examined the next soldier.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"I'm dying Sir."

"How long have you been dying?"

"Three months Sir"

The Colonel's leg began to work like a pendulum in a grandfather's clock.

"What am I doing now?"

"Swinging your leg Sir"

"So are you" replied the Colonel "Up you go and the best of luck."

I thought my excuse would be good enough for him, but he only made fun of me.

"What's wrong with you?" he said.

"I've got new teeth Sir and I cant eat anything yet for a while"

"That's too bad now isn't it? But we dont expect you to eat the Germans all you have to do is kill them". Up you go and the best of luck"

[Patient Reader, here we must leave our gallant soldier (thank god he is typical of but few of our gallant Tommies). As he joins the comrades of the fighting line — let us hope that he will enter the fray with new hopes & new discoveries. The discoveries of the man who "finds himself". If his future Diary contains what we hope it will we may be prevaled upon to continue "his" story in "the Listening Post" — We will wait and see. Editor].