

*The Tommies in the trenches
And the men behind the guns,
In the lulls between the fighting
Find their inclination runs
To writing bits of poetry,
Just to pass away the time.
So, if you will kindly pardon
Us, we'll fill this page with rhyme.*

A Page of Poetry

*Though the rhyming may be punk,
And the metre out of joint,
You will find it pleasant reading
And—perhaps you'll see the point—
You will read it, as its written,
Just to pass away the time,
Then perchance you will be grateful
That we filled this page with rhyme.*

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTIONS"

When you're busy shoving Belgium into sandbags,
And wiping chunks of Flanders off your nose —
At a part you cannot reach, you're back is itching—
And the feet within your boots are nearly froze.

When you're building up a traverse for protection
Against the wicked Hun and all his hate,
And you wonder while you're feeling like an ice box,
Why the sergeant with the rum is always late.

When the Huns are busy strafing you with whizz bangs,
And digging blooming mines beneath your feet,
While the water in your trench is quickly rising
Till its almost deep enough to float the fleet.

Did you ever think to go and tell the Colonel
To send you where you'll never hear the guns.
As your conscience has a very strong objection
To exterminating all the wicked Huns?

—G. I.

THE BRAZIER

(By R.M.E.)



Hands that but lack a filip to applause,
Belles that need the teeny-est, ween-est drappie,
Feet that are cold because, well just because,
Hearts some four thousand miles of being happy.
The Brazier warms them.

Questions whose answers we may ne'er receive,
Hopes to see dear old Canada once more,
Desires for London and a second leave,
Vows that we ne'er again will form a four.
The Brazier burns them.

Hashes of all kinds à la militaire,
Entrees (per cubic foot dug) ad valorem,
Accounts of things that happen here and there,
Geese that mad Kaisers would have set before 'em.
The Brazier cooks them.

Hot water that one gets in now and then,
Rages against the devastating Bosches,
Owls (from the custom not saying when)
Linen the dirty that the public washes.
The Brazier boils them.

THE CANADIAN SCOTS

There's a hefty bunch of boys who've crossed the ocean,
Indulging in a little game of war;
Just because they went and took a notion,
If the Empire fought, they must be to the fore.

They are men of multiple denomination,
Drawn from every trade and station in the land,
But they very quickly quit their occupation
At the war call—and they didn't need a band.

There's surveyors, miners, lumberjacks and drummers,
There are men who've peddled real estate in lots,
There's old-timers and the greenest of the newcomers,
Mix them up and there you'll find Canadian Scots.

You will find them doing duty in the trenches,
Or perhaps they will be "resting" in the huts,
But there's not a man among them all who bleaches
When there's something doing—for they've got the guts.

They have left their mark upon the fields of Flanders,
For they're officered by men, not figureheads;
They've the ablest and the bravest of commanders,
And none of them have missed their feather beds.

There are some of them have disobeyed an order,
They were never plaster saints but only men;
There are scores of them have crossed the last great border,
See the "Casualty Lists" for how and when.

Others are in Blighty and the bases,
Some have even made their native shore;
Take a look at individual cases,
And you'll find them through with war for evermore.

Though we are sadly thinned by war's attrition,
Still there's plenty left to "Carry-on",
Ready to maintain the flag's tradition,
And to fill the ranks of those already gone.

When the war has reached its termination,
And each of them has put aside his gun,
Don't forget the boys who backed the nation
And saved the British Empire from the Hun.

When the shell-strewn fields again are seeded
And peace's blessing war-scarred memory blots,
When widowed wives and orphans funds are needed,
Just think of the 16th Canadian Scots.

—A. H. H.

DOGGEREL (By Sox)

Our O.C. Company, Number Four,
Stood still in his dug-out, by the door,
Watching how thunderous explosions rent
Trenches to atoms, whilst others spent
Their venom and spite on twisted wire.
Searching his gangways with sheets of fire,
Extinguishing candles, spilling tea,
Flattening cook shack, flinging a tree,
Where boxes of bombs sent with a roar
Their shrapnel missiles the trenches o'er.
This he could pass with an easy laugh—
T'was but a part of the daily strife—
But that which made his eyebrows rise
In utmost despair into the skies
As if seeking some explanation
To official communication,
Handed to him in the midst of strife,
By a man who held but cheap his life
Else would he not have bearded then
Our O.C. Company in his den—
"Adjutant wants to know how many
Tins of strawberry jam, if any,
Were issued YOU on 15th instant.
Reply at once, Brigade insistant."

Sing a song of five francs,
Tommy feeling dry,
Four and twenty camarades
Standing all close by;
When the place was opened
Tommy shouts, Hurray!
Up comes an M.P.
And orders them away.