

him there's class,
 On his job he's a dandy, as instructor of
 gas.
 Sergeant John Kitchen, who came over
 the sea,
 Is an excellent instructor in B. F. and
 P. T.
 Sergeant McDonald, the tailor, is always
 on the job,
 And we know where to go for the loan
 of a bob.
 Corporal James Clinton to our platoon
 has transferred,
 And we yet have to hear his first cross
 word.
 Corporal J. D. Brown came from Under-
 wood,
 And since his promotion has certainly
 made good.
 Corporal Arthur McDougall, of our
 machine gun crew,
 Works extra well while living on
 stew.
 Pte. Earl Beggs of the orderly room
 gang,
 Looks after his business and don't give
 a hang.
 Next comes Neil Carlton, a husky young
 chap,
 Who cleans up his meals and doesn't
 leave a scrap.
 Pte. Percy Heath, one of the bugle band
 boys,
 Doesn't yell very much, but makes quite
 a noise.
 There is Herbie Inkster who assists on
 the mail,
 Can always tell when the next boat will
 sail.
 There is one of our members who is very
 Kean,
 Looks after the hut and keeps the
 lights clean.
 And Martin McFadyen who followed the
 plough,
 Says that the war is looking serious
 now.
 Pte. Archie Matheson, though not very
 big,
 Since coming to England is as fat as a
 pig.
 E. J. McAfee, the next man of our

clan,
 Comes in early at night, whenever he
 can!
 There's Mac McDonald, a brother to
 Neil,
 Who supplies the music, while the boys
 dance the reel.
 And N. J. McDonald, who acts like a
 squire,
 While touring Scotland, sang in the
 choir.
 Pte. Bert McClure, who is bent on his
 work,
 Steady on fatigue, never known to
 shirk.
 Pte. N. J. McDermid, a poet of great
 fame,
 Who entertains the boys when the even-
 ings are tame.
 Pte. D. A. McDougall from Canada
 did come,
 When he meets with a Hun, he'll sure
 make him run.
 There is big Mac McKinnon, who's
 anxious for fame,
 Tried hard to transfer to get into the
 game.
 Pte. Albert Abbs, who hands out the
 stew,
 Is always on the job when there's some-
 thing to do.
 There's Donald Cameron who hates this
 life,
 Says he would rather make butter than
 carry-on strife.
 And W. J. Campbell, who everyone
 knows,
 Looks after the boys when they need
 new clothes.
 Pte. Albert Conway, our most esteemed
 cook,
 Paraded in white uniform—commands
 all our looks.
 There's William Dobson, batman for
 the O.C.,
 When warned for parade, is as busy as a
 bee.
 And A. W. Groves, the boys all call
 dad,
 A very tame name for such a mischiev-
 ous lad.
 For signs and wonders they cast no re-