

# THE RATION PARTY.

"FALL in the party for rations ;

It's time you were away ;  
Keep well closed together,  
And you won't go astray.  
They're due at Napoo Corner  
By a quarter after eight,  
So keep them dangling, Corporal,  
The transport will not wait.

"Old Fritz might start to shell them,  
And of course they'd have to fly ;  
You'd find your rations in a ditch,  
Anything but dry ;  
It's not they could be damaged much,  
The biscuits would be soft to eat ;  
But some son of a gun might swipe our rum,  
The dirty, thieving sneak."

Away they go in the darkness,  
With a curse on the Corporal's lip :  
"Am I the only 'com in the regiment  
The Major has to make this trip ?  
It's all very well for him in his dug-out,  
With nothing but orders to write ;  
But it's not much of a snap for any chap,  
Leading the party for rations at night.

"It's 'Corporal, whose machine-gun's that shoot-  
ing?"

'Don't you hear them shells go over ?'  
'I can hear the bullets swishing past me' ;  
'Don't you think we'd better take cover ?'

"That's only them blooming Brigade guns  
That fire from a long way back ;  
I don't think they kill many Fritzes—  
Beats me what they see in the dark.  
Watch, and don't trip over that wire—  
Look out!—it's right under your feet ;  
Keep well to the right of that shell-hole,  
They say it's twenty feet deep.

"Pass the word when you're all closed up ;  
Holler if I'm going too fast ;  
You bet its best to dangle  
Till the danger-zone is passed.  
Ah, here's old Dead Horse Farm, boys,  
Now it's safe to strike a light ;  
Have a look at your Ingersoll, Shorty—  
Gee, we've broken all records to-night !

"We'd better go down to the corner  
And wait till the waggons come ;  
If the corks are not tight in the jars, boys,  
We'll have a wee tot of rum ;

But not a word to the Major,  
For he would sure get sore,  
I'd be up in front of the Captain,  
And I'd go up for rations no more.



ONE WAY OUT.

*Shorty (discussing the ration question) : "You should worry Slim, why if you keep on getting thinner you'll soon be able to shove yourself inside a green envelope and get back to Canada."*

"Now, boys, here come the waggons,  
Move off as you get your loads ;  
I'll fill up my bottle with water,  
And meet you on the road.  
You've got to be ready for business  
When you're doing a job like this ;  
If you don't put something back in the jar,  
It's a cinch the rum'll be missed.  
Then here's to your very good health, lads,  
May you live to see grey in your hair !  
There's many a worse job in the Army—  
Gee, she's a fine old la guerre !"

ALBERTA BOB.