

WITH HUMBLE APOLOGIES TO THE SHADES OF
JOHN MILTON.

When I consider how our time is spent,
Eight hours a day among those stables dank,
And that one talent, which we once called "swank"
Dies hard within us, while our power of scent
Unhappily develops to a great extent
Oh heaven itself to get back to the Bank!!
Or once again to turn a motor crank;
Forgive if to my feelings I give vent
And speak of long-faced friends in "Hymns of Hate"
But when I think of service at the front
I cry aloud in protest of our fate.
Then Mother writes, my feeling to placate,
"They also serve who only groom a 'skate'."

To Capt. Jones, No. 4 Y.M.C.A. Hut:—"We wish to assure you that, on our departure from camp, the 66th Battery has no intentions of taking with them those eight front rows in the "Y" which they monopolized all winter."

Thank Heaven for the lone button that remains on those English issue breeches.