

ODE TO A RATION BISCUIT

O! twice cooked one!
Twice cooked and overdone!
Oh! Hardest tack!
My teeth—both front and back—
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing
Thy stony substance—every effort failing
Until, imagining thy name is Fritz,
I bare my bayonet and thou art bits!

They say in thee
The Cabbage and Green Pea,
And Haricot
And Spud are blended so
Neatly, completely that one can't detect 'em
(As good things happen when we don't expect 'em.)

Insert at least the thin end of the wedge
And let us taste some old familiar Veg.!

Of nourishment
I know that thou hast plentiful
Eous store of meat
And useful things to eat;
Thou art the cleverest conglomeration
Of much in little! but, an ideal Ration
In spite of beans, and farinas, and fats,
Thou bears't too close a likeness unto Spratts!

Oh doubly baked,
How have my molars ached
After a bout
In which they've suffered rout

On thy inexorable flanks! Oh ruthless
Bane of the dentist! Spectre of the toothless!
One can but re-attack, and start anew
To hammer off thee more than one can chew!

I call to mind,
In years long left behind,
On Trail and Track,
How Dampier and Flapjack
For Grub or Tucker I have cooked and eaten;
And staked a fine digestion, aye and beaten
The woeful messes. But 'gainst thee to risk it
Giving thee Victory as I take the biscuit!

'Gainst hunger's prick
True thou hast proved a brick;
Oft hast thou saved
A life or two and staved
Starvation off; and those who question whether
More efficacious were a chunk of leather
Are ingrates, or have never felt the pinch
Or known the hour their belly bands to cinch.

They label thee
Iron,—Emergency.
Thou with thy chief companion—Bully Beef—
Hast done thy bit in this dire Armageddon
And when all's over, and I have a spread on
And feeling mellow, then I may recall
How true thou wert a Comrade after all.

—R.M.E.

15th BATT. SECTION

The 15th Battalion has had two very fine concerts since the last issue of "The Brazier." The first one was given by No. 3 and 4 Companies and it was a huge success. Lieut. Magladery was chairman and he told some of his good old stories in his own interesting way. There were numerous inter-company contests, amongst them a bareback mule wrestling bout that certainly did not lack in "pep."

The second concert given by No. 1 and 2 Companies had as its feature an act by Pte. "Snowball" in which he impersonated "Mademoiselle Marie Louise of Norlahooligan." A feature of the evening was a pick-a-back fight between the officers. In this event Lieut. Peppal managed to lose most of his clothes, much to the onlookers' delight. The evening concluded with some good old Canadian songs around the bonfire.

C.S.M. Gledhill is back from leave

with a happy smile and some still happier memories.

Everybody is pleased over the recent honours awarded to the men of the battalion. The list is published in this copy of The Brazier.

The R.S.M.'s little treat to the Pipe Band on a certain chilly night was apparently greatly relished because the brand of music turned out afterwards was of the very finest kind. The band has recently welcomed into its midst some new pipers and drummers, who will no doubt live up to all the traditions of the unit.

Forward The Ration Party

Half a step, half a step,
Half a step onward;
On o'er the muddy fields,
"Forward The Ration Party,"
Wading knee deep they came,

Each loaded down the same;
Though some of them were lame
Gallantly they played the game—
"Forward The Ration Party."

O'er ditch and road they wandered,
Someone 'twas thought had blundered,
When suddenly the sergeant thundered
"Forward The Ration Party."
Stormed at by N.C.O.'s,
Onward the party goes;
Acting like brave heroes,
While the cry arose—
"Forward The Ration Party."

"Onward," the sergeant said,
"Follow the leader ahead,
Your comrades must be fed.
Forward The Ration Party."
Into the dark trench they tumbled,—
Someone in front had stumbled
And their load had tumbled;
They halted, then there rumbled,
"Forward The Ration Party."

Sentry to right of them,
Guards to left of them,
"Halt" from in front and then,
"Forward the Ration Party."
Arriving at the S.M.'s bay,
Down their loads they lay,
Finished for the day,
Still they hear him say—
"Forward The Ration Party."

—A. W. Brown, 15th Batt.