

THE BRITISH GUNS IN FRANCE

By L. D.

Against the setting sun, the guns
In silent contrast stand;
For four long years, they spoke of death;
They saved that happy land.

Their yawning mouths turned to the sky;
They stand on duty still.
Lest we forget the Potsdam gang
And damned ex-kaiser Bill.

When all was peace and solitude,
From out the silent night
There came a scream and then a moan
And then a burst of light.

Again and yet again they spoke,
Until the earth and sky
Looked like a thousand bursting hells,
Before earth mortal eye.

So all night long the fire of hell
Rained on the German lines;
With rifle shot and hand grenade
And bursting of the mines.

When morning dawned another sight,
The dying and the dead;
The earth all rent and piled in heaps,
With life blood painted red.

Did we shed tears at such a sight
In our fight for liberty?
God, may the world be painted red
With blood from Germany!

A "Record" Story

A certain infantry platoon was possessed of a very fine gramophone. The officer in charge had made it his object in life to see that the instrument was well provided with records. Each time he came back from leave a huge bundle of records came with him. It was a quiet part of the line, and absolutely nothing had happened for several months to disturb the equanimity of the troops.

One morning the officer was busy "sampling" his latest purchases, and a crowd of Tommies sat opposite, keenly enjoying the treat. All of a sudden there was a low whining sound, and everybody rushed into dug-outs to escape the "coal-box", except the officer, who wanted to put his beloved records under cover. He collected them together rapidly, piled them on top of the machine, and started to retire with both arms full.

The shell burst right in the trench, and brought down tons of earth. He was dug out after a few minutes by his men, who were relieved to find him apparently uninjured. He spat a lot of earth from his mouth, and ejaculated in a terrified voice, "My God—the gramophone!"

Too Talkative.

A widow, whose only son was fighting in France, had not received a letter from him for a long time. To her delight, one morning a letter came. It was of bulky dimensions, but to her surprise on opening it every single word had been erased by the censor. The only thing readable was a footnote by the censor himself:

"Madam, your son is quite well, but he talks too much."

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