

## JOLLY JINGLES by BLACKIE DAW

**“TO WAR I SIMPLY CANNOT GO,—  
FOR I’M GOING UP THE GATINEAU.”**

There is a type of man I know, who says he hasn’t time to go and train to be a fighter. He is the kind of spineless creature, with fear writ large on every feature; he’s nothing but a blighter. He’s single (since no girl will take him) and selfish as the Lord can make ’em; a dirty, yellow cur; there’s no one he need help support, this spineless, useless would-be sport; he’s worse than the worst that were. At night in billiard rooms this pup, with cue in hand and sleeves rolled up, is always to be found. This type will skate, play ball, and skii, but when it’s time to don khaki, he’s never, never ’round. He bowls, plays tennis, paddles too, but nothing worth while will he do; he hasn’t time, he’s busy. His mind’s on pleasure bent, just how the week-end will be spent; he thinks he’s *it*, but is he? I’ve asked this type to please enlist and go to war and there assist his comrades trim the foe. He says, “I’d like to meet your wish, but then you see I’m going to fish, ’way up the Gatineau. I promised I would go and spend each Sunday up there with a friend. I’m busy, I assert,—and, anyway, I’d like to know how you can ask a man to go to war—he might get hurt! I’ve often heard my uncle say the man who learns to run away, he very seldom suffers; so when near fights I chance to get, I always side-step them, you bet, and watch the other duffers.” My friends, ’tis men of this description that make us HAVE to have conscription to save our country’s name; for SLACKERS never, never will enlist for overseas until they’re made to do the same. I hope I’m wrong, but seems to me the Lord will give the Slackers’ plea consideration slight, when on the Last Day, up on high, they try to show real reasons why they would not go and fight. For though they’re safe while home they stay (no fear of limbs being blown away by German shot and shell) they’ll find their attitude on earth of “Safety First” was hardly worth what they must bear in Hell. The would-be sport of whom I’ve writ; the coward afraid to “do his bit,” full toll will have to pay; ’way down in Hell, in fire immersed, cast in the brimstone with the cursed, for ever and a day.