

The leek springs up with a joyous shout,  
 He thinks that he owns the land,  
 We all can tell when he is about :  
 Yes, yes indeed, but he's grand.

Miss Fennel, and Mint (a saucy lass),  
 Have both made a run on the banks,  
 Said Sage: « We should keep them under glass,  
 For this is no thyme for pranks. »

Bold Rhubarb stalks with a martial air  
 Past cucumbers as cold as ice ;  
 While scarlet runners are heard to declare ;  
 « Give us peas at any price. »

The onion sobbed « Think of the might have beans,  
 If our mistress had spared the shears,  
 All Rouen would run out of curly greens. »  
 His eloquence moved me to tears.

Young lettuce green and a Brussels sprout  
 On blushing spring-radishes gaze ;  
 They'll soon be feeling cut up, no doubt,  
 So don't grudge them their salad days.

The mushroom leaped from his cosy bed  
 As he heard the sea-kale sing,  
 « Britannia rules the Waves » he said,  
 « Three cheers for our Sailor King ».

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### *Things We Want To Know*

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Billets for new arrivals and what his interest really is, also how long on an average they stay at this Nice Place ?

Was « Registered Letters » sore at doing a double turn as « Orderly Dog », and if so, why did he vent his spite on K G. ?

If a certain Canadian sister was very disappointed that her parcel was opened and if the person that opened it » took the biscuit » ?

If Rouen Scotsmen are really disgusted at the discovery of a race of