



THE other night
I dreamed
I was home.
And I went
Into a restaurant
With good food
And foreign waiters
And a band
And a printed menu
And things.
And I saw
Lots of subalterns
With one star,
One lonely star,
On their sleeves.
And they
Were
Foot soldiers;
But all of them
Wore spurs
And carried whips,
Large whips,
Great big whips
Like cowboys carry
In the movies.
And I
Wondered
At it
And larft
At the whips
And spurs.
And then
I saw
K.—
The K.—
K. of K.,

And he hadn't
Spurs
Or whip
Or anything
Or other,
And I wondered
At it
And larft.
And I woke up
And got
Some tea and bacon
From Jack Wheeler,
Old Jack Wheeler,
Our cook.
And I was glad
I was here,
And not
In that swell joint
With a star,
One lonely star,
And spurs
And all that,
And I
Larft.

Q.M.S.



I thank you.

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ACTIVE SERVICE.

SOME think that "Active Service" is a name
For thrilling deeds, heroic exploits, fame;
Days of excitement, nights of hard-earned rest,
Welcomed by soldiers as an honoured guest.
Casualties, of course—some deaths, some wounds—
A Red Cross flag, heart-rending sights and sounds;
The roar of guns, the shriek of shot and shell,
A nightmare cinema of Heaven and Hell.
That's true enough, yet only so far true
As 'tis tell a child the sea is blue;
These things are trimmings, merely fluffy frills,
The sugar coating over bitter pills.
Now for the pill itself: An ounce of fight,
Say one of thrills and two or three of fright,
Some pounds of thirst and hunger, cold and heat,
Lashings of weariness and blistered feet.
Endless "fatigues," of guards a goodly store,
Orders and counter-orders by the score;
Ounces of this and that, of one thing 'Tons—
Stark BOREDOM—worse to face than Vickers' guns.
Just try ten days of it. Perhaps the mail
Is late—no letters, parcels, papers stale,
A month ago. Yes, bully-beef to eat,
Or, if you're lucky, chilled Australian meat.

The never-ceasing toil with spade and pick—
Dig, dig, and dig until you're simply sick
Of sight of toil, and then that something gun
Wrecking the work you really thought you'd done.
"Ration fatigue," "Fall in!"—the daily game,
Week in, week out, in cold or heat the same;
Staggering with sharp-edged boxes, coils of wire,
Through narrow pitch-dark trenches under fire.
That's "Active Service"—frowns and a fitful smile,
Honours in inches, "tellings off" by the mile;
Sleep reckoned by the minute, work by the week;
Life in a mud-hole. Glorified hide-and-peek.
Grouse, do I? Well, why grudge a soul its salve?
Engines would burst without their safety valve.
We know the cause is good, we're proud to fight;
But twice two can't make five, and black's not white.

THE GROUSER.

(From "The Snapper," the monthly journal of the East Yorkshire Regiment, April, 1916.)

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CHARIVARI.

FURTHER list of things which are proper subjects for internment at Wittenberg:—
Daylight saving.
"Say, A. D., here's something for the paper." (Usually a witticism that would make a police reporter blush.)
Mashed potatoes *à la* chloride of lime.
New and strange ways of wearing gas helmets.
Minnenwerfers.
Whiz-bangs.
All other German artillery variations.
"Two-day" turns in the salient which work out to 120 hours.
Messieurs Maconochie and Tickler.
The current system of apportioning rest periods between Imperial and Colonial troops.
Blighties which blight nothing but their owners' hopes of extended sick leave.

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Bilious reflections of a home-sick Yank:—
Do old, bald-headed men with children really enjoy being referred to as "young subalterns"?
Why is it that the prettiest girls always have the least sense?
A steel hat affords fair protection, but a brass one seems to be better.

What on earth is that tune that a certain Company Commander is for ever whistling?
One time I came out of the trenches with all my equipment intact except one respirator. A cold-eyed Q.M. met me with threats of twenty-eight days No. 1. Last week I came out with nothing but a broken rifle and a water-bottle which was suffering from shell-shock. The same Q.M. greeted me with smiles and kindly words, and gave me the pick of the stores.
"What man knoweth the mind of a King?"

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From a war diary:—
Sunday, —th June.—6 p.m.—The C.O. has just announced that we go up to the trenches to-morrow night. 7 p.m.—The General has arrived to take dinner with the Officers' Mess. 8 p.m.—The Major has come around to tell us that we don't go in for three days more. . . . Here's hoping they keep the General all night!
A. D. S.

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EUCLID IN THE ARMY.

ADUG-OUT is that which, if inhabited by any given number of men, contains room for less than half that number.
An adjutant is that which has no heart or gratitude.
Any two whiz-bangs together will cause a newcomer to duck.
Any number of Army biscuits are together worth less than one sound tooth.
A major has the shortest temper between two meals.
No one may wear more than one gas helmet on the same head.
Sergeants who swear in the same manner are equal to one another.—Daily Paper.