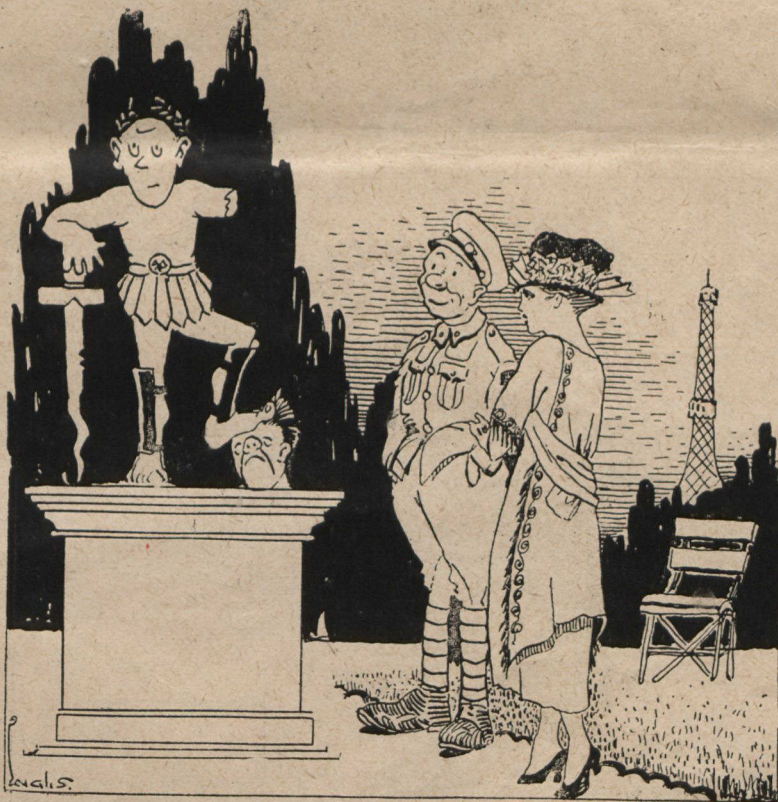


A WISH.

DUG-OUTS here and trenches there,
 Shell-holes, craters, ev'rywhere,
 Whizzing shrapnel, crack of guns,
 Cannons booming, strafing Huns.

In Sue's garden overseas
 Birds are singing in the trees ;
 There I'll hie me sans delay,
 When the guns are stored away.

And I hope that time comes soon,
 'Twould please me **this** afternoon!



"Gosh! . . . A Blighty!!"