

VERSES FROM THE FRONT

GURKHAS WHITE

Now Armagh Wood be it understood
Had been left in the hands of the Hun.
And it we are told he meant to hold
'Gainst the efforts on any one.

But back in rest was a bunch of the best
Who made it their boast and tradition.
That never had they, for even a day
Lost a single trench or position.

And they called the Hun by names that one
Would hardly repeat to the ladies
And swore in a manner stout the'd heave him out
Though they went through the fires of hades

And so one day in the trenches they lay
And they waited the time to attack.
For once they got Fritz in the grip of their mits
They'd a lot of their own to get back.

Each had his sand-bags four and six bombs or more,
A shovel, a rifle and bayonet
And in joyful mood they watched Armagh Wood,
As our guns did merrily play on it.

It was dark as pitch when they reached the ditch
Where the first line took their alingment
But under his belt each man of them felt
The glow of a rum consignment.

Then sky and ground were rocked with the sound
Of the shattering roar of our guns.
And the blackness of night changed to dancing light
As our shell fire battered the Huns.

Through that torn wood where no whole tree stood
They surged like a wave on sand
Through his rifle fire, and the wreck of his wire
A dash that he couldn't withstand.

And after that night the "Gurkhas White"
Fritz renamed us with decision
For God help the Hun when he ever began
To get fresh with the 1st Division.

— J. A. S.

TO "MINNIE"

Oh, monstrous globule who with hideous speed
Dost cleave the heavens in parabolic flight,
And, comet-like, dost leave a trail of light
To give the timely warning that we need
To dodge thy shattering terror in the gloom:
Oh, swift destruction, rushing on yet stayed
Poised overhead like Damoclean blade,
Thy horrid sibilance the voice of doom:
Oh, earthquake-voiced annihilating death:
Oh, great arch-sausage who dost dissipate
The landscape into fragmentary bits:
Whene'er you come I crouch with bated breath,
But oh, the joy to watch and speculate
On your reception when you visit Fritz!

— "24681"

S. R. D.

Some poets rave of maidens hair, their noses and their lips
Whilst others equally crazy portray their eyes and hips
But to me such things are folly and their virtues I cant see
As my mind is so engrossed on these magic letters S. R. D.

We have Ticklers and Maconochies and Australian frozen meat
With many other brands of food that's mighty hard to beat,
We smoke tobacco from the land that never sets the sun,
But most nourishing of all our rations is that little tot of Rum.

When Julius Ceaser first on Gaul, his barbarian hordes let loose
His transport difficulties were great, not so his choice of booze.
So his Q. M. S. then sallied forth with orders, that back he
must not come

Unless he were well laden with the vintage - Briton's knew
as Rum.

At Cressy and at Agincourt, in Egypt and Quebec
Where ere our foes were gathered, they got it in the neck,
For then, as now, wherever there was fighting, be it on land
or sea,

The most cherished of our rations were those labelled S. R. D.

I'm not a great tactician, nor at Staff College have I been.
But the soul inspiring bravery of rum I've often seen
Now you Army Corps Commanders, if in Berlin you would be
Don't forget that double ration of S. R. D.

—J. K.

WINNING THE RIDGE

The night was dark and the rain very wet, and the wind it
blew while it lasted
And the 16th Bombers in the Trenches lay, to their eyes in mud
quite plastered.
Each man had been served with his tot of Rum, and hastily
drank his sup,
When the order was passed along the line "Over - the best of
luck".

Through slime and sludge with a cheer on their lips, they
bravely beat their way,
And dug themselves in out in "No Mans Land", just before
the dawn of day,
With a growl like a bear through the cursed air, from our
9.2's to Fritz.
Were added continuous salvos — breaking his parapet.

Old Fritz to stop the final rush, put up a desperate fire.
But the Bombers in spite of hell itself tore through his broken
wire.
Once in his lines we commenced to straf, and some straffing
we sure did do.
For there was'nt a Hun left in the trench to tell how the Bom-
bers broke through.

With a hiss and a crack, in each dug-out and sap you could
hear the sweet strains of a bomb.
And a voice in the dark was enjoying the lark, as he yelled to
the Bombers "lead on".
So we reached our goal and held it too, in spite of the Hate of
the Hun.
And we'll never forget as long as we live how The Ridge wa
won.

— C. T.