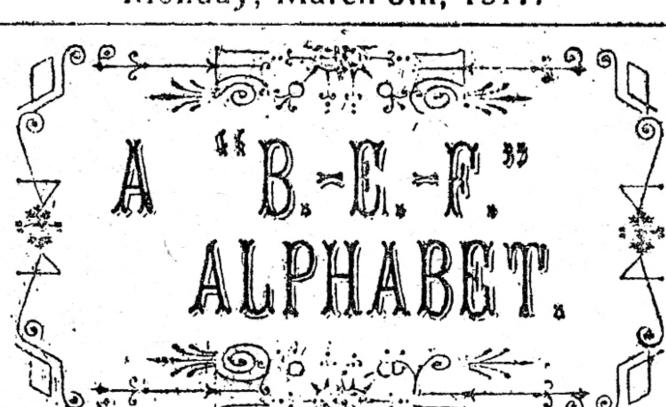


Monday, March 5th, 1917.



is the ARMY, in which he's a veteran Who's fought for a year from the Somme up to Meteren,
Finding in Winter each week is a wetter 'un
And passing his days in the trenches.

hear,
Prices are rising, and food is so dear
That a 'sub' can't afford to even go
near:
It is cheaper to stay in the trenches.

heard say)

Have not seen their gee-gees for many a day,

But soon they will mount them and gallop away,

And we'll all say good-bye to the trenches.

for the DUCKBOARDS—If placed end to end
They'd girdle the Earth, and to Heaven ascend,
But I notice they've caused a peculiar blend
Of language to thrive in the trenches.

for the EDITOR, ruddy in hue,

He'd blue-pencil this if I said all I knew,

So I'll wish him good luck or—between

me and you— He'll send me exploring Hun trenches.

"B.=E.=P." ALPHABET.

for the FLYING CORPS—here we express

Our admiration: could we do less? They often have helped us out of a mess, "Cheer-ph!" from the men in the

trenches. *

By fighters behind the line only for the poisonous GAS that's emitted half-witted.

But very pugnacious, and much to be pitied 🤌

By those who live in the trenches,

for the HUN who lives over the way:
His future is black and his present is grey:

Yet a Hun is a Hun, and as such he must pay For making us live in the trenches,

for the INFANTRY prefixed "P.B.," One bob per diem and milk in their tea:

They work day and night, after which they are free To start on a job in the trenches.

for the JAR—if its contents are rum

A welcome awaits it whene'er it may come:

Be it soon, be it late, there will always be some To greet it with joy in the trenches.

'S for the KULTUR beneficent Huns Endeavour to force down our throats with big guns:

They send shells in packets, they send them in ones: But Kultur's NAR-Poo in the trenches.

is for LEAVE, our goal of desire,
Ten days in Blighty away from the mire: Hope springs eternal, and ne'er will

expire In the breast of the men in the trenches.

stands for MINNIE, whose shriek rends the night:

They say that her bark is much worse than her bite,

And if you can dodge her you'll sure be all right:

But she isn't much loved in the trenches.

"B.=E.=F." ALPHABET.

for the NOMINAL ROLLS we send through

Daily and weekly and monthly to 'Q':

But we'd do it gladly and much worse things too,

To finish the war in the trenches,

the OBSERVER, who sees many sights,

Such as stout German generals dancing in tights,

And performing the most inexplicable rites,

From his O-Pip in one of our trenches.

O'S for PEDICULI, horrible pests,

They make themselves happy in trousers and vests;

Though dear little fellows, they're unwelcome guests

To the P.B.I. in the trenches.

? Well its obvious who fills this place—

Princes of paper, the pride of our race—
Every movement and minute be sure
they can trace

And send back to the man in the trenches.

the RETURNS to be rendered by noon.

Of the number of men who have seen a

blue moon,
Speak Japanese, or have been to Rangoon,

Before they came out to the trenches.

Of for the SAPPERS, who sin without

shame,

And in spite of all efforts will go down
to fame

As the men who invented the five-bob
"A" frame,

To keep up the sides of our trenches.

is where.

I must take heed what I write, or I'll

for the TRENCHES themselves (this

which have blackened our souls, and have whitened our hair:

Oh! Life is a dream in the trenches.

for the UNIVERSE, whose fate 'tis plain
Is now being settled in mud, slush and

rain,

By strafing which spreads from Nieuport to Lorraine,

A line which is marked by our trenches.

"B.=E.=F." ALPHABET.

for the VICES soldiers posses,

Discovered by those who have been more or less

Claimants to fame through a line in the Press,

But never have shone in the trenches.

for WHISKEY and WHIZZ-BANGS as well:

Of the former I've almost forgotten the smell,

Whilst the latter contribute to make it like Hell

At various times in the trenches.

for the unknown—and 'twixt you and me

Fritz is now thinking (and we all agree)
That, hot as his present, his future will
be

Much hotter than e'er in the trenches.

for the YARNS that one hears—some are true:

Others-Well! doubtless, though vivid

Are spun by those 'back,' who have never been through,

Or stood their whack of the trenches.

Most of us wish we were way back in Dover,

Making munitions and living in clover.
And far, far away from the trenches.

B.E.F. TIMES.

THE