



1919

SOUVENIR



1/6

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OF THE

Welsh Division

1919 SOUVENIR
OF
THE WELSH DIVISION

Edward P



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Message from the Prime Minister.

10, DOWNING STREET.

WHITEHALL S.W.1.

14th October, 1918.

Anwyl Gydwladwyr,

I have followed the glorious records of the valiant deeds and heroic endurance of the 38th (Welsh) Division with the keenest pride and admiration. You have shown that "Y Ddraig Goch a Ddyry Gychwyn." Wales is thrilled by the story of your achievements. She will never forget them, and will always honour the memory of your brave comrades who have fallen.

H Lloyd George

Prelude.

(WITH ABJECT APOLOGIES TO MR. PUNCH.)

HE looked somewhat incongruous in such a place. He was a little old gentleman with a hump on his back, and a curiously large nose set in an extremely merry face, and he was accompanied by a small dog wearing an Elizabethan frill. He was walking briskly down the HINDENBURG-STRASSE looking with interest at the numerous German notice-boards with their varied superscriptions, such as *Bad und Entlausung, Achtung! Eisenbahn, Quartieranweisung nur durch den Ortskommandantur.*

Already signs in a more familiar tongue had begun to make their appearance—Town Major, No Trotting through the Village, etc., and over the entrance to a series of palatial dug-outs an imposing notice which had marked the place as the home of a German Corps Headquarters had been replaced by a modest board displaying a little red dragon and the mystic letters A.D.M.S.

Presently the old gentleman came to a cross-roads where a smart Traffic Control man stood directing a constant stream of vehicles, in which the splendidly appointed blue and gold cars of O's. C. M. T. Companies mingled with the less pretentious Fords of mere Generals.

"Good morning," he said to the sentry, "and how do you like your job?"

"I've got a job that is Dead Slow," replied the man. "Standing about in the rain and mud?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes," cried the other, "It's a dud; it's a dud."

"It's lovely in Peckham," said Mr. Punch (for it was indeed he). "But we are not members of Mr. Blore's concert party, so let us change the subject. I should like, first of all, to congratulate you on the unrivalled opportunities for self-improvement afforded you by your situation. These German notice-boards for example, will teach you a lot of German grammar. That one behind you now—" *Zum Unterstand*—" "

"Yes," said the sentry somewhat testily, "And—*zum don't*. Will you kindly state your business, and let me get on with the war?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Punch, "will you tell me where I shall find the Welsh Division?"

"That is rather a difficult question," answered the other. "At 16.00 hours yesterday they left this point, which is Sheet 157B, one in forty thousand, S27 ack, eighty-two. By 20.00 hours they were off the one-in forty thousands altogether, and mopping up the one-in-hundred-thousands by handfuls. Your best chance is to wait for the A.P.M. I am expecting him along any moment now with the First Hundred Thousand."

“ Hundred thousand what ? ” asked Mr. Punch.

“ Prisoners,” said the sentry. “ Ah, I think I can see them approaching now.”

And he pointed towards the East where a cloud of dust had appeared on the horizon and was moving rapidly towards them. As it drew nearer, it resolved itself into an interminable procession of Germans headed by the A.P.M. and the Intelligence Officer.

“ Good morning,” said the A.P.M. “ What are you doing with that dog ? ”

“ Oh, he’s all right,” responded Mr. Punch, “ That’s TOBY.”

“ TOBY or not TOBY, that’s not the question,” said the A.P.M. with a look that made poor Toby retreat to a prepared position behind his master. “ What I mean is—is he authorised ? Is he on your establishment ? ”

“ He practically never leaves it,” said Mr. Punch. “ But enough of poor Toby. I am here on much more important business. In common with the rest of the civilised world (not to mention Germany) I have watched with amazement the marvellous achievements of your Division in the last six months. I have it on good authority that the shade of Fluellen, which still haunts the field of Agincourt, not far from where we now stand, has appeared at G.H.Q. and asked the authorities to convey to his successors in the Division his thanks for the noble way in which they have maintained the great traditions of their race. I myself have been asked to bring you a small souvenir. I have here a volume which——”

“ No you don’t,” interrupted the Intelligence Officer. “ I owe it to my office and position to tell you that *I* at any rate am not deceived by this simple piece of camouflage. I’ve read *Punch* for years and I know perfectly well what you are leading up to. You are going to present us, to our great surprise, with your Two Hundredth Volume.”

“ Young man,” replied Mr. Punch, “ I fear that you have fallen into an error—a pardonable error, but still an error. Pray allow me to continue. What I have here is a volume with which I have nothing personally to do. As a matter of fact, you yourselves are responsible for its production. But you have been so busy that you have not noticed it. I have therefore been deputed by the Editor to introduce you to your own work. This volume, gentlemen, like the Three Pens, is a boon and a blessing to all men. It is suited to all ages and all categories. It does not matter whether you are A1, B2, or C3—this volume will act as an Inspiration to the Young, a Joy to the Middle-aged, and a Consolation to the Decrepit.”

And with that he presented his now speechless auditors with the
THIRD VOLUME OF THE WELSH DIVISIONAL SOUVENIR.

Impressions.

A FETID swamp, 'midst charred and blackened trees,
 Spanned only by a narrow wooden bridge ;
 Tall weeds and grasses rustling in the breeze,
 Long lines of traffic crossing o'er a ridge.
 A dusty road ; a town—yet not a town,
 Bare ruin, heaps of timber, formless clay,
 Barbed wire defences, torn and battered down,
 Lone crosses here and there about the way,
 Machine-gun bullets sweeping through a wood,
 A burning building lost in clouds of smoke,
 The whistling of a shell, a heavy thud.
 The air is filled with gas ; men reel and choke.
 Unwavering still the khaki line moves on
 Abreast the slope, under a burning sun.

P. H. HANDLEY.

A Tribute.

UNDAUNTED spirits, quenching human fears,
 Unflinchingly you paid the heavy price.
 You shall endure through all the coming years
 In lives made richer by your sacrifice.

P. H. HANDLEY.



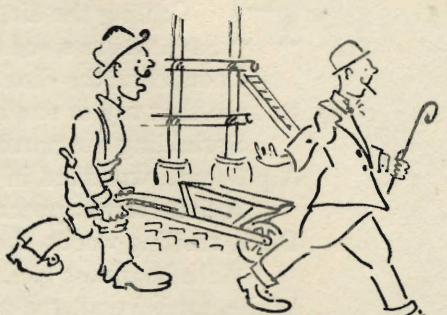


ALBERT, AUGUST 1918.

SOME THINGS WE SHALL DO AFTER —
THIS WAR



Solve the Pork & Beans mystery



We will sniff the late Sgt.



Bivouac when travelling



Live up to dugout times



Laugh at cold-blood murder & Exterminize all alarm-clocks



Dreams of Homeland.

HOW thick the mist hangs over yonder hill
 Chilling the air, obscuring all the vale,
 Save where some distant chimney, gaunt and still,
 Looms like the dim mast of a phantom sail.
 But see that ray of sunlight breaking through,
 Sprinkling the narrow streets with purest gold ;
 A pit-shaft, wreathed in smoke, comes into view ;
 A little town appears where mists unfold.
 Dark, rustling woods above an upland lawn,
 With hoarfrost gleaming white on all below,
 While, far beyond, the rosy tints of dawn
 Caress a lovely peak enwrapped in snow.
 Visions of Cymru, from across the sea
 Wafted to men asleep in Picardy.

P. H. HANDLEY.

Pen-Pictures.

TIRED bearers trudging down a sunken track,
 A red-cross flying o'er a shell-marked plain,
 Prone figures crowded in a little shack,
 Doctors at work relieving human pain ;
 Cars clearing wounded in the fading light,
 The whirr of bombing-planes right overhead,
 Bright searchlights streaming through the darkening night,
 A myriad star shells falling, green and red ;
 Unceasing boom of guns, fast-falling rain,
 Shadowy groups around a flickering fire,
 Living some hour of battle o'er again—
 Deeds that in quiet days shall still inspire.
 A grey light stealing softly o'er the sky—
 Is it a signal that the end is nigh ?

P. H. HANDLEY.

Poems.

War.

ONE place laid—
 Always one place laid,
 One bed made—
 Always one bed made,
 Heart in the shadows,
 Have you place set ?
 Do you wait as I wait,
 Or must you forget ?

I have an inn,
 Guest will never come,
 One makes the house,
 Two must make the home.
 Heart in the shadows,
 Have you light set ?
 Do you watch the darkness,
 Or must the dead forget ?

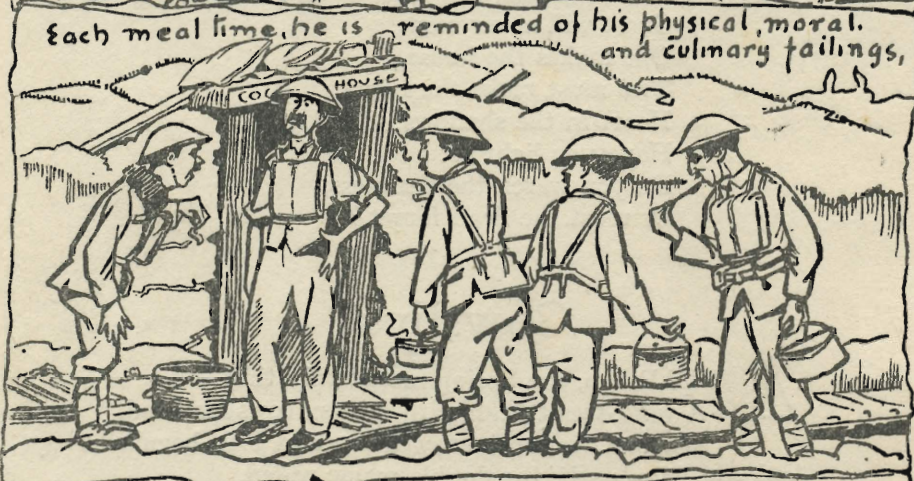
Cowslips.

A YEAR ago, the Spring meant only this—
 A wind-swept field, with drowsy cowslips filled,
 Where Love, on borrowed pipes of Pan, beguiled
 And you, May's self, the double magic willed,
 Laughing, to give me flowers like a child,
 And the warm scent of the cowslips was
 like incense to your kiss.

To-day, while Spring was whispering of desire,
 As though the Winter never could destroy,
 Hope, smiling, died ; and there was left to me
 The cuckoo chanting faintly, like the joy
 That I heard calling, but might never see,
 And the heavy scent of cowslips was like
 smoke that crowns a pyre.

N. I. E.

A Cook in the Field.



The Divisional Speech Day.

THE first annual Speech Day of the Welsh Division was held at Brussels on January 1st, 1919. The large and appreciative gathering which assembled for the occasion included guests from many other Divisions, as well as representatives from the French Academy, the John Hopkins University (U.S.A.), and the Army School of Catering. It was felt that the intellectual rivalry thus established would do much to stimulate interest in Education. A beginning in this direction was, in fact, made in the informal discussion, held after the conclusion of the proceedings, on the subject of the Field Cashier's proposals for an Education Rate. The suggestion was that the collection should be made by areas, Area Commandants being held responsible. An amendment to the effect that the Military Police should exercise an informal supervision over the proceedings and movements of the Area Commandants, was carried unanimously, as also was a further amendment, that on no account should the Requisition Officer hold the cash. Further discussion evoked a lively interchange of views between Denominationalists and Undenominationalists. Our casualties were light.

The SPEECH DAY proceedings were opened by the Education Officer, who read the following wire from Mr. Fisher, Minister of Education :—

To G.O.C. Welsh Division begins
AAA.

Cedant arma togae AAA, ends.

This message was much appreciated by all who could understand it, and loudly applauded by all who could not. The Education Officer then retired to his billet for a well-earned rest.

He was followed—on the platform, not to his billet—by the Major-General, whose vigorous style and apt phraseology called forth much applause. He professed himself much gratified by the increased attention being paid to Education. He was old enough to remember the time, in the earlier days of the War, when men in rest billets preferred beer to botany, and put Banker before Browning (cries of "Shame"); when Officers on leave, instead of resorting, as they now did, to the Reading Room of the British Museum or the Lecture-halls of Oxford, idled away their precious hours in garish music-halls and Bacchanalian night-clubs (murmurs of horror from a group of second-lieutenants).

After a pithy review of the general educational programme of the year, the G.O.C. went on to specify some of the more interesting developments. He dwelt on the success of the Outpost Lending Library, and evoked loud cheers by his announcement that the books with the largest circulation were the work of members of the Division. It was hardly necessary for him to say that he referred to the three well-known masterpieces, 'Pons Asinorum,' by the C.R.E.; 'Plato in the Platoon,' by the Gas Officer, and 'History of the Drama from Sophocles to Sutton,' by

Lieut. Eric Blore. It was amazing, he said, with what rapidity these books were passed on from one outpost to another. He also wished to commend particularly a device adopted by the Gunners, whose 'Stable Readings' were the envy of all other Units. Few things, he said, were more morally uplifting than the spectacle of hundreds of men silently grooming their animals, as they listened with rapt attention to Captain Graystone's Readings from Dickens. It was on record that his rendering of the 'Death of little Nell' had brought tears to the eyes of the Army mule. (Signs of incredulity from Col. Hayward.). He was glad to be able to announce that Captain Graystone had been elected an Honorary Vice-President of the National Home Reading Union. Other experiments had not been so uniformly successful. Some time previously, Col. Kennedy had suggested that raiding parties should be superseded by reading parties. That gallant officer had himself led a reading party into the Boche lines, armed only with Cassell's German-English Lexicon and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf's Prolegomena to an Introductory Study of Manuscript Collation. Unfortunately, neither Col. Kennedy nor any of his party had been heard of since. It was also a moot question whether the Metaphysical Debates between 'G' and 'Q' Staffs had not ruffled the former serenity of their relations. It was understood that the A.A.Q.M.G. regarded G.S.O. I's criticism of Kant's Schematization of the Categories as a personal affront, while the latter Officer could not forgive his distinguished colleague's counter-attack on the Hegelian system.

The Division had recently been

inspected by a higher authority, who reported that he had found a high state of educational efficiency. Never in his previous experience had he (the higher authority) seen such brightly polished pen-nibs or such spotless copy-books. He was sure that the students at Oxford College would turn green with envy could they see the ruler and ink-pot drill of the 'Q' clerks. The state of the equipment throughout the Division was a credit to all concerned. (At this point D.A.D.O.S. was observed to blush.) Several of the ink-pots had, it was true, the appearance of having been used, and one or two of the blotting pads were distinctly tainted with ink. He had also had occasion to crawl under a desk and had found three specks of dust. He understood, however, that the offenders had been severely dealt with, and he was satisfied that the Division had now a "clean slate." He had only one suggestion to make, and that was that the blackboards should be whitewashed.

The Major-General, in conclusion, said that he could not omit a reference to the Social Study Circle. Only three papers had been read so far, but they were all of outstanding merit:—'The Suppression of the Drink Traffic,' by the Canteen Officer; 'The Housing of the Poor,' by the Camp Commandant; and the 'Treatment of the Aged and Infirm,' by the O.C. Employment Company.

He was assured that the forthcoming paper by the D.A.D.V.S. on 'Kindness to Animals' would startle the educational world. At this point, the audience cheered loudly, under the impression that the speech was finished, but the Major-General, resuming, recited in full, and with much éclat,

Robert Browning's 'Grammarians' Funeral.' He then sat down amid renewed applause.

After a speech from the Corps Commander, which was listened to with respectful attention, the assembly retired for rest and refreshment to the Divisional Canteen, where the Officer-in-charge had made arrangements in keeping with the spirit of the meeting. It was, in fact, he who kept all the spirit.

There was nothing to eat, but each man was presented upon entering with a little book, entitled 'The Economics of Economy' as also with one whole week's canteen ration in advance, *i.e.*, four cigarettes and half a bar of chewing gum. The absence of food was not noticed, as each man carried upon his person the unconsumed portion of the day's ration. The Officers' tent contained a large selection of pamphlets, bearing attractive titles, such as 'Britain's Ruin'; 'Why I gave it up'; 'The Superior Advantages of Urodonal' (by an A.S.C. Colonel). The Divisional Band was in attendance, and played selections from the Temperance Hymnal.

After this interval, the programme was resumed with the distribution of prizes by the Corps Commander. The first prize in each case was a beautifully bound copy of the Divisional Souvenir for 1919, the second prize, 'Selections from D.R.O.'s,' by the Editor of 'Punch,' and the third 'The Order of the ——(censored—Editor).

The awards were directed to be entered as casualties, in the case of Officers in A.B. 439, and in the case of other ranks on A.B. 64. We regret that lack of space prevents our publishing a complete list of prize-winners, but the

following awards of special prizes deserve mention:—

Prize for Cooking, given by the Army School of Catering, divided between the Canteen Auditors.

Prize for Nature Study, given by the Editor of Home Notes, awarded to O.C. Flies.

Prize for Improving Conversation, given by the Senior Chaplain, awarded to the Divisional Hairdresser.

There were no competitors for the Greek Verse prize, which was a handsome edition of 'Eric: or Little by Little,' This was, therefore, raffled, and was won, most appropriately, by Lieut. Eric Blore.

When the blushing prize-winners had returned to their desks, amid the envious congratulations of their particular friends, the business of passing votes of thanks was taken seriously in hand. As is usual on such occasions, this phase occupied the greater part of the hours of daylight still remaining. While our readers will, doubtless, thank us for sparing them the sordid details of such proceedings, we feel that we should rightly deserve their censure, did we entirely ignore the more notable speeches.

The Adjutant of the D.A.C., in rising to propose a vote of thanks to those gentlemen who had refrained from throwing bricks, told the assembly that he was not going to inflict another speech upon them (cheers). In the speech he then proceeded to make, the Adjutant said that he felt there was one avenue or by-way of culture which had been somewhat overlooked. If his hearers would cast their minds back to the classical ages of Greece and Rome, they would recall how often the world,

grown blasé from over-civilization and weary with the continual clash of arms, found relief, in imagination if not in reality, in a return to the simpler life; how, when the crowds who baked and stewed in the hot streets of Alexandria read the pastoral idylls of Theocritus, and saw in mental vision the homely shepherd tending his simple flock on far Sicilian hills, they experienced an elevation of sentiment which he was sure did them a world of good, and was at least as near as they would ever get to the glow of genuine poetical culture. The warriors of Imperial Rome were even more happily placed, as they had only to make a journey from the City to the rural districts of Italy to see, as readers of Virgil would remember, the shepherd himself in the flesh, quite as genuine as his renowned descendant of Dartmoor. The cultural inspiration which this spectacle afforded them was enough to see them writing poetry for the rest of their lives.

Was not the present age, and not least, the present army, in need of some such cultural inspiration? When he had opened his heart on this matter to his esteemed friend Mr. D—bs—n, the latter had concurred and had pointed out, with his characteristic acumen, that they (the D.A.C.) were peculiarly well-placed for playing a leading part, owing to the stock of live sheep which they always had on hand (see their last return to S.S.O.) for the benefit of the Indian personnel. With that generosity with which his friends were so familiar, Mr. D—bs—n had himself volunteered to be the first shepherd, and had carried out his intention to the extent of rising at 0400 hours—which was most unusual with him—and, attired in costume fitted to the part, leading his blithe

flock, to the music of the flute, from X 25.d.2.6 to a point in P.36.b, where he was unfortunately apprehended by the A.P.M., and charged with (a) being improperly dressed, and (b) conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline. Fortunately, the authorities had seen fit to compromise in the matter, to the extent of allowing Mr. D—bs—n to spend three days under supervision on a cold storage ship containing a cargo of frozen mutton from New Zealand. The result was a little volume of sonnets, bound in sheepskin, and entitled 'The Canterbury Tails.'

Captain Miller, who seconded the proposal, was so affected by the above narration that he was unable to speak through his tears, but signified his assent in the usual manner.

The Corps Agricultural Officer in reply said that the last speaker's classical allusions had reminded him of that old Roman farmer, Cincinnatus, who had been summoned literally from the plough to lead the armies of his country against the invader. But what would Cincinnatus have said, had he been asked to take his plough with him, and cultivate fields under the nose of the invader? His reply would have been more forcible than polite. What Cincinnatus had not done, men of the Welsh Division had done. His opinion of Ancient History was that its chief value lay in teaching us how much better we were than our forefathers.

These speeches, the eloquence of which we have but endeavoured faintly to adumbrate, brought to a close the formal proceedings. In the evening, those who were unable to get away enjoyed an entertainment provided for them in a large marquee, lent (under pressure) by D.A.D.O.S. for the

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occasion. The entertainment consisted in a series of Tableaux Vivants, representative of well-known events in Welsh history. Among these representations one of the most effective and pleasing was the Massacre of the Bards on Holy Island. The four Brigadiers, who took the part of the Bards, looked very charming in their robes of white chiffon, trimmed with tulle, with insertions of cokernut matting. A silly suggestion that they should appear attired only in a coating of woad had been previously vetoed by the Education Officer as unhistorical, and by the Senior Chaplain on much more emphatic grounds. In accordance with tradition, the Brigadiers carried boughs of mistletoe, a circumstance which gave rise to several embarrassing incidents.

O.C. Machine Gun Battalion was very good as chief massacerer, but a certain amount of irritation was caused among his supposed victims by the unexplained intrusion in his apparatus of several live bullets. The 131st Field Ambulance, however, rendered valuable assistance.

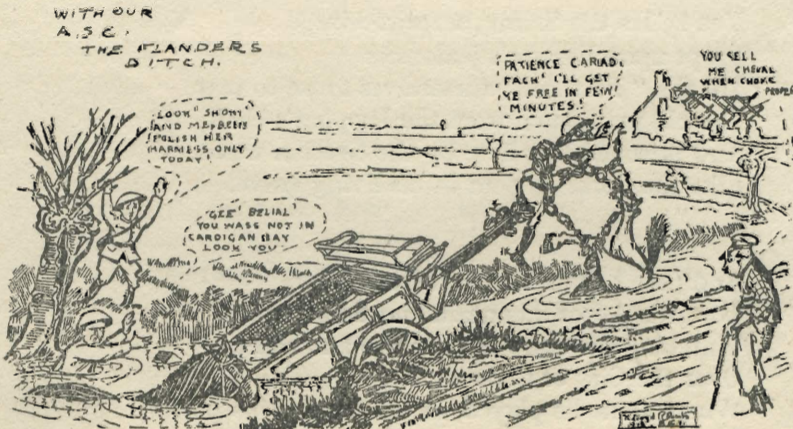
Amongst other performers, Major Wynn ap-Howell Thomas was the

subject of much innocent mirth in his clever disguise as Howel the Good. As everybody knows, Howel the Good was a Prince of Wales. He was also, paradoxically enough, a lawyer, and earned the undying gratitude of his people by codifying the law. To typify this beneficent act, Major Thomas was seen presenting a volume of "Supply Services of the British Army in France" to a kneeling band of quartermasters, who received the gift with tears of gratitude. They were supposed to represent the law-abiding populace of South Wales.

* * * *

The entertainment was still in full swing when an announcement was made from the platform by O.C. Canteen to the effect that a consignment of whisky had unexpectedly arrived, and that a distribution would take place immediately. In the subsequent crush, two Staff Officers and one batman were badly bruised, a well-known Lt.-Col. lost his eye-glass and the crease in the slacks of G.S.O. 3 was irretrievably ruined.

H.



Abdul Hamid at Salonica.

(1910.)

TO and fro, to and fro
 Paces the Watch on sentry go ;
 Scabbard at girdle, rifle on arm,
 Guard they the hope of a nation from harm ?
 Who is the prince keeps revel to-night
 Where the casements glow with imprisoned light ?

Breath from the ocean ! The curtains part
 And the house for a moment displays its heart ;
 Ivory divans ; arras old,
 Where the words of the Prophet writhe in gold ;
 Lustres of silver and crystal ; but where
 Is the company fitting a hall so fair ?

Steps from the window a figure lone,
 A greybeard, bent and with years fordone ;
 His head with a jewelled tarboosh dight
 Whose diamonds flash in the streaming light.
 He leans his arms on the balcony,
 And gazes afar o'er the moonlit sea.

Yea ! 'Tis the Sultan, serpent-wise,
 Propt upon Europe's jealousies
 Till the " Faithful " themselves arose to tear
 The old man down from the Prophet's chair,
 And prisoned him here by the Grecian wave,
 Like the Corsican pent in his living grave.

And here he gazes with furrowed face
 Towards Athos mountain and Samothrace,
 Watching the stars as they rise and shine
 Over the City of Constantine,
 Where alone he played, in the days of his power,
 With the white and the black that were Giaour and Giaour.

Does he think of them--Bulgar and Greek and Russ
 Couched by the gates of the Bosphorus--
 As the hungry jackals, in wait that lie
 Till the Ottoman lion grow old or die ?
 Does he mourn for the sceptre that erst gave pause
 To the thrust of presumptuous nose and claws ?

Or does he behold a grimmer sight :
 Long slopes of Taurus, with winter white,
 The winding-sheet of the innocent dead
 From crueller man to the mountains fled ?
 Do the widow's lament and the orphan's wail
 Float to his ears on the Southern gale ?

Eye of man to the last lone star
 Reaches, and counts what plumelets are
 In the crest of the tiniest midge that flies ;
 One country beyond his exploring lies--
 Outsinking Hell, and outsoaring light--
 His neighbour's soul, in its depth and height.

So let us leave him, and turn to pray
 For the souls that suffered beneath his sway ;
 Yet if his be the guilt, 'tis he that needs
 The holiest prayer that a Christian pleads
 For a fallen foe, in the winepress trod,
 Or broken and crushed in the mills of God.

G. C. A.

To a Ration Cigarette.

A Book of Army Orders 'neath the
 Bluff,

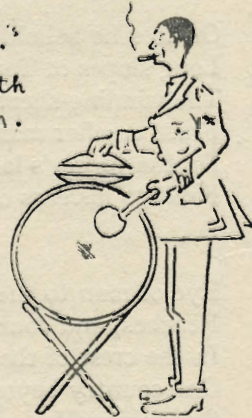
A Jar of Rum, ten ounces bisc., a puff
 At Thee, my sole delight in Picardy--
 Ah ! Picardy is Paradise enough !

WE HAD A TOPPING BAND — ?

The S.C. takes the baton.



The B.I.O.'s intelligence was worth observation.



The B.M. played B.F.



The D.G.O. was on the alert with his turbokey bits.



The dancing was much interesting, which forced the general's Poyce-less smile.

W. K. ...