

WAAC—OH!!

We came, we saw, and marvelled
(And in thankfulness we cheered),
That army life had not been ruined
By WAAC's, as we had feared.
Their light and cheery chatter
(True, there are some that it would bore)
Has eased the irk of army life,
And the galling yoke of war
Keep us young and keep us happy
(Keep the charm we find so dear)
We've found much joy (and faulty cooking)
Since your arrival here.

DUNKIRK

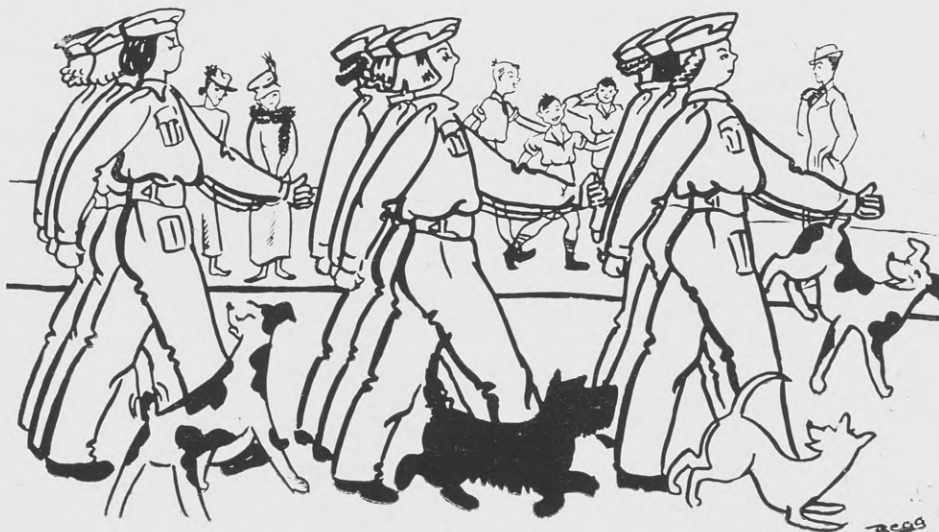
The pall of smoke has lifted
From Dunkirk's sandy shore,
And the sands of Time have drifted
O'er the awful trail of war;
But forever to Thy glory,
In eternal reverence,
We shall tell the story
Of Thy Divine deliverance.
Gnr. W. L. Colvin.

OUR GENTLE WAACS.

Their lives were gentle, sheltered, pure,
Their habits were refined,
Their training did not them inure
To Army life unkind.
Their thoughts were all of church and choir,
And sweetness filled their mind.
Are they not worthy of something higher
Than the ancient cakes the Y.M. find?
Gnr. W. L. Colvin.

THE OFFICERS' SHOOT.

Dunedin is a bonny town,
An' aye, we're havin' fun!
We even had some officers
A-shootin' o' the gun.
Singing, 'Here's luck, me hearties,
Here's luck to you,
Though we missed it last time,
Perhaps we'll hit it noo!'
They a' know a' the answers,
But just the same we hear
That Sergeant-major Vickerman
Was standing mighty near.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
'Twas just as weel, for at the start
When first the gun went "bam!"
It soon was seen that Gunner Jim
Hadna' set the cam.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
The Battery Commander
Was leader o' the gang,
An' to give his team encouragement
This was the song he sang:
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
Cried he, "Now hark, my trusties,
I've got some bonny news.
We're goin' to have the Colonel
A-settin' o' the fuze."
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
They bellowed every order;
They bellowed, "On Q.E."
They really tried to demonstrate
What gunners ought to be.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
But though they struggled sternly
To make the pointers match,
The old red drogue just floated on
And didna' get a scratch.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
—E. H. S.



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