



Sat. 22nd. Jan. 1944

30th. Battalion.

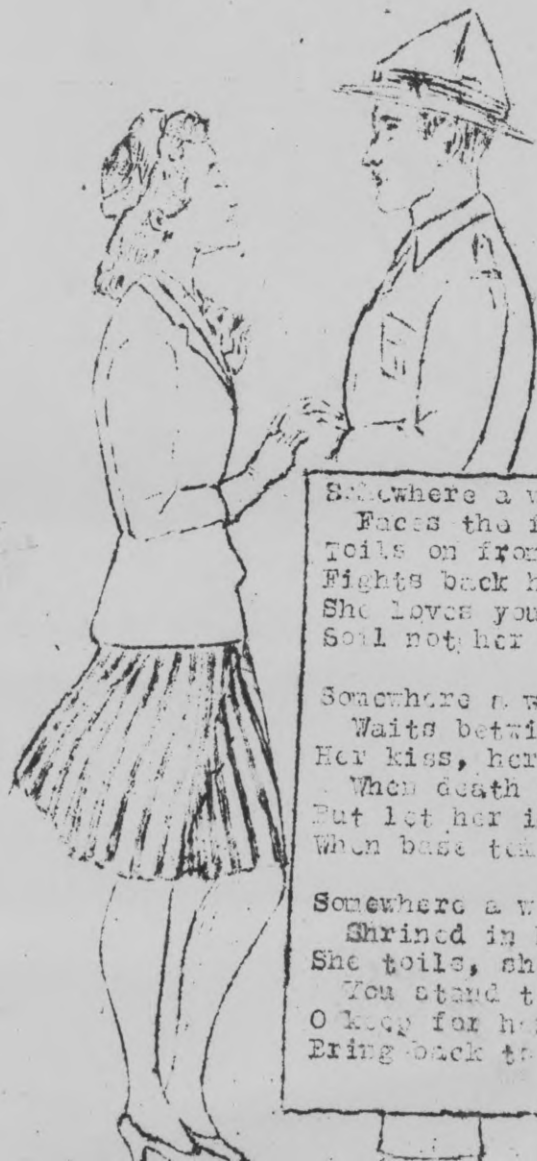
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-- DEDICATED. --

To each and every one of us is given the power to cast reflections over those little incidents in a life which we have known to be better. More often than not are these thoughts showered on that particular one back home, but, by no means does that prevent the sentimental memory of that stroll along the promenade, or, that girl you took home from that last dance. And then, do we occasionally take a glimpse at ourselves, whence we think along none too complimentary lines. Despite that, however, we can improve ourselves, and this copy may have that aim, and is dedicated to her regardless of whether she be mother, wife, or fiancée.

--The Editor.

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FOR HONOUR AND  
FOR  
Her!

By

MARGARET SCOTTION.

Somewhere a woman, thrusting fear away,  
Faces the future bravely for your sake;  
Toils on from dawn to dark, from day to day.  
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;  
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name  
Soul not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman --mother, sweetheart, wife--  
Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return;  
Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife;  
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;  
But let her image all your reverence claim  
When base temptations search you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches--filled with pride;  
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none;  
She toils, she waits, she prays, till life be wide  
You stand together when the battle's done.  
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name;  
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!