

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION ON RETURNING OFF
LEAVE

One smells the smells of other
days
In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
One's jaundiced eye surveys the
strays
In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
They lie around train-tired and
blousy,
The men unkempt, the women frowzy
The cakes are stale and the tea
is lousy
In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.

The air is thick with footid
breath
In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
In the midst of life one longs for
death
In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
The end of leave, and all's not
well
One broods beneath an evil spell,
O Lord deliver us from Hell -
And the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.

-W.S.B.



TIN HAT ON THE HOME FRONT



TIN HAT ON THE
BATTLE-FRONT