

Life in a Dug-out.

The entrance small and hard to find
Twas 'mongst a scattered ruin,
But when the Boach shell really came,
Marvellous how one flew in!

The stairs were steep, the roof was low,
The walls were wet and slimy,
The passage dark, the dirt so thick,
Twas enough to make one grimy.

Within the sacred precincts sat
A general and staff,
All squat beneath a candle light
Midst talking, joke and chaff.

The B.M. sat alone at work
With papers, maps so thick
Consuming all therein contained
Intent on Boach to lick

And yet the heck with armfuls more,
Keeps pressing him to sign;
The telephone 's buzzing;
"It's division on the line!"

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"You will attack at half-past three."
The words are written clear,
"Hurry, hurry," the B. M. shouts,
"The time is drawing near."

And in another spot there sat
The S. C. drawn and sad.
"I will arrange" he reads with awe
It nearly drove him mad.

All this went on beneath the earth
While fire and smoke were seen,
Around these shattered remnants
Still resting all supreme.

This dug-out, namely: Mill Cots
Is known to all of those
Who fought upon these fields
(now) forbidden to disclose.

R. L. Rowan - Douglas -
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