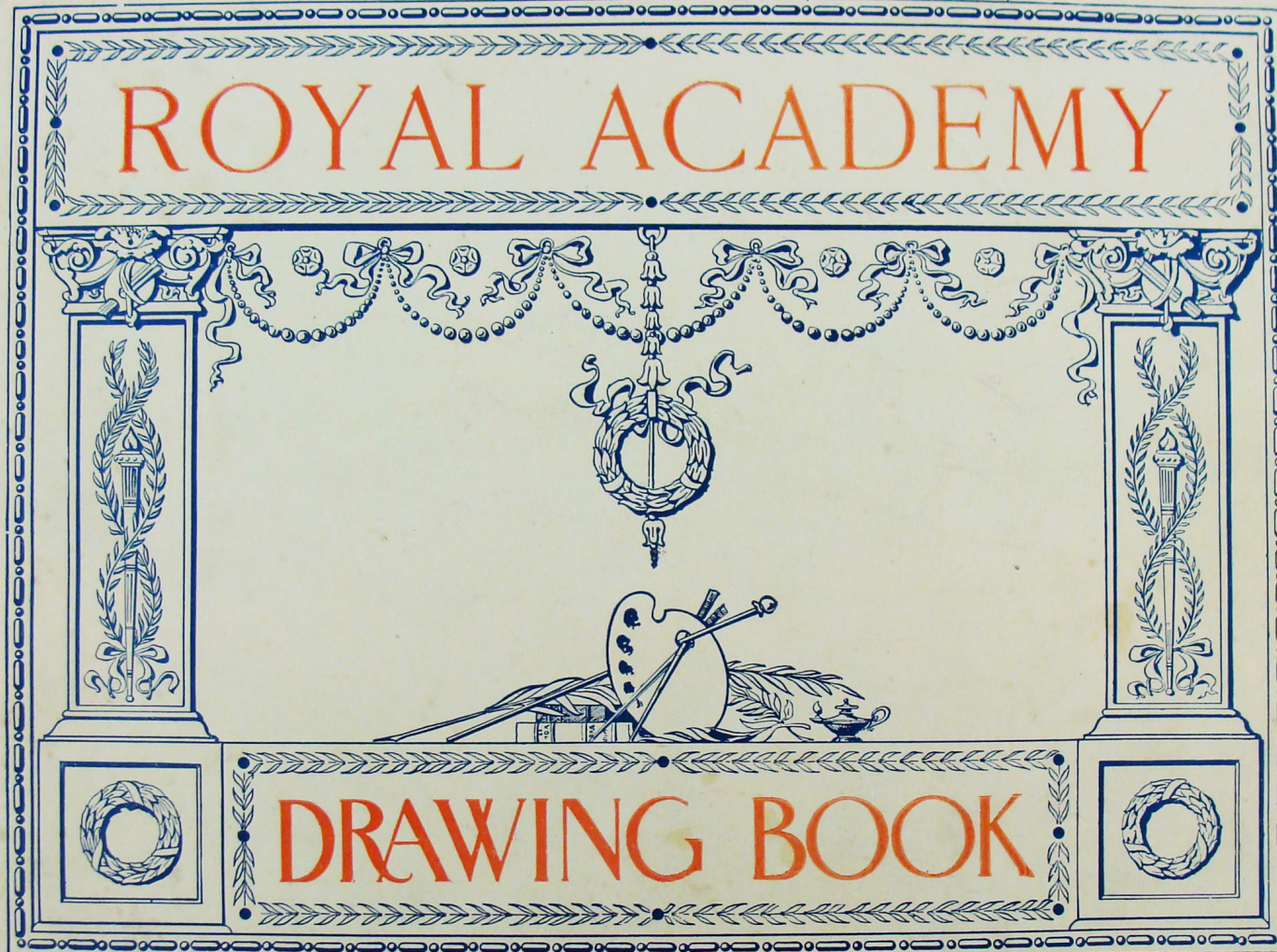


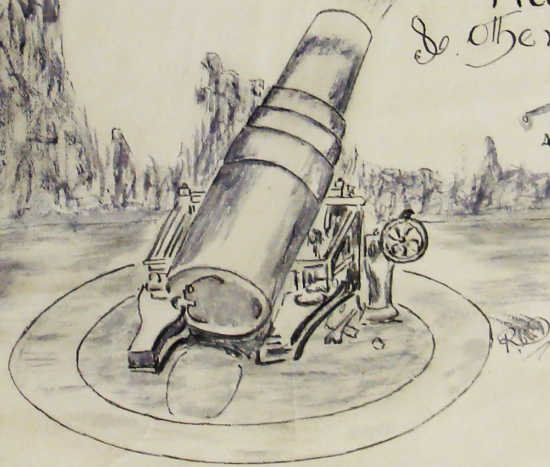
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Memoirs of Sydney Camp
1916-17.
by R. W. Day



No. 14. W. B. & R. T.

"Shrapnel"

War Poems
& other by Rhymes
FUSEE



Rally round the good old flag!
 Britons as of yore
 Come from every hill and crag,
 Come from every shore,
 The vilest foe that ever fought
 On Flanders' bloody field
 Has met at last the Celtic race—
 never known to yield.

Our blood is up—our flag unfurled—
 We take the field to-day,
 And may the God who rules our world
 Be with us on our way.
 Our object is to help a friend,
 On whom a wrong was done,
 Pledged for by Britain to defend,
 If harassed by the Hun.

A race of men whose names are writ
 On Britain's roll of fame,
 Who stand for freedom, right & grit,
 Not Hunnish deeds of shame.
 For Belgium's freedom they will fight
 As did their sires of old
 To drive the Hun back to his lair,
 The Wolf back from the fold.



The Call To Arms
 August 14th 1914.

The Nation's Loss.

If you'll excuse a humble thought
And kindly lend an ear,
I'll tell you how a hero fought,
I'm an who know no fear.
For Britain's cause he fought and
died like a hero bold
Aboard the cruiser "Hampshire"
trapped by the Huns, were told.
His name will live forever
in every soldier's breast;
The mighty North Sea holds the
key to where he's laid at rest
A mighty nation mourns his loss in
every land and clime,
For the sun ne'er sets on Britain's
Soil, nor ne'er will part time
To buck up Britons one and all
And give back blow for blow,
Answer to your country's call
And let the 'blackies' know
That there's no room amongst our Sons
For wasters, such as they,
Who'd take such treatment from the Huns
And let them get away.

AND 1915.

A few remarks concerning certain "Peace proposals"
sent by President Woodrow Wilson U.S.A. - To -
the "Entente Powers" - December 1916.
To President Wilson

Dear Sir,

I'd ask you to explain,
If you consider those insane?
To whom your latest note was sent
Of "Peace proposals" - Heaven meant.
Surely, you'll give the "Entente side
Some credit for the cause they fight,
You must! if you have any pride!
Or any sense of what is right.
Why did you not protest when wrong
Was done to Belgium by the Hun?
Instead, you placidly looked on
And saw their country over-run.
Again, how nameless crimes were done
Against the innocent and old
Did you send protest to this Hun
Or even mild rebuke unfold?
Alas! you were by far too slow
Or else it did not suit your part,
To let those fiendish criminals know
You had the Belgium cause at heart.
But now you think you see a chance
Of shining with a radiant light
No doubt, your coffers to enhance
Being as you say "too proud to fight."
Such is unworthy of a race
Originating from our stock
As in the front rank was your place
To help us bear so great a shock
In answer then, to you must be
Voiced by our friends from every part,
Belgium and others must be free
And from their shores the huns depart.

We'll fight until our men are done
To guard our sacred trust
Kill Prussianism - with the Hun
E'er we lay down our arms, to rest.

R.W.D.
Dec 1916



(Comme) Tanks

I'm only a poor old dummy
Can't speak a blooming word
The Tommies think me "Runnie",
The Officers - "Absurd"!
Still - when I'm warmed up awhile
And treated as a Pal -
I seem to make those Jummies smile
And love me - like a Gal.

- 1) I'm even taken for long strolls
And looked upon with pride
As I go bumping over holes
Or Craters - deep and wide
But - when I let a language fly
Which seems to Bosche's rank
They never stop to reason why
As they dread a British Tank
(Chorus.)

- They say I'm good at scaring
2) Germans - who are under ground
Applaud my pluck and daring
Whenever they are found
Their bullets do not fix on me
I treat 'em as a prank
And when my bit is done - you see!
I'm just a blooming Tank
Popper - who invented me
God bless his dear old Soul
His name will live in history
From the Somme - to the North Pole

And when they haul those ^{runners} round
He'll be in the front rank
For he, with laurels, will be ^{crowned}
Whilst I'll be his Old Tank

Chorus

For it's:-
Tanks, Tanks, Tanks, Tanks, Tanks
From the Somme to Berlin we must go
With our Pranks, Pranks, Pranks, Pranks
The way may be muddy & slow
But there isn't a Bosche in sight
Having wiped 'em all right off the map
And then you will think us all right
And applaud our endeavours -
Old chap

Nov 1916



"HARD LUCK" as seen by "Jock"

A Jock returned to camp one night
 Feeling somewhat dicky
 And to the corporal looked tight
 So, searching, found a "Kickey"
 Just think of it? he took that flask
 And in his pocket placed it
 Had not the manners, Jock to ask—
 If he would like to taste it
 But chucked him in the "Blink" instead:
 That he might do his thinking
 Whilst the corporal straight way went to bed
 And started Jock's wine drinking.
 At break of day poor Jock woke up
 Heavy as could be
 And longed for just another cup
 To brace him up — you see?
 So from the precincts of his cell
 Jock did humbly ask
 Another Jock therein as well
 To try and "cinch" that flask
 "I'll do it Katey" never fear
 If I can see the "Skunk"
 But from the Sentry I did hear
 The bout is now dead drunk:
 You take a swig of nature's spring
 Says this pal to poor old Jock —
 You'll find it is the very thing.
 If you can stand the shock,
 And you'll get all the hot stuff
 From the Colonel whom you'll see
 When the corporal hands his line of "Guff"
 You take that tip from me.

R. W. L.
 1917

GOING IT ALONE



from
Cleveland Leader.
Victoria Daily Times
June 8th 1917.

BLOCKADED



New York Herald.

You're "Up against it" Uncle Sam
 They've got your goat Old pard
 Your protests weren't worth a damn
 Which seems extremely hard
 As all the world, knows how you've toiled
 To keep in with the hounds
 Who your most cherished hopes have foiled
 By breaking out of bounds.
 You held the leash too long, by far
 When, you should have let it slip
 To turn loose your "Dogs of War"
 With every fighting ship
 But no! You wanted "Overt Acts"
 Which may to you seem fine
 Instead of getting down to facts
 And getting there on time
 You've had your "Overt Acts" alas!
 They've bottled up your ships
 And still your "Congress" lets this pass
 Whilst they're, a-tightening of their grips

R.W.S. 1917

"What we are, We're Sold"

Holding Up the Hands of the Government



Thus the cartoonist of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle depicts the attitude of the pacifist Senators and other pacifists in the United States.

We are the strongest nation
 This world has ever known
 Made up of a "Democracy"
 Peculiarly our own
 We started with the refuse
 And the scrapings we could find
 From all the other nations
 Who did not seem to mind
 We have the largest dreadnought
 That ever put a float
 From what some papers say of her
 She certainly is "Some boat"
 Her cost was something fabulous
 Far more than "It had ought to"
 But what the devils that to us
 Being "Top dog" on the rooster
 We have the finest army
 That ever walked a mile
 When it arrived at Mexico
 It made the "Greasers" smile
 I guess we showed "Covranza"
 In a manner very plain
 That we disliked their methods
 So, home we came again
 We have the finest Government
 Yes - easily, by far
 Which to the world demonstrates
 That it won't stand for war
 Our enemies can do their worst
 Hold our shipping in a vice
 Our cry shall be "Pacifist"
 With peace, at any price. RWD, 1911

Lest we Forget

With a nice lump of cordwood, placed under your head,
And a handful of straw, shaken up for a bed,
You wake in the morning, heavy as lead.
But say, "All is fake" in the army.
Before "Pick em up" goes, you get what they call "jirks"
A pleasure I'm bound to say, one often shirks.
But if you are caught - "C.B." for you looks
In your Company's room - In the army.
After airing yourself, you return in a sweat
Then all "fall in" Breakfast to get
"Chew the rag" with a pal, whom you years ago met
As a "But" in the old British army.
You return to your quarters, perhaps, feeling "Gloom"
Thinking of days you have spent with that Chum
Who alas! now appears to be fair on the "Hum"
As he's only one stripe, in this army.
But hope in the breast, each day stronger grows,
Which helps us poor Tommies, to bear our hard blows.
Such as, doling us out with other men's clothes
Having served their full time, in this army.

R.D.
1916



CANADA.

Whilst I sit by the fire in the Guard house to-night
And think of what life in the "Trenches" must be
I feel my old heart give a thump of delight
As I'm proud of the lads who are far o'er the sea
Their names for all time will be honoured and blessed
In this fair Land of Maple, (ever doing her part)
As those who came forth, at their country's request
And offered their services, straight from the heart.
Such Patriots true for a country to claim
Is an asset that none can withhold
For those who have gone, are not Assets in name
But are stamped with full value of gold
And when they return - as please God they soon may
Having borne their full share of the fight
Their Land of Adoption can then truly say
We've an "Asset" checked up, & found Right.

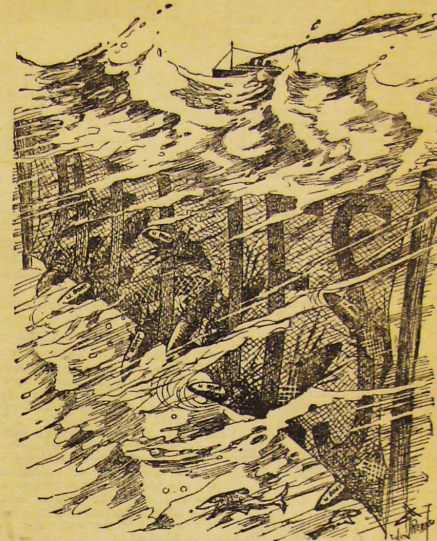
W.D. 1906

PRUSSIA'S NEW WAR COUNCIL



-New York Evening Telegram.

NET RESULTS



-New York Evening Telegram.

THE LAST STRAW



-N. Y. Evening Telegram.

THE HAND ACROSS THE SEA



How the effect of the unrestricted German submarine campaign, as far as the shipping of the United States is concerned, appears to the cartoonist of the New York Tribune.

"Notes"

We are asked by a Nation to make our wants plain
Regarding a "Peace Proposition"
Our answer to which, is Our rights we'll maintain
And reveal all undue opposition
All our papers have stated the terms we demand
For such crimes, as the world never dreamt
And would ask in return, their right to command!
Not being clever enough, to see thro what we meant.

They claim we are fighting for the very same cause
As criminals, and brutes of the worst
And suggest, that the time is now ripe for a pause
Against those, whom the World has accursed.
This comes from a Nation (who some say are afraid)
Of being victims of some Deep, Dark Plot
In the shape of a Magnified Submarine Raid
Near the shores of their own blessed Spot.

O! ye Gods! What a motive to leave in the mind
Of those, who for "Principles" fight
Who are giving the bravest and best they can find
For "Humanity's Cause" - which is right
And not for a motive that only speaks "Self"
When summed up, they are so far apart
As the views of our neighbours, can only mean "Self"
And proceed from their Pockets, and not from the heart.

Nov 1916

"More Notes" ?

Our Neighbours fought well for the cause
Of Slaves, down trodden and sore
But why? alas why do they pause?
Now the same cause lies right near their door
Shades of Abe Lincoln recall
Or else he will turn in his grave
Fight for the right One & all
Those dear ones in Slavery to save

If you do not, (and that before long)
Stand up for what Nations call right
By protecting the Weak from the Strong
No'll believe that you're too proud to fight
The day for such cowardly is o'er
No nothing but Deeds will now pay
If you never have thought so before
For the Lord's sake, just think so, today

Some longwinded notes, and the like
They don't do a fraction of good
The time is not too late to strike
If you, can but work up the mood
Get into the game, if you're wise
And let all the world then know
That you've had up your sleeve a surprise
From the land of Abe Lincoln - Not Slow.

Nov 1916

The "Duster of the Seas"

Did you ever stop to ponder?
 Or even give a thought?
 To our dear Old British Navy
 And the battles it has fought -
 From Trafalgar to the present day
 And longer - so say we -
 Till all our enemies shall say -
 Britannia Rules the Sea.
 There is no quarter of the globe
 Whereon the sun doth set
 That you can't find a British Flag -
 If such you seek to get,
 You'll find our bit of bunting
 Fluttering in the breeze
 Which shows without your hunting
 That Britannia rules the Seas.

PROTECTING UNITED STATES WEALTH



-From the Chicago Tribune.

FOR VICTORY!



BRITANNIA CALLS A WAR CONFERENCE OF THE EMPIRE.
 Thus Bernard Partridge, the famous cartoonist of Punch, deals with the
 Empire War Conference, now in progress in London.

All this was done without a word
 But in her silent way
 For generations we've all heard
 How she's kept her feet at bay
 That's why all nations dip their flag
 To our ships, if you please
 To pay respect to our old rag
 The "Duster of the Seas"

1100
 Sidney Grant
 1916

IRISH STEW

"Impossible"

I'm sure I'm not a poet
I don't aspire at fame
But if you care to know it
I'll tell you just the same
About some Johannes I have met
You, may know some too
Whose father was an Earl
On whom he over drew!
Of course he had to pack his grip
The "Pater" saw him through
Suggesting, he should take his ship
And seek some pastures new
So out to Canada, full bent
Our honorable comers
Swanks, till his money's all spent
Then joins the noble horde of bumers.

A Christmas Toast 1916.

Here's a toast to the men who are fighting our cause
In a struggle the worst ever seen
Against foes who persistently violate laws
In a manner contemptibly mean
May the God of all justice rotate 'em
And bring comfort to those left behind
May our Clansmen of Victory be soundered again
Bringing "Peace and goodwill to mankind"

"Life"

There are some who are born to slavery
Others, more lucky, to wealth
Whilst others make names for their knavery
Which the world is pleased to call stealth
But if you are straight as a dart, Sir,
You are slow, far too slow - that is all,
And haven't a show from the start, Sir,
Without either money or gall.

"Pro - Patricia"

Whilst strolling thro' the town one night
I met a little lad
Who said, that he was going to fight
The same as his old Dad
But as his age was only ten,
His day has yet to come
When he'll be numbered with the men
Who glorious deeds have done
This gully is a little thing
That each man talks to heart
Showing how the Prussian sting
Makes even kiddies smart
Thank God we've got such lads of grit
To follow in our train
For when their dads are far from "Fit"
Our rights, they will maintain

My Xmas Wish 1916.

My Xmas wish to all this year
Is, May a lasting peace be near,
Crowned with victory, by honest foes,
Whether diplomatic or by blows,
So then we'd settle down to cheer
And welcome in the Glad New Year.

Russ
Sammy
1916

THE FAVORITE TARGET



—London Opinion.
Germany's decision to sink hospital ships at sight has staggered the civilized world.



If you'd only consider the good you could do
By donating each month just a nickel or two
Towards the boys who are helpless thro' fighting for you
In the ranks of our own British Army

It's a duty on those who're unable to fight
Whilst our Nation is facing this terrible plight
Against foes, who consider that Might is their Right
But reversed in our own British Army

SO:-

Put your hands in your "beans" boys
And help the Red Cross
Pull out a few beans boys?
You'll not find them a loss
The cause is a good one —
Bequeathed to the Brave
The amount you so give
From a drink you could save.

R.W.D. 1916

— Lloyd George. —

Here's to you Lloyd George
And your Democratic Power
You've shown a mind that's large
In your country's trying hour
By answering a gentleman, who merely for a whim
Would make himself important, by trying to "Butt in"
He must know well, he's all at fault
Trying to bring things to a halt
Just as everything looks bright
For those who're fighting for the right.

R.W.D. 1916

The Ladies From Hell

From time immemorial good blood has been spilt
 But by no race more freely than by that with the kilt
 "Jocks" they are called by our nation's loved well
 But the Bosche now dubs them the "Ladies from hell"

Such a proud soubriquet was earned I'll wot!
 And here venture to say, that Fritz caught it hot.
 When the "Jocks" made their charge with a wild defiant yell
 Combined with cold steel by those "Ladies from hell"

They jeered at our army— "contemptibly small!"
 And gave as a limit— "One battle— that's all!"
 But they very soon learnt, our number could swell
 With a nice modest sprinkling of "Ladies from hell"

They found that Scotch Whiskey could beat Sacre Kraut
 When it called for a business that meant "a knock out"
 Tho' the lesson was hard, they have learnt it well
 That Fritz is no match for a "Lady from hell"

Written at
 "Dry Dock" Guard
 Esquimaux B.C.
 August 11th 1917
 R. W. Duff

50th Gordon Highlanders
 of Canada.



"The Hump"



An Incurable Case.

There are times in one's life when all seems to go wrong,
No matter how hard you may try
To better conditions - and plug right along
Full of hope, for the sweet bye & bye
You indulge in "Pipe dreams," which you hope may come true
But which never made fortunes - or want -
Just come back to life, for a moment or two
You'll go "Natty" for sure, if you don't
You have got in a rut which spells nothing but ill
You look upon life with a shiver
Whilst all might look bright, with the aid of a pill
Which would act right away on the liver
Don't look so downhearted, Pull up with a bump
And get hard at work with a smile
Forget that you ever had what's termed "The Hump."
You will find that it's really worth while.

R.W.D.
Sidney Camp
1917.

Ultimatum

Not till the craven brutes who planned
Their devastation thro' the land
Not till every Teuton proud
Appeals for Peace - with head thro' bowed
Not till reparation made
To peaceful countries so betrayed
Not till they such crimes withhold
Against the innocent and old
Then, only then, can this war cease
With any hope of lasting Peace.

Alfred
1916.

Figis