

A HYMN OF HATE

or

The Liverish Lieutenant's Lament.

(Written by Staff-Surgeon Cyril V. Griffiths,
H. M. S. "Shannon," and forwarded to
The Gas Attack by a friend.)

We hate those damned hostilities,
That brings us to this place;
We hate the entire area,
But most of all MY BASE;
We hate the gun, both large and small,
That makes a nasty din,
We hate this constant coaling,
We hate it all like sin.

We hate the rain, we hate the wind,
We hate the mist and snow,
And every kind of weather
We get at "Halifax."
We hate the cursed censoring,
We hate decoding, too,
We hate our four-hour watches,
We loathe the General "Q."

We hate our other messmates,
We hate them short and tall,
Both those that talk, and those that don't,
We hate them one and all.
We hate our early morning tub,
And those that bathe with sons,
Both those that splash in little baths,
And those that sleep in long.

We hate the daily breakfast,
With a far-surpassing hate,
The "Bright and Early" messmate,
When we ourselves are late.
We hate the wardroom servants,
The kippers and the toast,
We hate the usual battered eggs,
But we hate the coffee most.

We hate the scrapping in the mess,
We hate each broken chair,
We hate the larger table,
It drives us to despair.
We hate the man who takes to bed
A Wardroom magazine,
And those who argue half the night,
And don't say what they mean.

We hate the evening running around,
We hate the medicine ball,
We hate the hockey on the deck,
That shows up people's gall.
We hate to hear the bugler
A-mutilating calls,
We'd like to get him quietly
And—tell him what we think of him.

We hate the Berlin puzzle,
That savours of the war;
We hate the crowd who plot it,
We hate their language more.
We hate the newer version,
The Pubs from East to West,
That bring back recollections
Of days of gin-full rest.



Nathan Tomcat Hale: "I regret that I have only nine lives to give
for my country." (Blub).

We hate the supper-gluttons,
Who with stout and oysters stuff;
We also hate the glutton club,
When there is not enough.
We hate this cutting for our gin,
We always seem to lose,
We hate those monthly wine bills,
They tell of swallowed booze.

We hate the after-dinner bridge,
We hate the cards we hold;
We hate our partners for their play,
And declarations bold.
We hate the pianola
That grinds out tunes in jerks,
And wish the man who plays it
Were scruppered by the Turks.

We hate the spotting table,
That spoils our midday sleep;
And all this damned patrolling,
It fairly makes us weep.
We hate the incinerator,
Belching forth bones and rags,
We hate the lack of cabins,
With its everlasting cage.

We hate the days in harbour,
We hate the days at sea;
In fact we're hating everything,
The whole damned A. B. C.
We hate ten dozen other things,
We hate them in their twelves;
But most of all the things we hate,
WE HATE OUR MOULDY SELVES!

INSTRUCTION IN USE OF HEAVY MACHINE GUNS.

A heavy machine gun school has been established for the instruction of officers in camp. Following is the detail for the school:

Commandant, Maj. Edward McLeer, Jr.,
104th machine gun battalion.

Executive officer, Capt. Kenneth Gardner,
107th infantry.

Supply officer, First Lieut. George L. Schelling, 106th machine gun battalion.

Instructors, Capt. Albert W. Putnam, 105th machine gun battalion; First Lieut. Robert R. Molyneux, 104th machine gun battalion; Second Lieut. Walter C. Andrews, 104th machine gun battalion.

The commanding officers of the 105th and 106th machine gun battalions, all company officers of the 104th, 105th and 106th machine gun battalions, and of the machine gun companies of infantry regiments will attend as students.

Classes will be held at such times and places as may be directed by the commandant, who is authorized to prescribe regulations and govern the work of instructors and students.