



THE
B. E. F. TIMES.

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED
The Wipers Times, The "New Church" Times,
The Kemmel Times & The Somme-Times.

Monday, March 5th, 1917.



A "B.-E.-F."
ALPHABET.

A is the ARMY, in which he's a veteran
Who's fought for a year from the
Somme up to Meteren,
Finding in Winter each week is a wetter
'un
And passing his days in the trenches.

B for old BLIGHTY, where, so we
hear,
Prices are rising, and food is so dear
That a 'sub' can't afford to even go
near:
It is cheaper to stay in the trenches.

C for the CAVALRY who, (so I've
heard say)
Have not seen their gee-gees for many a
day,
But soon they will mount them and
gallop away,
And we'll all say good-bye to the trenches.

D for the DUCKBOARDS—if placed
end to end
They'd girdle the Earth, and to Heaven
ascend,
But I notice they've caused a peculiar
blend
Of language to thrive in the trenches.

E for the EDITOR, ruddy in hue,
He'd blue-pencil this if I said all I
knew,
So I'll wish him good luck or—between
me and you—
He'll send me exploring Hun trenches.

"B.-E.-F." ALPHABET.

F for the FLYING CORPS—here we
 express
 Our admiration: could we do less?
 They often have helped us out of a mess,
 "Cheer-ph!" from the men in the
 trenches.

G for the poisonous GAS that's emitted
 By fighters behind the line only
 half-witted,
 But very pugnacious, and much to be
 pitied
 By those who live in the trenches.

H for the HUN who lives over the way:
 His future is black and his present
 is grey:
 Yet a Hun is a Hun, and as such he
 must pay
 For making us live in the trenches.

I for the INFANTRY prefixed "P.B.,"
 One bob per diem and milk in their
 tea:
 They work day and night, after which
 they are free.
 To start on a job in the trenches.

J for the JAR—if its contents are rum
 A welcome awaits it whene'er it may
 come:
 Be it soon, be it late, there will always
 be some
 To greet it with joy in the trenches.

K'S for the KULTUR beneficent Huns
 Endeavour to force down our
 throats with big guns:
 They send shells in packets, they send
 them in ones:
 But Kultur's NAR-Poo in the trenches.

L is for LEAVE, our goal of desire,
 Ten days in Blighty away from the
 mire:
 Hope springs eternal, and ne'er will
 expire
 In the breast of the men in the trenches.

M stands for MINNIE, whose shriek
 rends the night:
 They say that her bark is much worse
 than her bite,
 And if you can dodge her you'll sure be
 all right:
 But she isn't much loved in the trenches.

"B.-E.-F." ALPHABET.

V for the VICES soldiers posses,
 Discovered by those who have been
 more or less
 Claimants to fame through a line in the
 Press,
 But never have shone in the trenches.

W for WHISKEY and WHIZZ-
 BANGS as well :
 Of the former I've almost forgotten the
 smell,
 Whilst the latter contribute to make it
 like Hell
 At various times in the trenches.

X for the unknown—and 'twixt you and
 me
 Fritz is now thinking (and we all agree)
 That, hot as his present, his future will
 be
 Much hotter than e'er in the trenches.

Y for the YARNS that one hears—some
 are true :
 Others—Well ! doubtless, though vivid
 in hue,
 Are spun by those 'back,' who have
 never been through,
 Or stood their whack of the trenches.

Z is for ZERO, the time we go over,
 Most of us wish we were way back
 in Dover,
 Making munitions and living in clover
 And far, far away from the trenches.

T H E
 B. E. F. T I M E S.