

## THE MESS COOK.

I was sitting at the table,  
Thinking of the days of yore,  
When there was no conversation,  
And the chow was not so poor;  
On the floor there came a tapping  
That I'd never heard before,  
And it surely made me sore,  
To hear that rapping tapping,  
That I'd never heard before.

Then there came a starving mess  
cook,  
Coming from the kitchen door.  
"Give me food," I cried in anger,  
Quoth the mess cook, "Never  
more."

"Get me chow," I cried in anguish,  
I entreat or I implore,  
From his lips in accents mournful  
Came this sentence, "Ain't no  
more."

Then I raved like one demented  
From my head the hair I tore.  
I'll eat hard tack, beans, slum-  
gullion,  
Anything I've had before.  
Oh you, mess cook have some  
mercy  
Ere I starve, give me succor.  
But the villain only muttered,  
Muttered so there "Ain't no  
more."

Now I ponder and I wonder  
As I've wondered oft before  
What to do to stop that croaking,  
That eternal "Ain't no more."

I might beat him, kill him, choke  
him,  
Choke him till his throat was sore,  
With last expiring breath he'd  
whisper,  
Whisper softly, "Ain't no more."  
Driver D. G.

## FAMOUS RUMOURS.

"Germany has signed peace  
terms."

"The draft will leave Monday."

"The draft will not leave Mon-  
day."

"My wife is here, can I get a  
sleeping out pass."

"I am going to raise hell if my  
name isn't on the draft."

Tramp—Kind lady, would yer  
please give a pore man a bit to  
eat?

The Lady—What! You here  
again? I will call my husband im-  
mediately.

Tramp—Excuse me, lady, but I  
ain't no cannibal. I bid yer good-  
day.—(Exchange).

We respectfully urge the men of  
the Engineer Training Depot to  
patronize our advertisers. They are  
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

## "THE KICKERS"

By J. F. W.

I lay in my bunk one evening,  
Resting my weary head,  
My comrades around me were  
talking,  
So I listened to all that they said.

They spoke of their work and their  
family,  
They told of the lives they had led,  
They beefed about life in the army  
And about the punk grub they  
were fed.

One said that the dishes were dingy  
And greasy and sloppy and black,  
And an other while eating a  
sausage

Had very near chocked on a tack.  
One said that he coughed up an  
old shoe,

From a piece of bad beef that he  
ate,  
And said the jam that they gave  
you

Looked just like a speck on your  
plate.

They all swore the tea was quite  
rotten,  
And one who is known as "The  
Bud"

Said the coffee was sweetened with  
glucose

And colored with E. T. D. mud.

The other sad things that they told  
of

Would make the bad Kaiser Bill  
weep.

But at last I got tired of their  
jabber,  
And peacefully dropped off to  
sleep.

I was eating my breakfast one  
morning,

The very same chaps round me  
sat

And I noticed the grub in the  
Army

Was sure making most of them  
fat.

The room was brought to atten-  
tion. Enter an officer. He says:  
"Is everything all right, boys?"  
We all answer, "Yes, thank you,  
Sir."

J. F. W. seems to have some of  
the boys taped off correctly in his  
last verse. We have often noticed  
that chronic kickers never avail  
themselves of the opportunity to  
ventilate their grievance (?) when  
presented with a chance to do so.

Reasons for kicking being gener-  
ally due to ignorance, lack of  
common sense or reason, and a per-  
verted idea of how things should  
be done.

Get a copy of "Knots and  
Lashings" to send to the folks back  
home. You may be sure they will  
be glad to get it. The postage is  
one cent.

THE SERGEANT OF THE  
GUARD.

As daylight breaks on the barrack  
square,  
The mounting sergeant stands;  
He calls the roll with a worried air,  
And bawls out his commands.

It's up to him to take the blame,  
If men don't comb their hair;  
Or if they don't keep step the same,  
In marching off the square.

He halts before the guard room  
grand,  
And numbers off his men.  
Each man is told where he must  
stand,  
And his duties round the 'pen.

Ten times a day the sentries shout,  
With voices loud and clear,  
"The guard turn out" the O.C.  
comes,  
Or the Orderly Officer draws near.

The sentry recites his orders to  
him,  
Omits them all but one;  
Then the sergeant gets 'bawled'  
once more with vim,  
For of brains the poor sentry has  
none.

Then on we go to where "time" is  
done,  
Withdraw the bolt so strong;  
Admit the O.O., then its 'Prisoners,  
Shun'  
"Any Complaints"? and Carry  
on.

Three times a day the men must be  
fed,  
In itself it's an awful job;  
They must have coffee and meat  
and bread,  
If they don't there's a howling  
mob.

For the sentries must have some,  
too, you know,  
And the prisoners get what is fair;  
And a hell of a row they'll raise,  
If they don't get more than their  
share.

The sergeant must make his reports  
just right,  
Omit not a single name.  
He writes by day and he writes by  
night,  
He writes them again and again.

Till his eyes grow dim and his  
head, it nods,  
By the wretched desk in the  
gloom;  
Then a prisoner bawls "Open the  
Door"  
And curses fill the room.

Then the lights go out and out of  
the night,



Somebody slipped on the gangway.