## 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

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

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, slumgullion,

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 Monday."

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

"I am going to raise h—l 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 immediately.

Tramp—Excuse me, lady, but I ain't no cannibal. I bid yer goodday.—(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

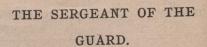
Was sure making most of them fat.

The room was brought to attention. 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 generally due to ignorance, lack of common sense or reason, and a perverted 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.



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.

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,

