

When you see a mob charging the canteen in the morning it is a sign we have fish for breakfast.

We have a gunner hailing from the land of the Bald-headed Eagle who is so attached to the Battery that he prefers staying with us rather than accepting an appointment on Pershing's staff.

Chesty's latest theory — Aerial trenches between captive balloons.

Rain or shine, Fatty Moy may be seen peddling an old bone rattler in the direction of Guildford. We wonder if he goes down to try his luck, or is there really someone there?

Why is a driver better than a gunner? Because he always has the rag out cleaning harness.

Writer (trying to think of superstitions)—“What do you call those people who believe in signs?”

Fathead (across the table with panoramic grin)—
“Signallers!”

Corporals are an unnecessary evil in a battery. They are too light for sergeants and too heavy for bombardiers. Thus they become soldiers of leisure, an expense to the public and a nuisance to the men.

(Big lie! Ed.)