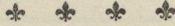


Things We Want to Know



Why is it that so many of the musketry instructors are getting sleeping out passes?

How the boys who always wanted to be in quarantine like it now, after having had a couple of weeks of it. Quarantine without drill may be all right, but oh you quarantine with drill.

What a certain officer said to a couple of his understudies when he found them enjoying the visions of Dreamland when they should have been "soldiering" with their sleeves up the other morning.

Who was the pioneer sergeant that emptied the coal oil from a barrel into a pail and placed the latter in what he considered to be a safe and secret place? When any of the boys asked for coal oil he pointed to the empty barrel and told them to help themselves.

And who was the private who saw the wily sergeant cache the pail—and swiped it from his hiding place, transferring the oil to a second pail and replacing it in the cache after filling it with water?

Did Sergt. Bird feel stung when he came back, filled his lamp with the supposed oil and lighted the wick? Oh, my! On bended knees smelling of that wick. And has he ever found out who played the trick that he sought to play himself?

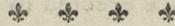
Who was the intelligent sergeant in Hut A who, in discribing the great war to his comrades, said, "well, boys, the Russians have done well, the French are certainly some fighters,—but, boys, say what you like, you've got to hand it to the allies."

Was he a P. T. and B. F. man or a musketry instructor.

Who was the instructor who loves the little lady in Haslemere and is he married or single?

Did that famous letter give him the mumps?

And who was that generous Judas who gave his brother away?



Bass Drum.—Two skins stretched over nothing, used in band work to imitate thunder—if the imagination of the audience is strong enough to be stretched that far.

Bandmaster—A man who does nothing but wave a pencil in the air and tell the musicians how the composers want certain passages played. He is immensely popular with the fair sex.

Bag Pipe.—A bag filled with all the disagreeable noises which may successfully be imitated by a cat in agony. The noises are squeezed out of the bag by the pressure of the piper's arm which can only be imitated by squeezing a ticklish tom cat.

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