

MESS ROOM CHATTER.

BY WELLANDGOOD.

What is asked:—

Who was the member of our Mess who met the pretty young lady at Charing Cross Station some time ago? And why wouldn't he recognise his brother officers?

If two of our junior officers should not have a chaperone when they go away for so many week-end trips?

Why the Registrar's Orpington hen refused to bring up her chicks? And if the treatment given her "master" the day the group photo was taken had anything to do with her negligence?

Who the officer was when viewing a "free for all" in the M.O.'s corridor, asked "Is this a private fight, or can anyone get into it?" (He must have been a Highlander!)

Why the Matron threatens to keep a fire extinguisher in her room?

N.S. Inquirer.—The officer you ask about is a regular member of the Officers' Mess. We think you could charge him mess dues from your mess too if he spends so much time there.

Disappointed.—The Censor will not let us publish the reason a certain naval officer was recalled to his ship. We are afraid you will have to forego the pleasure of seeing him again for some time.

"Who will have a game of pin billiards?" Well, the whole mess can't play, there are only twelve cues.

"Now don't act in that rough manner. You are not at home now."

AN APPRECIATION.

THE members of this unit have been singularly fortunate in the way they have been treated by friends in and around Orpington. The first few weeks, with their rain and mud, did not make one particularly keen about this part of England. On one of the dullest days came an invitation from the President of the Knoll Golf Club for the officers of the unit to become playing members of the club at a trifling fee. Many availed themselves of the kind offer, and the first bright afternoon the "would be" golfists proceeded Knollwards.

Since then numerous invitations have been received, and Medical Officers and Nursing Sisters have availed themselves of many very pleasant afternoons at tennis, evenings at bridge, and splendid dinners. The tennis is indulged in by a few, the bridge by several, the latter by ALL.

We have had the opportunity of going over magnificent estates, of taking lovely motor drives, and we appreciate all that has been done for our enjoyment. If possible, we would say to our many friends, "When the war is over come to Canada, and let us, in part, try to return some of the pleasure we have experienced in Kent."

WELLANDGOOD.

A "DE-RICE-IVE AFFAIR."

HUNT the Slipper is an old-fashioned children's game which a couple of Corporals have abandoned for hunt the bridegroom and bride. Pte. Cody, whose gentle voice on "H" sharp is oft-times wafted ten times as far as the S.M. can carry his pom-pom, slipped secretly into the matrimonial halter one day last week. It went against the grain with the two Corporals that they and others were to have no part in the fun, but although uninvited, they determined to bear an offering of rice to cast upon Mrs. Private Cody and her hubby. The proximity of pay-day and the generosity of others made the first step possible, and they invested in a pound of rice. Thus armed, and with pickets out, they made stealthy raids on parish church, Registrar's office, station, and every other conceivable place where a bride and bridegroom might be supposed to be. The Corporals came back—and so did the rice.

WHAT IS AN ADJUTANT?

IN the last issue of "The Listening Post," that most readable "Military Monthly," published by permission of the Officer Commanding 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion, and of which Captain W. F. Orr is editor, "Slangis" contributes a most timely article entitled "What is an Adjutant?"

"You have probably heard a parallel question asked 'What is love?' Don't please confuse the two or think one has any bearing on the other. The answer to either question is equally difficult. All we know is,

that an Adjutant is a necessary evil. What the word is derived from is of little moment. Derivation in this case is superfluous. What we are really interested in is, what are the duties of the MAN?, who signs his name followed by the double-handled title of Capt. (usually) and Adjutant. I say "man" advisably, for we are often apt to wonder whether we should not substitute the word 'Machine.'

But if you really want to try an interesting experiment, just go up to the Adjutant of your own battalion, and ask him what he thinks he is? The result will probably be that the only information you elicit will be to the fact that 'you will take charge of a working party to-night at eight p.m. and report to the sapper at I . . . F . . . and put out the fire that has been raging there for days past.' Or something else equally enjoyable. But Adjutants have their uses. For instance some of them have a little black book wherein are names, and opposite the names—DATES. This is known as the 'leave book.' It is a wonderful book. As far as I can make out it is never referred to except when a request comes through from—oh you know—'for names and destinations, etc.' But, if you, being desirous of knowing approximately, when you can expect to go on leave, just to let your people know—well—you can learn quite a LOT of things in a very short space of time, but nothing at all about the point at issue.

One man was foolish enough to enquire about his leave over the 'phone. It would hardly be policy to state exactly the reply. But, one of these days, this war will come to an end, and the erstwhile Adjutant will become—perhaps—a more or less respected citizen. So when this happens—be charitable. Should you, as another respected citizen, meet him, give him the 'glad hand.' Don't be spiteful. Don't, above all, hold it against him that he was once an Adjutant.

We could go on writing a whole lot about Adjutants, but space does not permit. Another time, perhaps."

HONOURED.

The second monthly meeting of the London Area Mess was held on Friday afternoon, June 16th, at the office of the A.D.M.S. London Area. The Hospital Supply Officer provided a most interesting talk to the representatives of the various Hospitals, on the subject of Hospital Supplies, and made an earnest appeal to the members present for their whole-hearted co-operation and assistance in that burning topic of the day—Economy.

At 6 o'clock the meeting adjourned, to re-assemble at 7 o'clock at the Holborn Restaurant, where an excellent bill-of-fare and a most enjoyable evening were rightly anticipated. At 7 o'clock about 60 members and guests of the London Area Mess sat down to do justice and to do their duty to an excellent and well-served meal, in the historic Caledonian Room. When the inner man had been amply and fully satisfied the toast of His Majesty the King was drunk. The members and guests were then provided with a rare good evening's entertainment, which was greatly appreciated by all present. Early in the evening Lieut.-Colonel McCombe, when proposing the health of our D.M.S., conveyed to the gathering the good news that the French Government had honoured our worthy chief, and honoured Canada and all Canadians, by conferring on Surgeon-General D. Carleton Jones the "Legion D'Honneur" officio, a distinction richly deserved, by a soldier who has rendered invaluable services not only to Canada but to the Empire and to the Allied Cause.

The best intentions must be credited to the Medical Officer who was trying to order salad for the whole ward. But it is hard to understand why he chose the diet sheet of a milk diet patient to order three bunches of lettuce and three of onions.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

HERE we are again. We wonder how the sore-heads like the trimming that the Canadian "Bums" and "Blackguards" handed to the Horrible Hungry Huns at Ypres. Very nice for your arm-chair strategists who have such a yellow streak that they would sooner be sneered at than don the King's uniform.

We had a very enjoyable little evening on June 9th, when a joint concert was given by the Officers, Nursing Sisters and Non-commissioned officers and men. The men put on two or three enjoyable numbers, and rumour has it that the officers and Nursing Sisters clubbed together and got hold of some professional talent. We might mention names, but we might be up agin it for libel. Sergeant Bradfield presented "The Girl from Mimico," which title brought to us many thoughts of that noisy little village across the pond. Later on Sergeant-Major Campbell and Sergeant Bradfield presented an impromptu bunch of sense and nonsense entitled "A Study in Black." We would like to know if it is true that the Sergeant-Major hasn't got all the burnt cork off the back of his neck yet, and why it is that the Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Honourable Artillery Company got sore because reference was made to the immense waist measurement he sports around?

We would like to take the opportunity of stating for the information of all concerned that Staff-Sergeant Sartin acquired his highly-coloured proboscis by much exposure to the sun and wind during his twenty-one (keep it dark) years in His Majesty's Marines.

Why is it that certain of the Nursing Sisters continue to call the Staff-Sergeants Corporal?

Who stole Sergt. Bradfield's rum ration?

Is it true that he was caught in the act and the rum appropriated by the Provost Sergeant?

Is it true that the Regimental Sergeant-Major intends putting in for six days' leave to go fishing? Is he going to take Davies and Edwards along for fish?

Lucky old Jeff!

Why should Staff-Sergeant Davis try to make such a poor imitation of our ex-Naval representative's bulbous nasal appendage with red lights?

Is it true that Staff-Sergeant Davis used a bottle of Bust Developer, mistaking same for hair tonic, and what is the use of trying to grow hair on wood, anyway?

Do the duties of the Sergeant attached to the Dental Corps, same sergeant being yclept "Toothless," require him to stand on his head for five minutes each evening before retiring?

Who stole the Sergeant's girl at Farnborough?

Who's got a yellow streak? Want to fight, Irish? Oy how I hate Irish!

I know, Editor, but I've got another "stick" of real good dope to hand out yet. What's that? Oh, all right, I guess it'll keep. Don't step on any rusty tacks, eh? Goo'-bye.

BACKBONE.

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