

Chats From Chatham

You are quite right, A.H. ; most of us love the sight of civilian clothes but we understand Acting-Corporal Jay doesn't.

Sergeant Davis has permission to be married. Congratulations from the mess and may all his troubles be *little ones*.

We wonder if anyone would have been disappointed if Corporal Ashworth's pass had been turned down ? Sure, we know all about it, Corp.

Private Ritchie and his chum,
Fought the Huns with shot and shell,
But when the girls cried " Here we come ! "
They turned and ran like—any old thing.

O pity the staff and personnel,
Their's is a sorry plight,
They have to fat-ee-gue all day
And stand-too all the night.

I dreamt that I died and to Heaven did go,
" Where did you come from ? " they wanted to know.
I said " I'm from Chatham House ; " didn't they stare !
Then cried " Step inside, you're the first one from there."

M.O. (at dressing station) : " Has the orderly taken your temperature yet ? "

Patient (wearily) : " I don't know, sir ; I've only missed my wrist watch so far.

There once was a Lance-Jack named Lille
Who tried for more stripes with a will,
So he shut up the gate
And made them all late
For their treatment down at the Granville.

His many friends will be glad to hear that at last Private Spence is about to attain the height of his ambition. He is to be put in sole charge of the ice-burning incinerator which is to be installed sometime this summer.

Question—Why does a certain 3rd Batt. lance-jack blush every time he sees a dog ?

Answer—Because while out for a walk along the Pegwell Bay Road last Sunday he tried to coax a dear little King Charles spaniel to come to him ; but at the sound of his voice it fled precipitately, and before he could turn round to see where it had gone, he heard a sweet feminine voice saying : " You're more particular, aren't you, Fido, about whom you make friends with."