

And the Section Commander
Flopping around like a magpie,
Waving his arms higher up than a kite,
Afraid of getting hell from the Major ;
And the Major, stamping about,
Afraid of getting hell from the Colonel ;
And the Colonel, stewing and raving,
Afraid of getting hell from the General ;
Let's draw the curtain
Spread our flops and roll into our blankets
But the mosquitoes,
They come and bite and spoil it.
Damn them! and the Army! and the War!
Good night.

What became of the Right Section on the bivouac S.O.S.?

Some O.C's until by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

Is it true that gunners are to be issued with roller skates now
that they are not allowed to ride on vehicles?

Who is the A.S.C. officer that suggests making salad out of
fish-heads?