

BATS FROM THE BATMEN.

Yes! we are all invalids; at least the Doc. seems to think that we are best shut up with a couple of "Bulls" to keep guard over us. Rumour hath it we are quarantined for mumps, but the general impression is that the officers don't want to expose us to the cold showers which are now so prevalent. However, we sure get a square deal. Butler was the only "maid" absent from the party, so they brought him from Aldershot to partake of the joys and sorrows of isolation.

* * * *

Corpl. Fawcett is under the impression that we have got to train for some marathon race. Long route marches at one hundred and sixty paces to the minute are a daily occurrence; some of us are of the opinion that the cause is due to Towson, of the Machine Gun Section, being with us. Any way, please get next, Bill, we are invalids now.

* * * *

On finding out we were due for two weeks' confinement, Corpl. Fawcett and Pte. Griffiths beat a hasty retreat for the second line trenches. A scouting party, under the Hawaiian Policeman, soon had the two heroes corralled. Were they dodging mumps or practising moving camp? Both are silent on the matter.

* * * *

Many thanks, Mac, for the good eats! Another month of this life and we should be mistaken for the Cooks.

* * * *

Nobody loves a batman; witness some of our titles:—"Officer's Servant," "Orderly," "Groom," "Boot Black," "So-and-So's Shadow," "Maid" and "General Roust-about."

* * * *

A suggestion as to how to win the war:—In the British Empire there are several races who believe that if they die fighting they will go to heaven. Why not give these poor guys a chance of the heavenly land? This idea originated with Mr. Gray's "Maid," who has lost all hope of a home-stead above the stars. The boys were under the impression that there would be an improvement in "Red" since his officer has shared his room with the "Sky-Pilot"; but up to the present have noticed nothing towards his uplift. We sincerely trust the good Padre will give this small matter his attention.

THOSE VERBAL ORDERS!

A pale-faced private, fresh from hospital, has, after a struggle, succeeded in penetrating into the well-guarded Orderly Room, and stands at the barrier. He has stated his case so many times en route that he is a trifle confused, and, in answer to Clerk's query, replies in this wise:—

"Er—please—I'm just going hospital—I mean just coming to hosp—er—discharge—hospital—come—report myself."

"What Company?"

"A, sir."

"Your Company's at the Ranges. You are attached to C Company for the present."

"But, sir, the hospital doctor recommends me to a sick pass."

"Where are your papers?"

"Aven't any."

"Go to the doctor, and we'll see into it later."

The pale-faced one sadly makes his get-away, and proceeds to the doctor's hut.

Here, amidst divers and sundry coloured papers, and in a highly odoured atmosphere, an overworked orderly sits. He resents the intrusion.

"Say, sick parade's at 6-30 a.m."

"I want to see the doctor."

"He's in London."

Orderly goes on working; dips his pen into the zinc ointment and, finding his mistake, hurls the tin at the unfortunate invalid's head.

The pale one makes a despairing effort to collect his thoughts, and manages to convey to the orderly the fact that he has just returned from hospital.

"Well, why the — didn't you say so before? What's yer name, number, company, platoon, section, disease, age, and next-of-kin?"

"Wh—what?"

"Oh, come around at 6-30 in the morning."

The convalescent wearily drags himself away, and summoning his fast ebbing courage, decides to make one more attempt. He draws a deep breath and approaches the Orderly Room of C Company. In his excitement he omits to knock, and is somewhat abruptly greeted by the Sergeant-Major.

"Here! Who let you in?"

"Beg pardon, sir. I was just let out."

"What the Sam Hill are you talking about. Say, corporal—(Aside: What the — are you laughing at?)" Pale one continues:

"I have just come out from hospital, and the Orderly Room clerk says I belong in your Company."

"Oh, did he! What for? Who told him? I never saw you before. What's your name?"

"Smith, sir."

"Which Smith?"

"Smith of A Company, sir."

"Oh—hang it. You mean you're attached to us, eh?" (Bully for the Sergeant-Major.)

"Yes, sir."

"Well, take that space over in the corner yonder."

"Thank you, sir. Where's my kit, sir?"

"Your kit?" (Crescendo). "How the Sam Hill do I know? Go and enquire at headquarters."

Quite desperate now, the pale one hurries to the Orderly Room, which he enters unchallenged, as the staff are about to leave for supper:

"Can anyone tell me where my kit bags are?"

"Where did you leave them?"

"At Bordon."

"Well, perhaps they're there still."

This proves the last straw, and the pale one finally collapses.

MORAL:

"Verbal orders may be easy for the one who says the word,

But the script is much more easy—such mixups have oft occurred! A.R.G.

* * * *

[NOTE.—The Year's at the Spring! Many of our contributors have burst into song—the saints forbid that I should call it poetry. The above represents the combined effect of Spring and a superfluity of statistical work on the mind of one of our much harassed Orderly Clerks. Be gentle in your criticisms, for as Spring merges into Summer he may recover!—Ed.]

THE BACKWOOD CLUB

CHASEMOOR, Near Bramshott Chase Post Office,

OPENED ON JUNE 6th

for N.C.O.'s and men of the Overseas Battalions,

DRY CANTEEN,

A SODA FOUNTAIN IN CONNECTION.

MUSIC :: GAMES :: LECTURES :: DEBATES.

COME AND HAVE A SUNDAE.