

The Midnight Bombers.

BY THE
MIDNIGHT BOMBING NON-COMS.

Bombing is an art, at least some non-coms. think so, because, during the duration of our many days' rest which we get in the rest camps so often, which we are not entitled to, a certain two non-coms. who think themselves "it" as far as midnight bombing is concerned, open up their most powerful and effective attack with various bombs, a few of which I will mention. Firstly, there is the rum-bottle bomb, which is most effective when thrown with good effects.

Secondly, there is what is called, by the men who have achieved the great successes in this particular line of trench warfare, the sand-bag bomb, this bomb being of a very interesting class, which renders it necessary for me to explain in detail. First one sergeant steals a sack of coke from an unknown quarter, which, towards midnight, is practically all used, but I must add that it takes great effect on the observation of the enemy when the discharge takes place. Perhaps the N.C.O. who received this would be only too glad to explain the effects.

To cut a long story short, as most old soldiers do (?), I will finish by explaining just how the gas attacks are carried out. You will know, if you don't already, that it has been found necessary to use gas in order to make the attack successful, and just how this is done I will explain.

The bombers are equipped and accompanied by bayonet men; they creep up one by one to the supposed parapet, which is a table in the middle of the room; there they peep over. Then up goes a flare (an electric torch), one man puffs his cigarette and blows the smoke, representing gas, over the table (parapet); then comes the shouting and moaning of the enemy's wounded (which is represented by two or three sergeants who have just been aroused by the row); over they throw the rum-bottle bombs, sand-bag bombs, jam-tin bombs, boot bombs, brick bombs, and several other dangerous implements of war such as these.

I might say that these non-coms., the names of which I dare not mention, always open an attack in their company quarters after the closing of the Eskimofat.

The Signaller's Siloque.

On the Trench 'Phone at H.Q.
The daily routine on the buzzer
Is exacting in many a way.
After sending a ——— message
Someone will politely say:—

"I really fail to get you.
Say! read the text over again.
Ah! that's right; now will you please
Repeat last three words of same?"

After a few alterations,
And a little chat about home,
Up comes the usual "Can't hear you,
Shake your microphone."

After receiving three "R. Dons,"
You begin to think it is Pax,
When hesitatingly comes a pip-pip,
Who's that? I thought so! Pic-Ax.

Well, after settling the difference,
And the little tour is complete,
Someone buzzes excitedly,
"I've three messages—bin waitin' a
week."

You just start out on the journey,
And fairly get stuck to the seat.
Hell!!! Someone shouts "Priority,
The Colonel wishes to speak."

After a good deal of straffing,
And shake your microphone,
You finally get restarted,
With never a sight of home.

No. 1 R. Don, No. 2 half through,
Nothing strange to reveal.
A tap on the back, and "Say, my lad,"
Heavens, it's Captain Steel!

With head in a whirl, you send MQ,
And wonder what's coming next.
A little trench talk and that's O.K.,
Now once again for the text.

No. 2 all through, No. 3 well away.
What's that? Oh! come off the ball.
Great Julius feeds and Holy Smoke,
It's a blooming artillery call.

All right, old dear, you call ———
The germs are sending us bums,
All right, old cock, just knock off their
block
With a few little pills from your guns.

Say! you chaps, who think we've snaps,
Just think of us when over the brine.
Brandon for some, and the Peg for most,
But it'll likely be Selkirk for mine.

H. H. W. (Sigs. Section).

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