

Monday. — Went sick but couldnt make any impression on that duffer of a M. O. at all. I guess he is wise to the game alright. Must think of something original all the old complaints are played out, he even pulls teeth now. Just been reading the "Daily Mirror" pictures of V. C. this and V. C. that trying to get away from girls who want the hero's autograph. Why do they send these pictures to us? just to pile the Agony on I guess. Another picture of Lady Somebody taking wounded Tommes for a drive. I am beginning to wish those Bosches would come over — Then I might get a nice little blighty & get in on that girl and motor car stuff.

Tuesday. — Got one-days fatigue for my mis demeanor on Church Parade which placed me under the jurisdiction of that despised oficial the Sanitary Sergeant. I hate to dwell on the many humiliations I suffered during the past 24 hours, but I shall derive all the more pleasure when I get back to Civilian life and can read my diary at home. I was taken, along with the other defaulters and ordered to Clean up latrines. The creature who was told off to assist me, B—ll D—s by name, claimed to be suffering from every disease known to the Medical profession excepting Housemaid Knee and Twins. If personal appearance has any thing to do with the acquisition of these Complaints I think he can consider himself immune. He whined around the trench and described each symptom in detail until I asked him if he had been reading the literature from a quack medicine almanac.

Wednesday. — Have interviewed several batmen and I find that they got their jobs by various methods. One fellow, who had several ribbons on his chest, said he was oppointed to that enviable position through being a smart soldier. My hopes went down to zero when I heard that, but not to be discouraged I tried another batman who had no ribbons on his manly chest. I may say that this type is very scarce. Very reluctantly he told me that his method was to lay in wait for a new officer and take him by surprise, or, if you lack the necessary courage to do this, the next best system is to adopt one like a society lady sometimes adopts a "Chow". It was here that I learned that all batmen are in a kind of secret society and manage to keep these jobs amongst a select few. When I had got through this interview I was the only outsider who knew about a vacancy for a batman with the Padre. My whole ambition is to land this job.

Thursday. — Landed the job alright but had quite a struggle. The Padre is very particular who he has around him. The examination of my Pay Book proved to him that I had never been in the "Clink" I also got through with the 23rd Psalm and most of the Commandments, but nearly god fired at noon for forgetting to say Grace. Worked my good standing back again by refusing a drink of rum from an old acquaintance when the Padre thought I didn't know he was around. Find it much healthier in this part of the Country. Bet the fellows in the Company are saying cruel things about me. I should worry!! Stand much better chance of dying of old age than any of 'em. The boss smokes nothing but the best, and there is a chance that he may keep a little booze around here (say just for religions purposes). Think I'll straighten his room out.

Friday. — (Deleted by the censor)

Saturday. — Got off with a severe reprimand but am back in the trenches. Things look worse than ever. Kept busy carrying bombs, ammunition, barbed wire, sand bags and all sorts of horrors. Met the M. O. in the trench this morning. Told him I had sprained my back carrying those bombs last night. Asked me where the pain was and when I said around my kidneys he nearly got me, for the kidneys are at least a foot away from the spot I indicated. I groaned horribly when he poked his finger up and down my back and he sent me to the dressing station.

Sunday. — At the dressing station the M. O. told the Sergeant to fall in the "Camp Followers". I dont like that name but I think he meant the other fellows. We all had our temperature taken: Dont think my thermometer was any good as it stuck somewhere below normal. We all made ourselves scarce except at meal times. Wish I could get down to the Base Hospital, or a job on the Transport, or the Shoemaker, or Butcher or best of all the Post Office Corporals job. Must make enquiries.

The Following Goods are for sale in the Battalion Cateen, and the low prices should be a sufficient recommendation for your Patronage.

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| Bass' Ale | = | 7.65 |
| Heinz's Pork & Beans | = | .60 |
| Keivils Butter | = | 2.75 |
| Peek, Frea'n's & Co Ltd. Biscuits | | |
| in 1/2 ll. Pkts | = | .50 |
| Cigarettes : — | | |
| Players Pkts | = | .40 |
| Gold Flake Pkts | = | .40 |
| " " Tins. | = | 2.00 |
| Three Castle Tins | = | 2.50 |
| Marcella Cigars | = | .40 |
| La Flor de la Isabela | = | .40 |
| Chocolate Fry's nut milk | = | .45 |
| " Cream Bars | = | .45 |
| Peek, Frea'n, & Co Ltd. Cakes 1 lb. | = | 2.00 |
| Chairman Lobacco 1/4 lb. tins | = | 2.00 |
| Craven " " | = | 3.00 |
| Candles | = | .10 |
| Cafe au lait | = | 1.75 |
| Herrings, Tyne Brand per tin | = | 1.00 |
| Ink per btle | = | .20 |
| Lobsters per tin | = | 2.00 |
| Lea and Perrin's sauce | = | 1.75 |
| Milk Nestle's per tin | = | 1.00 |
| Matches 2 boxes | = | .10 |
| Note Books | = | .30 |
| Perrier (large) per bottle | = | 1.00 |
| Pipes, Captain Scott | = | 1.75 |
| Pencils (copying) | = | .20 |
| Quaker Oats 1 lb pkts | = | .70 |
| Sausages per tin | = | 1.75 |
| Salmon " " | = | 1.25 |
| Sardines (Commodore) " " | = | .40 |
| Lyle's Golden Syreys " " | = | .75 |
| Williams shaving soap | = | 1.25 |
| Sunlight soap per bar | = | .50 |
| Tomatoes | = | 1.00 |
| Tooth Paste (Euthymol) | = | 1.50 |



Continued in the next.