

"The Scribe" Says—

Brotherly Love at the Stove.

A certain couple in a hut, somewhere in the signal lines, apparently have known one another in civie life, judging by the stuff they shoot around the stove these nights. Here's a sample of their dope.

Disgruntled neutral: "You look like a long drink of pump water."

Reprobate Number 1: "Oh, no, he doesn't. He's too crooked to get in a well."

Reprobate Number 2: "You're so crooked that when you sleep in bed you're like a letter X, and if I paste you one the tears would run down your back."

Rep. No. 1: "Even then I got you skinned. Why, when I land on you they'll bury you in a corkscrew coffin."

Rep. No. 2: "Never mind, I never got trench feet through standing in the gutters of New York."

Ye Cods! I

Extract from letter received by a pal of mine, recently transferred here from an Infantry Battalion:—

"... You can't imagine how delighted I felt, my ... (mushy stuff, deleted by request) at hearing of your promotion from being a common ordinary private to a regular SAPPER."

Science and the "Sergt." Score.

Up at the ranges on butt party, Sergt. Doncaster and the range warden had a little chat. The Sergt. referred to our camp as "the lousy camp"—a figure of speech, of course. The range warden took it literally. "Lousy," he said, "Well, if that's so, it's since you C'nidians came in. It was all right when the Imperials had it two years ago."

"Truly, truly, spoke the 'Searg'; 'but you know what science says: It takes two years for the tribe to incubate!'"

Flue-ently Described.

From a signaller's epistle:—

"... We are practically cork-beer just now, as at 14 o'clock yesterday a message was promulgated through the channels of the gink who is ink oblique cork of the district, prohibiting us from gathering in any numbers. There are fellows sleeping now in the Anglican Church every night instead of just Sunday morning, as usual. All our concerts are off, and the Wylie Emma Cork Ack has also been relegated to old man Morpheus."

Weekly Calendar.

Monday (Resurrection Morn): "Was that the five minutes or réveille?"

Tuesday (Hope springs eternal in the Signals breast): "Did you hear the LATEST rumour?"

Wednesday (Sports): "Fall in, the INDOOR BASEBALL players."

Thursday (Australian "Chicken" Day): "I'll say, this blighter gave 'em a long chase before they got him."

Friday (Fish—nuff sed): "Any more for any more?"

Saturday (Route March Day): "Send her down, Davey."

Sunday (Church Parade): "Wake up, Mac, the padre's finished."

Suggestion for Reprisal.

Arouse German prisoners by réveille a la C.C.D. pipe band.

SAPPER SCRIBE.

Trenches.

1. Siting.

Consider Command, Concealment, Cover, Creation of Obstacles, and Communications.

2. The Trace.

Laid out carefully with tape or spun yarn. Fire-bays 5 to 10 yards long. Traverses usually splayed as shown in Fig. 2, with each leg 5 yards long. Fire step may be continuous round the splayed traverse.

Communication trenches either wavy, or as shown in Fig. 2, and always with firesteps, for use as switch lines.

3. The Profile.

If ground is dry, approximately as shown in Figs. 1, 3, and 4, better made flat enough for sides to stand without revetting. In low saturated ground, breast-work used instead of trench. Drainage is an important development in all trench systems.

4. Organisation of Work.

Definite tasks must be allotted to parties of men, suitable to the nature of the ground. Under favourable conditions, 80 cubic feet per man can be required in a four hour shift. Tasks must be finished, and should never be increased during progress of the work.

5. Order of Work.

First task, complete, gives immediate protection and makes line tenable, but does not give lateral communication. Unless line is garrisoned, this is often sufficient. Second and third tasks, with construction of latrines, shelters or dugouts, and trench-mats if necessary, completes the trench.

6. Wire.

Three belts of double South African fence in irregular lines, approximately 40, 70, and 100 yards in front of trench. Same along switch lines.

♦ ♦ ♦

S.B. Priority. Q.K. a.m.

Field-Marshal Mack-em-Gingle,
c/o Jam Battery,
Near Seaford.

B.N.D. 347. 8th R.Q. 49 AAA.

Acknowledged AAA. Men will parade with housewives at the slope and bedboards rolled. Will also arrange for all corns to be sandpapered and the unexpended portion of the day's fish to be carried also. Gas masks at the alert AAA.

Previous demands for buttermilk now cancelled as arrangements have been completed with Admiral Johnny Walker to supply the joy juice AAA.

All concerned advised and copies to the canteen girl and shoemaker AAA.

Lieut.-General Rhumjar.

The above was received at X.Y.B. Station during the recent Warlike Operations

Big Benn.

♦ ♦ ♦

The boy had only lately joined up, and he was feeling very fit and also extremely hungry, as the result of his open-air life.

He went into the hut, and was at once attended by a patriotic flapper, who was acting as waitress.

The boy enquired: "What is there for dinner?"

"Roast beef, roast mutton, toad-in-the-hole, and curry," replied the flapper.

The boy, with an air of eager anticipation: "That'll do, and a cup of coffee, please."