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ON GUARD.

"COME and cut for your shift on guard." It was soon done—Dick got the joker and first choice—the next two a five and six respectively; while I got in second after all with a ten. Which shift? Dick chose 3 to 6. Well, if a chap likes to get up at 3 a.m. and light the cooks' fires, it's his own funeral I suppose; though after all there may be method in his madness. Anyway, 6 to 9 for me, even if it does mean answering questions from every passer-by at night and fruitlessly trying to keep the goat (who ought to have been mulligan long ago) from chewing the motor cycles in the morning. "Don't let the goat put his foot on the carburettor" were the last instructions—and I am supposed to be guarding valuable lives!

"Say, chum, I've got a letter here to Corporal Button, at your bath house. Think I can get a bath from him? Just come down from the line." He looked as if he had, too. He is reassured. "Go right in and speak to him, if he is still there—little round man—can't miss him." He goes and is followed by two officers, who enquire for the baths, and if we have any nurses attached. Off they go with visions of porcelain-lined pools of limpid water and swiftly repressed longings for the shower and plunge of far-off days in B.C.; but they are sent to the zinc tubs, which are the envy of less favoured ambulances. A man with a cut finger—two others demanding the dentist—crowds asking for the canteen, and is the beer in? And a sentry is not to enter into conversation! Just my luck to have a fine night for guard and no rum ration. What a war it is and why did I enlist?

The gay little Frenchman, who keeps the store opposite, comes out and makes a remark, which, except for its friendly tone, more resembles a machine-gun firing than words meant to be understood by mortal man. Constant reference is made in the papers to the conversational adaptability of the British soldier in an alien tongue, so I reply bravely, "Mais oui, M'sieu, in bong nuit." He returns abashed, and a long silence settles down upon the little street. The Estaminet lights go out, and a trooping crowd goes home. It is eight o'clock; one line more. Peace, or what would be peace were it not for the roar at regular intervals that betokens what Madame, who behind me, as she throws a dish of water just past my head, calls "beaucoup bombarde."

First post! Last post! Relief at last!

Dear Mr. Editor, "N.Y.D."

I have had three husbands killed in action in the war. Tom was killed early in 1915, Dick in 1916, and Harry in 1917. Can I draw three pensions from the Government?—LILLIAN GRABUM.

Dear Lil,

We are inclined to think that you can. Keep the good work up and you'll soon be in the Ruckerfeller Class.—THE EDITOR.



Don S., '17

You talk of your "ten inch sensations." Its got nothing on the sensation you get when you go to meet your best girl, dressed in hospital blue. Wow!

A LITTLE BIT OF HADES.

Just a little bit of Hades fell from out of the sky one day,
And landed in old Flanders, in a spot not far away;
And when the devil saw it through the shrapnel-sprinkled air,
He said, "I guess I'll leave it, it will make them mad for fair."
So he sprinkled it with star lights, with barbed wire and with shell,
And here and there a dead man, so the place would surely smell,
Then he bounded it with trenches which were made of Belgian sand,
And when he had it finished, sure, he called it "No Man's Land."

Sung to the tune of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

LITANY OF THE FRENCH POILU.

Of two things one is certain: either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized;
If you're not mobilized, there is no need to worry.
If you are mobilized—
Of two things one is certain: either you're behind the lines or you're on the front;
If you're behind the lines, there is no need to worry.
If you're on the front—
Of two things one is certain: either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger;
If you're resting in a safe place, there is no need to worry.
If you're exposed to danger—
Of two things one is certain: either you're wounded or you're not wounded;
If you are not wounded, there is no need to worry.
If you are wounded—
Of two things one is certain: either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly;
If you're wounded slightly, there is no need to worry.
If you're wounded seriously—
Of two things one is certain: either you recover or you die;
If you recover, there is no need to worry;
If you die—you can't worry.

LEAVE WANTED.

A young sapper was marched into the office with a telegram in his hand, and weeping bitterly. The telegram was handed across to the O.C. and he read it aloud: "Sister Mary died this morning," at which the bereaved sapper wept afresh.

"Has your sister been ill very long," inquired the O.C.

Signs of slight uneasiness on the part of the sapper, but the ready reply—punctuated with sobs—

"No, sir."

"When did you see your sister last?" was the chief's next question.

Increasing signs of uneasiness, and some hesitation—

"I've never seen her, sir."

The O.C. gasped, the Orderly Officer gasped, the Orderly Sergeant wrinkled his brow, and all looked towards the O.C. inquiringly.

"How old is your sister?" queried the O.C. sternly.

The sapper steadied himself for a moment before he replied—

"Four days, sir."