
CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Hey! Guy! Three girls; and blocking the traffic. Have a heart, Bo.

Agreed.—Times are hard. So are the Chatham House Sunday morning eggs.

To work your ticket, blindfold some cockroaches, and lead them under the wheels of a street-car.

We hear that the recent rain spell seriously interrupted operations at the front.—Water Front.

Who is it that takes so much interest in the Scout and Canterbury? Does he want an introduction?

A "Whiting" went fishing,
A "Fisher" he fished,
And the "Fisher" was fished by a fisher.
And the "Fisher" he fished,
Is a cute little fish,
Now they both bear the name of "White-Fish-er."

Why does a certain member of the staff carry sergeant's stripes in his pocket? Is he afraid someone might pinch them?

Was it the bugle that made "Bugler" Silcock's lips sore quite recently, or was it the close communications of the previous night?

Chatham Chicken Soup.—Ingredients—One bean to four quarts of water; add two quantities of salt, stir with beef-rib till the bean dissolves. Lead the chicken through it and serve hot.

We notice the fact that "Peggy" does not crowd for a second sitting at meal-times now. He is getting his "am and heggs, with nice thin "bread and butter" and "cocoa," nightly. Some girl, "Peggy"!

Extract from Routine Order 210, for July 30th, 1917 :—

"Staff will parade for pay at 2 p.m., 27/7/17."

[Though not specially warned for this parade on 30th ult., we noticed that there was not an absentee. Good soldiers always use their initiative.]