

## CHATS FROM CHATHAM

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

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

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

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

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

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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."

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

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

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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.

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

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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.]