

Still, it doesn't do to spring too many yarns about the hash-mixers, and it's good policy to keep on the right side of the mail-man; but, say, did you ever hear of the guy who somehow or other had nobody to write to him, and not fancying the "lonely soldier" dope to draw an unknown flapper correspondent, he started writing letters addressed to himself. So now he doesn't feel out of it when the mail comes in, but grabs his self-written letter as eagerly as the delegate who is going to get married next leave.

The little Imp, whom misguided literary men still persist in calling Cupid, has been getting after a few of the boys this winter. I suppose that means we are sure to get reinforcements in 1938, anyway.

Reinforcements! Humph!! When you see the latest brand-new soldier, do you ever realize that you were as green as that? Seems kind of impossible, doesn't it? I can hear an old "three-two" growling, "I was packing stretchers before you knew there was a war on."

J.A.C.K.

THE VOLATILES.

"Are you going to the show to-night, Bill?" "What show do you mean, Tom?" "Why, the Volatiles, of course, that's the only real one." "Sure, I'm on."

And away they go. Arriving at the ticket office, purchase two seats, and enter the hall.

The band had just struck up as they took their seats. At the finish of the overture the curtain went up, displaying a show manager rehearsing his revue. The singers and dancers took the cake, and won great applause, but when Kelly, the leading (lady), all smiles and flounces, came breezing on the stage, the crowd went wild, and a close observer could see many far-away looks in the eyes of some of the boys.

Kelly's some kid, and my old gal has got to buck up some if she wants to travel with me.

That black man, well, he's as good as the ace of spades when royals are trumps. Jimmie, you're Good.

The comedian—oh, my! my sides are sore yet from laughing. His song, "Alice, where in the devil are you?" got next to everyone's "giggle-box."

The stately lady who sang "I want my Percy," was very alluring. I heard one fellow say, "She can have me if she wishes." Oh, those eyes!! Geddes, where did you get that clear, sweet, mellow throat? Not from taking Mist Expect, I'll bet. Your song "I'll live my life for you, dear," made my pal homesick all next day. Have a heart, eh?

"Miss" Kelly's side kick. Anderson, well, boy, if you had seen the love-light in the eyes of a dainty made-moiselle who sat in the front row one night, and had seen how the young man who attended her fidgeted about, you would have smiled.

The remainder of the artists were A1, and sure made a hit.

Sergeant McKay, how about booking that bunch of artists for London next season (?), and show the people in Blighty what a real revue really is.

If Lewis Dunn Grant would King Land Morrow?

Though we credit Joe (Le Noir) with average human intelligence, no one expected him to put across what he did a while ago, and we are still wondering if someone didn't tip him off.

Joe was put to painting various signs, and when they were finished the one for the "clink" had in one corner the mystic initials I.H.S., which our problem expert deciphered as "I have suffered."

The "C" Section War Critic visited our dug-out this morning, so we offered him the bag of cake to sit on, accepted one of his cigars, and awaited his 'spiel. "Violence is the essence of war," he bellowed in his deep bass. "With our present methods we shall be undone, whereas if we adopt violent tactics, we shall have the Hun-done." He was gone when we recovered consciousness.

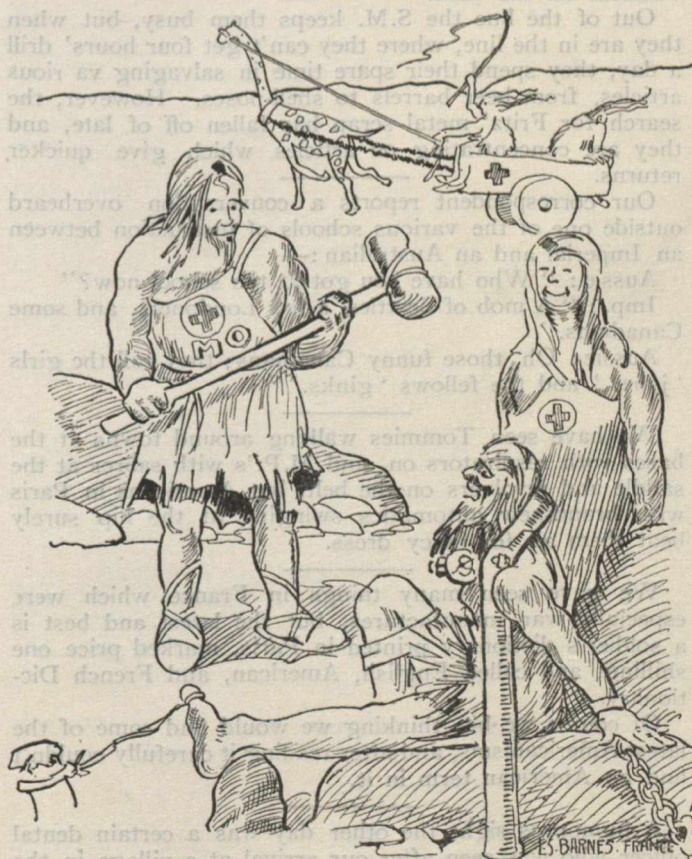
A rookie, well known for his strategy when seeking a holiday, went to the doctor and asked for a note, as he said he was ill. The doctor could not find anything wrong with him, but gave him a note, and just marked a stroke where the nature of the complaint should be.

He went to the chief officer with the note, and asked for leave. The officer took the note, looked at it, and then said, for he was certainly puzzled:

"What is this you are suffering from? I can't tell."

Then our friend took the note, looked at it, and confidently replied:

"Can't you see, sir, that it's a stroke I'm suffering from."



CURE FOR SPRAINED ANKLES IN THE STONE AGE