

## MATTERS MORE OR LESS PERSONAL.

**W**E are given to understand, on unimpeachable authority, that one of our Company Commanders needed a bucket of creosote in his bath the other day.

Can anyone imagine less appropriate names for strafing our friends the Huns than Lamb or Meek?

What makes the "C" Company cooks lock up all movable articles when their officers' cook appears on the scene?

We tried to get rid of "Pop," but no chance; he is always around when mess gear is called.

If anything is lost, or by any chance follows anybody away, it sure is "B" Company's cooks whom we ask first if they have seen it.

A suggestion to the committee at the next Battalion Sports: Why not a 100 yards dash for cooks to some estaminet?

How did Jackson, the "D" Company mechanic, make Blighty?

The other company cooks are interested to know where a certain lance-corporal cook, when he loses anything, sends his side-kickers to find it.

Who put the "con" in Maconochie?

"A" Company's quick lunch is doing record business these days.

"C" Company cooks have invented a new form of frightfulness. Have you tried it yet?

The Iron Ration demon tells me that the cooks fight with the men up the line and feed them down, and all their spare time is their own.

Is our auburn-haired Sergeant whose post of duty is perched on the Headquarters' ration wagon again in love? Rumour says he is once more devouring jewellers' catalogues and burning many midnight candles on the composition of love notes. Our sympathy is most hearty.

We are informed that our Regimental Quarter bloke has recently acquired a corner in the shares of the firm who produce the "Ideal Concentrated."

According to report, the custodian of the Base detail's menagerie recently tried to add a calf to the collection. We understand that only the lack of consent on the part of the animal's owner prevented the deal from going through.

Which C.Q.M.S. is it who mounts the officers' mess cart with spurs and riding crop? Does he know that there is also a bandolier included somewhere in the Transport equipment?

When is the O.C. Stamps going to produce some more Canadian mail?

□ □ □

## DID YOU EVER?

**D**ID you ever get up in the morning,  
And find you'd no fatigue to do?

Did you ever go up to the kitchen

For anything else but stew?

Did you ever back a winner,

And forget with whom you'd bet?

Did you ever do a working party,

When it didn't turn out wet?

Did you ever lose a gas-bag,

And not have to pay for it?

Did you ever chew Pears' Shaving Soap\*

To throw a dummy fit?

Did you ever put in for a pass,

And then be for guard that day?

Worst of all, did you ever forget

To go and draw your pay?

\* I get a dozen sticks of soap for this ad.

Q.M.S.

## FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

**F**OR Sale, cheap, one perfectly good Mauser rifle; owner has no further use for same.—Write Max Haunslaugheimer, Prisoners' Internment Camp, England.

Wanted to Exchange, ten tins orange marmalade for one tin of real jam. If exchange cannot be effected, the marmalade may be had by anyone who will cart it away.—Apply, Private Fed-up.

To Rent.—Commodious Dug-out; good water supply, splendid view of ruined farm and Fritz' funk-hole. Its portability has been proven by H.E. shells. Splendid smell of rum; recently inhabited by Sergt. X—; no extra charge for troupe of performing rats.—Apply, Lance-Private Grousehard.

□ □ □

## POETIC DON'TS.

**D**ON'T think you are the Army.  
You've got a lot to learn;  
And you're just a tiny atom  
In a mighty big concern.

Don't cheek an older soldier,  
Though his education's nil.  
You'll find he knows a trick or two  
That'll make you feel quite ill.

Don't dress up soft and sloppy,  
Nor look dirty, nor look slack,  
Or you'll get a shock that'll send cold shivers  
Down the middle of your back.

Don't tell the Orderly Corporal  
He knows nothing—you don't think,  
Or you'll find your body wandering  
To that Home of Rest—The Clink.

Don't tell your Platoon Sergeant  
You are right and he is wrong,  
Or you'll find his flow of language  
Makes your hair stand stiff and strong.

Don't tell your Sergeant-Major  
Things you think he ought to know:  
You will find, as far as you're concerned,  
Promotion's rather slow.

Don't criticise your Officers:  
They know a thing or two;  
And you'll find you'll only put yourself  
Into a nasty stew.

Don't say your Corps's a bad one  
To men of other Corps,  
Or your best chum, if he hears you,  
Will make your face feel sore.

Don't be afraid to grouse and growl  
When working—'tis your right;  
And the finest set of grouzers  
Are the best men in a fight.

Don't use foul and filthy language,  
Keep your tongue reserved and cool;  
You may think 'tis big to curse hard,  
But you only look a fool.

Don't forget that your own Regiment  
Is the best one of them all,  
And your proud you're posted to it  
Now you've answered Britain's call.

"ONE LEG AND A SWINGER."  
(From "The Snapper," the monthly journal of the East Yorkshire Regiment, April, 1916.)