



WE are sorry to inform our readers that our jovial leader, B. M. Daly, is in hospital on the other side, but pleased to state that he is now convalescent, and able to flirt with the nurses. "Oh, you Blighty!"

The band had a good time at our "Rest Camp," and made themselves very popular with the villagers.

Some of the single members of the band felt it very much when we left to come back to our old quarters, and one of the married members was seen to wipe something from his eye.

The band are indebted to Sergeant-Drummer Belcher for his large donation to the Music Fund.

B. M. Daly was presented with an ivory bâton, in case, beautifully mounted in silver, from Colonel S. Maynard Rogers.

The band is still doing good work, playing at the Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Theatre, under the leadership of Corporal Silversides.

We are sorry to lose our adjutant, Major Hobbins. He has always done his best for the band. We wish him the best of luck in his new battalion.

An auburn-haired fellow named Baker Had a reputation of being a fakir.

When Fritz opened fire
He would duck in the mire;
Though not religious, he sure was a Quaker.
A certain prize-fighter, Salvano,
On Fritz tried to vent his spleen-o;
But Fritz opened fire,
Then he tried to retire,
But an A frame stuck on his bean-o.

THE GUNNER.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

For it's gunners this and gunners that,
And use the gunners rough;
But it's hear the good old Lewis bark
When things are getting tough.

It's "Gunnery don't need billets,"
And "Gunnery don't need rum;"
But it's "Where is Colonel Tucker?"
When Fritz starts to come.

And when it comes to corks
The battalion fund ain't there,
But when the canteen's open,
Who buys the b——y beer?

He don't do working parties,
Just lies around and sleeps;
But when you get relieved, me buck,
The gunner's there for keeps.

He's a lazy, bloomin' beggar
When he's out in camp at rest,
But you call him other pet names
When the Dutchman's on the crest.

So let's all get together;
He ain't asking very much—
Just to be a damned good soldier,
And recognised as such.

(This contribution was handed in by Captain Harstone with the remark: "One of the boys gave me this; he says it is poetry. I don't know what in hell it is.")

THE SOUVENIR KING.

