

THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVILS' » PACE

Procuring « Comforts for the Troops ».

(Occasionally).

SCENE. One of the branch establishments of our noted E. F. C.

Enter a would be customer who is immediately greeted by a suave looking individual in a nice white suit firmly planted behind the front line counter of the establishment. The usual stereotyped remarks of « Bon jour, très beans », and « après la guerre », etc. are carefully gone over just to show that the staff are up to date in the language of the country. Then the white smocked one retires for lunch, after which he briskly returns to the counter and wakes up the patient retailer of dry-goods with : « What can I do for you this time ? »

THE BUSINESS.

Customer : « Got any Players' cigarettes ? »

Gentleman behind. — « No, but we expect some in next week. »

C. — « Any candles ? »

G. B. — « No, but we have some metal polish — fine line — just in. »

C. — « Any Quaker Oats ? »

G. B. — « No, but we have a good line of Christmas Puddings — special for the troops — how many ? »

C. — « How about tomatoes ? »

G. B. — « No ! — Bad crop this year. How about jam — new line — not Ticklers'.

C. — (Exit). « And still the war goes on ! »

~~~~~

## STRAY SHOTS BY THE SNIPER.

Adding Insult to Injury.

A member of a new draft approached a corporal and enquired if « that Sergeant was the Sergeant Shoemaker », pointing to the Sergeant Cook. Perhaps he had tasted some of his steak.

~~~~~

Walking down the trench the other day, I was grabbed by the shoulder by a « straight collared » soldier who said excitedly :

« Get into that dug-out you d...fool. Can't you see that plane dropping bombs ! »

Evidently he thought the shrapnel burst around the machine were the smoke trail of falling bombs.

~~~~~

If you want to know the history of the Battalion ask the batmen. They have no end of imagination. One could almost call them the « Brains of the army ».

~~~~~

Now that water is so scarce can anyone tell us what to do with all the dope the Water Detail used to use.

~~~~~

During the recent frosty weather skates figured very prominently in several raids made by Canadians.

That is where they slipped it over Fritz. Good old hockey players !

~~~~~

What a great change has come over our Ass. Q.M.S. of F. Coy, since he returned from his last leave.

Perhaps there is a Woman in the Case.

~~~~~

Wonders never cease (fire) They say our noted sergeant is going to get a commission.

I wonder what in.

It looks as though the Sergeants' Mess is coming along famously. They only want a bible to put the final touch on things.

~~~~~

Yes, it's quite true that our R.S.M. is quite a mathematician. Anyone needs a sound knowledge of Euclid to be able to issue F. Coy's rum.

~~~~~

A certain curio collecting Captain had prevailed on two privates to move his effects prior to his departure for Blighty. They managed every thing a weighty sand-bag which defied their united efforts. As they paused to wipe the sweat from their brows, one asked :

« What's in it, Bill ? »

« A blooming Minnie, » answered Bill promptly.

(Hence the « lost effects »).

~~~~~

Tommy (in the trenches observing the sky above him thick with aeroplanes).

« And to think I paid half a dollar to see two of 'em. Darn it ! »

~~~~~

## MY FUNK-HOLE

I've stood in many bedrooms  
In a dozen different lands.  
And I've slept in many bed-steads  
Of as many different brands.  
I've snuggled deep in feathers  
Stuffed by dear old Grand-mama.  
I've enjoyed some solid comfort  
On a « Palley » built of straw.  
But the queerest bed I've ever had —  
So help me, General French —  
Is a ground — sheet in a funk-hole  
At the bottom of a trench.

It's a tiny little funk-hole,  
Just a foot above the ground,  
And so narrow in proportions  
I can scarcely turn around.  
It's not built on plans elaborate  
And the best that can be said  
Is, it shelters from the elements  
My little funk-hole bed ;  
And when Fritzie, with his « wind up »,  
Starts to raise a blooming stench,  
Oh ! I crawl into my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

Some chambers have their vistas,  
Mine also has its view.  
I can see a « Swaddie » struggle  
With a « Dixie » full of stew.  
While the trench rats swim sedately  
For a feed that is in sight :  
As a flare-light splits the darkness  
With its all revealing light.  
Though my edifice « domestique »  
Wouldn't suit a chamber wench,  
Still I'm happy in my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

When I'm tired of working parties  
And of wielding pick and spade,  
And I'm weary of the struggle  
That Great Britain has essayed.  
When imagination morbid  
Makes my very skin to creep,  
And I think a grave in No-man's land  
Will harbor my last sleep.  
When I'm mud from top to bottom  
And my clothes are all adrench.  
Then I crawl into my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

Pte. Joe Sullivan. 466410.