

"Songs and their Singers"

- Song — "Sing me to sleep the Starlights fall"
Lieut. PHILLPOT.
- Dance — "The Gaby Glide" Lieut. WHARTON.
- Song — "Roaming in the Gloaming"
Lieut. OWEN.
- Duet — "Somebody hold the horses head"
Capts. SPENCER AND MAC MILLAN.
- Recitation — "I have no pain dear mother now"
Capt. GIBSON.
- Song — "Hold your hand out naughty boy"
Lieut. Col. ODLUM.
- Sacred Song — "How'd you like to spoon with me"
Capt. MOFFIT.
- Duet — "Over the garden wall"
Capt. HUMBLE & Lieut. PHILLPOT.
- Song — "The Woodpecker pecks at the
School house door" Lieut. CLARK.
- Song — "Look out boys I'm coming down"
Lieut. LEESON.
- Song — "Put on your old Gray bonnet"
Lieut. BARTON.
- Quartette — "Another little drink would nt
do us any harm"
Company Quarter Master Sergeants.
- Song — "Please go away and let me sleep"
Lieut. JOHN HIRSCH.
- Song — "It's a fine hunting day" Pte G. NEVILLE.
- Encore — "Let me like a soldier fall"
Accompaniment by Capt. MAC MILLAN.
- Song — "A hunting we will go"
Armourer Sergeant HUNTER.
- Recitation — "Puss in Boots"
Signalling Sgt CALLAHAN.
- Presentation — Capt. BROTHERS will present to the
Suffragettes a Bomb throwing Catapult.
- Song — "Where is that dog gone dog of mine?"
The PAYMASTER.

Hirsch Tunnel.

Out of which our gallant officer launches himself each morning like a battleship while Capt Pott cracks a bottle of Bass on his forehead and mitters the magic word "Kahoochie" "Quite unnecessary" murmurs the Man-of-War, as he takes to the water, at this time in the morning, I feel that I could ram a submarine.

A Reverie

The Subaltern went for a ramble
In front of the parapet grim.
A Bomb and a hell of a scramble
Were the last that was seen of him.

T. S. P. No/Co.

In Memoriam

Quickly and quietly without undue haste
Out we file to shell trench and supports.
Whilst we wait for our guns to give them a taste
Of the hell that their frightfulness courts.

Them slowly and sadly we all file back
To our place near the parapets screen
We sigh as we wonder what stayed the attack
Of the bombardment that might have been.

"The Scratching Post" No I Co.

Kultur

The Hun he is a simple man
They kultur in him plant.
He'll crucify you if he can
And straafe you if he cant.

"The Scratching Post" No I Co.

"Medical Details Weekly Grouse"

Perhaps it will be as well, for the benefit of our numerous civilian readers to begin by explaining what a "Medical Detail" is, or ought to be. As the 1st, B. C. Regt (7th Battalion) is far superior to all other regiments (in their own estimation) we are in a position to speak with some authority on this subject. A medical detail consists of a crowd of stretcher bearers called a squad when on parade, but when on a route march the Brigadier calls it an unarmed mob. Jealous regiments say the latter name is more appropriate. The bearers were formally picked white men from the ranks, but since the commencement of this campaign it has been found quite possible to train Scotchmen to perform this scientific work. It is rumored that the theory first originated when it was discovered that pack mules could do the work of pack horses, thus relieving the horses for more important work. The writer of this article being very much English and partly connected with the Medical detail hopes that the above description of a quad will suffice.

Another part of a Medical Detail is the M. O. (Medical Officer). The M. O.'s chief duties consists of handing out sentences to the bearers and pills with advice to the Battalion. His King and Country also expect him to convince a sick man that he is not sick. When a sick man leaves the dressing station he usually has a grouse and a mixture of No 9's and christian Science. When the M. O. takes his constitutional round the trenches dear reader you see him at his best, he starts off accompanied by his Secretary who speaks the same language, which is essential. In the communication trench he usually pounces on his first victim, who may be sitting eating a piece of bread smeared over with the now famous Ticklers Jam. The following is a sample of the conversation that takes place. The M. O. — "What the devil do you mean by having that food exposed to the flies?" The victim — "Please sir I was eating it" M. O. "Dosen't matter," Dont you know that one fly carries Billions of germs". The wretch, who has now been under the withering gaze of the M. O's eagle eye for fully two minutes murmurs "No Sir" as he collapses. "Take his name and number and cremate that poisoned food" says the M. O. to his Secretary, as he looks round for another victim. In a few minutes they reach the firing line. At the first glimpse the M. O. staggers is only saved from fainting by the Secretary rushing to his assistance. No dear reader it is not the sight of the enemy trenches that is the cause of all this. It is a small piece of cheese that is stuck on the parapet surrounded by flies. The rest of the journey down the trench will be told next week if I am still at liberty.

"The Drone".

Diary of a Real Soldier

Sunday. — It must be Sunday for there goes the "Padre" and his batman carrying a bag. I wonder if its heavy? That job would suit me fine. I must make enquiries to find out how they "land" these jobs. Here I am, "Somewhere" in France after several unsuccessful attempts to get "Anywhere in England". I would take a chance in Scotland even if the opportunity presented itself. Well the only hope is try Sick Parade again, and to make matters worse there is talk of going in the trenches to morrow night for another five days and nights Brrrrr!!

I shudder at the thought of those nights. When they whesper "Pass the word from the O. C. to stand to" I lose my appetite, and all the pills that the M. O. And his bunch of body snatchers Could pack around wouldnt help me in the least. Forgot my insect powder and am up for Orderly Room for scratching whilst singing Onward Christian Soldiers.