



THE BOMBERS

An Appreciation

Among the various destructive and homicidal machines designed during the last half century for the edification of mankind—beginning with the sewing machine and culminating in the gramophone—there is none so interesting as the Bomber.

This product of modern warfare is found chiefly in No-Man's-Land—sometimes in the trenches that border the same—but he prefers the calm and peaceful placidity of No-Man's-Land.

In many respects he resembles that bipediated creature, Man—in appearance one can hardly be distinguished from the other but there are a few minor differences into which we will now delve with the aid of an entrenching tool, a small teaspoon and a family Bible.

In olden times it was customary to clothe warriors in brass-mounted helmets, dainty close-fitting boiler plates and six-inch cast iron pipe leggings. However, the mellowing influence of science made the following suggestions. Instead of covering men *with* iron, why not make them *of* iron. Make them, in short, so tough that armour plate would be, in the words of the Apostle, "a superfluity of naughtiness."

After years spent in fruitless search a substance was found harder than chilled steel, tougher than iron, that could, in spite of these properties, be in extreme cases used as food. It became the Army Biscuit. However, the Bomber did not stop here. He argued that if one could eat Army Biscuits what could prevent him from eating softer and more appetizing delicacies such as trees, rocks, shells or tin cans? From the careful and prayerful following of this interesting menu the modern Bomber arose!

Often one may see him in the dewy eve carelessly leaning against a silvery moonbeam devouring some stray shrapnel splinters or chewing the rind of a luscious minnerwerfer.

However, a Bomber's chief joy is in "going over". These little in-

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formal calls on the enemy are technically known as "raids". He usually chooses a dark Egyptian night and after lighting his ordinary lantern, leisurely clambers over the parapet and proceeds on his overland trip to the enemy's presumed position. 'Tis then the sniper gets out his note-book in order to make a few little entries in the proposed casualty list and soon the angry pellets sizzle thru' the air. In this way many Bombers are lost for, when he realizes that a sniper is actually trying to pierce his super-toughened skin with an ordinary, everyday, God-fearing bullet, he is thrown into bursts of merriment which often strain him internally and finally, after twenty, thirty or forty years, results in his death.

The sight of the raider going over is startling in the extreme. He opens his mouth and gulps down machine gun fire, shrapnel splinters bounce from his toughened countenance, he smiles at whizz-bangs, he juggles with minnerwerfers! When he approaches the enemy's wire he bites it thru' with a snip of his iron jaws.

When a hostile bomber appears on the parapet it is a sign that the immediate neighbourhood is decidedly unhealthy and will in about three seconds become more so. In his hand the Bomber carries a noise carefully enclosed in an iron shell. To be correct he carries several of these and distributes them (free of charge) with the zeal and enthusiasm of a tract distributor, by means of that graceful windmill motion peculiar to cricketers. When he has removed the last fleeting traces of the German element in the front line trenches (except those who have ceased to take any interest in the deceitfulness and wickedness of the present world) he retires in a calm and dignified manner into the seclusion of his own dug-out, and lives happy ever after, maybe!

—D.F.M.

There was a young man of Larkhill,
Who invented a new kind of pill.

They were so hard to beat

In a case of cold feet,

That some feel the effects of them still.

There was a young man of East Sand-
ling,
Whose girl wanted delicate handling.
If he sat on her knee
She was as cross as could be,
As she liked him to do all the dandling.

THE GROUSER

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novelists say, why, can anyone tell me, does a fresh egg cost fourpence? With war economy being practised all over, and you can't beat the French at economising, and everybody, consequently, going without their boiled chicken on Sundays, there should be a whole lot more hard-working, conscientious producers of hen fruit now than a year or two years ago. More hens, more eggs. More eggs, lower prices. But fourpence! Old-timers tell us—when they're not talking about that second battle of Ypres—that there was a time when eggs were two for tuppences'apenny, and in the rest billets in these far off times, it was quite the thing for common dollar-ten-a-day folks to have "ham and" (2 "ands") for breakfast; but now it is only officers' batmen who can afford such a luxury. Even the officers don't have eggs for breakfast like they used to. Fourpence for an egg! It's a crime on the face of it. The hens are getting quite uppish about it and even the roosters feel they have something to crow about after all. I must write to the Times about it. I don't know that it will do much good but its considered quite proper—when you wish to point out how you are much more able to run the war or the country than the government is—to air your grievances in the Times or the Daily Mail. What's the Daily Mail doing anyway? According to their own statement they are the paper that "got the shells", but what about the eggs? At fourpence we have to go without. What's Lloyd George doing? Where's the Government? Why don't they do something? I'll go into hysterics in a minute! (Please don't—Ed.) Eggs at fourpence, English beer at threepence, and the Paymaster living up to the regulations—Oh well, what's the use, anyway!"