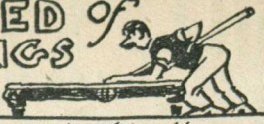


FLEECED of SAVINGS

IS IT BILLIARD ROOM BILL?



Complaints received by the Deputy Chief of Military Police, D.O.H. state that along lean individual with a black moustache and curly hair has been accosting visitors and patients, telling a hard luck story about street car fare and asking for the "loan" of two, three and even four cents

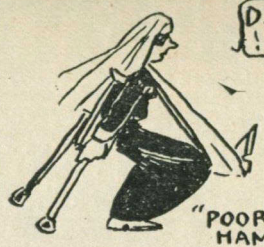
AWFUL

Last week he wangled two cents out of Mr Blackburn, a poor, unsuspecting Salvation Army Chaplain, and later was found in that notorious gambling den, the Conteen, matching the coppers with two Staff Sergeants.

The Hospital Police have offered a reward of 8 cents and a "buckshee" ticket to the Gaiety, for information leading to the capture and conviction of this man

Do you know him?

The soldier has a sorry life,
He works in rain or sleet,
His uniform is full of holes,
His boots are full of feet.



HECK!

"POOR MISS HAMMELL"

into the kitchen where he stood sorrowfully regarding the pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

He picked up one, held it aloft and said in an accusing voice "You do dis!" "Yes Revis!" answered our doughty sister. He picked up another with the same words "You do dis!" Again she answered "Yes" He repeated the performance with the same question until his arms were full of eggy dishes, then with a look of utter contempt he dropped them all in a heap: "One omelette - six dirty dish, for me to wash - Huh!! you some cook. Good night!"

Our Sister is so very nice,
Our V.A.D's a Jewel,
Our M.O. cannot be improved,
Our orderly's a (-----?).

[I DON'T KNOW I'VE BEEN HERE ALL MORNING AND HAVEN'T FOUND ANYONE YET !



WHERE COULD I FIND MR. LUMBY?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US IF WE GET CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM!!