

M.T. SECTION NOTES.

We are living good these days. "Ivy" sent him a parcel.

Tenders are called for five gallons of Turpentine, Iodine or H.P. Sauce. All applications must be addressed to "Nikoma," and must be accompanied by a certified cheque for 5% of the amount. Poor Nig!

The only "bloomer" made at the Xmas Dinner was when the fat boy washed his chin in the finger bowl.

It is rumoured that "Chisel Chest" is to be second driver to Windy. Says he, "They can't make me sick."

Would Andy not do better to take heliographing lessons from one of the M.T. It is so much more dignified than busting bikes.

The worst of coming from Chicago is that one does not know a naval officer from a hotel porter.

If Percy makes boilers in civil life as well as he makes boils in the Army, he should accumulate beaucoup dough.

A series of Lectures is announced for the coming Spring on "Temperance." It is learnt on good authority that Taffy will deliver the lectures.

Who went to the Hospital for a bandage because Goode had "strained" the gasoline.

SOCIETY NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

On December 29th the Second Annual Dinner of the M.T. Section was held, the repast being "pulled off" with beaucoup noise, in which all the "Gas Soaks" participated.

The hostess, Mrs James Goddard, was attired in a chic cream cheese gown, under which nestled a dainty pair of black patent leather ammunition boots. Miss Jaconette Sohn, who cut the ices, wore a charming pink silk waist, surmounted by a coiffure rouge, and Army issue riding pants, while Miss Wynd Jamyre acted as draughtsman with charming dexterity.

After the dinner, a delightful program was rendered by several of the guests, the following items being particularly charming. Little Miss Nixon sang, "My Triumph has only one Lung" with exquisite technique. Willie Wilkie, who gave "If you were the shortest Girl in the World," was followed by Miss Idlike Tobe Goode, whose rendition of that pathetic ditty, "If crumbs were dollars, my blankets would be a bank," brought back sore memories.

Old Sailor.—Yes, Sir, them's Men-o'-War.

S.-Sergt. Crowe.—How interesting. And what are the little ones just in front?

Old Sailor.—Oh, them's just Tugs, Sir.

S.-Sergt. Crowe.—Oh, yes, of course, Tugs-of-War; I've heard of them.

THE LETTERS OF ADAM.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following interesting document was discovered in the back room of an Estaminet noted for the amount of "kick" to their coffee and —. Such heroic deeds should not go unrecorded, and apologising to the unknown hero, we take the liberty of publishing the narrative. It is apparently a letter from a member of the Mechanical Transport to his fiancée).

To Miss ADHESIA LIMPET.

MY DEAREST ADDIE,

How are you all at the old Vicarage? You see I am still dodging the ever-flying destruction.

The perils and hardships of this terrible war increase daily. For some time the supply at our wet canteen has been very irregular. Suppose it should cease

Sergt. N—— had left his under-vest (in the course of a "scouting" expedition) at a nunnery in the suburbs of Lille, and it being a part of a Field Ambulance equipment, it was essential that it should be recovered.

To attempt this was to invite death, but remembering that you were waiting for me I at once volunteered for this desperate duty.

Calling my trusty helper, I shook everyone by the hand several times, and waited around in the hope of being invited to have a "snort," but with that praiseworthy upholding of the temperance movement which so distinguishes our N.C.O.'s (where others are concerned), I "failed to click."

The roads had long since disappeared



"Hello, Bud, reading yer shirt?"

"No—looking for aeroplane eggs."

Drawn for "Now and Then"

by Sgt. T. W. WHITEFOOT.

altogether, and we had to pay cash at the neighbouring estaminets?

I must tell you of a very thrilling journey I made the other day (perhaps it has already appeared in the "Eye-opener"). I received orders to proceed to our Advanced Post, and set forth on my trusty car, "Whizz-Bang." Fritz was particularly active with his heavy guns, and the sky was so dark with flying shells that I had to light the head-lamps to make any progress at all.

Arriving at the Advanced Post, I found the entire staff demoralised.

under the terrific bombardment, and we started off across country in the midst of a hostile gas attack, so dense that I had to fix an extra gas mask over the carburettor before the car would start.

Unable to see, we made fair progress by feeling our way with a long pole. After carrying on for a few yards, my helper had the misfortune to hit our Major a violent poke in the eye.

[To be continued.]