

## AT THE MEN'S MESS.

Since our last issue we have seen many changes in the Mess, owing to several of the men being "Boarded" and sent to Shoreham.

We were all very pleased to hear of our old friend McKay, who was recently transferred to the Training School. It is said he is slated for permanent escort duty to Canada.

We are very glad that the police are to have the new annexe to our sleeping quarters. It will be wise for those who expect to be out late to make their beds before they go out; for they won't be able to say it's the police that have the lights burning.

Who is the man of this unit that has been here since April and has not spent a pound, and has been away on a six days' pass?

Sherlock, of the M.P., has a big case on at present (cigarette case). Now he is looking for the friend who disposed of one, from the Sergeants' Mess.

Anyone wishing a copy of "Jack Canuck" can be obliged after any Canadian mail at the Post Office.

Why did "Lizzie" ask to be taken off the night-shift of the main kitchen? Was it so he could spend his evenings with his flapper?

We'll all agree the weather is very damp at present, but still it is fine for raising umbrellas.

Why is it that all the Recreation Room help have lost their flappers? Ask Keliel.

It is rumoured that a citizen of Orpington has a second crop of strawberries. Boys, we had some, but of the C.P.R. brand (prunes).

Several letters have been received by different members of the Officers' Mess from our three boys at Salonika. From all appearances Captains Lawson, McArthur and Aitken have arrived safely at No. 4, Canadian General Hospital, and are satisfied with their new environment, though, reading between the lines, the Ontario Military Hospital still looks pretty good to all three.

## TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Having a desire to lie on the stretcher, and not having been rusticated in Germany for the past ten months, will you kindly draw aside the curtain and let me "hoist my own petard"?

You are no doubt aware—through your secret service (not the one held in the Concert Hall at 8.30 a.m.)—that the one whose nom de plume will be hereunder inscribed has—unknown to millions—been grazing within Boundary Park for the greater part of some time—or to be more precise, for close upon six weary months.

The things digested have been many; the things seen and heard lost count of; and the things unseen and unheard have been unaccounted for.

Firstly, let me digress upon the things digested. Ranging as they do from a rumour to a peanut, it would weary you and be wearisome to touch upon each of these things. Take three, leaving out the first and the last: the first because "rumour would have it" and time would be wasted, and the last, well—because peanuts don't count.

Now "BEANS"—Boston Baked Beans. We have digested beans. It has been well said:

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But beans come on for ever."

Although it would not be fair to state that the Quartermaster is one of the "has beans," yet you may be perfectly right in intimating that he has beans. He can give you beans, so look out.

And then SALMON. Salmon has been digested. Not Severn Salmon, but multitudinous salmon. Being economical, he who provides would naturally find a finned creature, the bones of which are easily masticated. It has ever been genuine spotted salmon, and every tin has been accounted for.

Thirdly, BACON. Bacon has been digested—at least sometimes digested and sometimes not, and since the Q.M. is not in the least bit given to "chewing the fat," he has so far been immune from indigestion.

Many things have been threshed out over the digestion of Bacon, but, as yet, Boundary Park is undecided as to whether "Bacon wrote Shakespeare or Shakespeare ate Bacon." It is hinted that Shakespeare must have eaten bacon, and to have been somewhat perturbed at the cooking of it—hence the words:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
admit impediments," etc., etc.

At a later date, dear Mr. Editor, providing the Kaiser does not "catch on," the underscribed would—in the event of your approval—like to throw to the winds his impressions of (1) things seen and heard, and (2) things unseen and unheard.

Curtinly yours (with apologies to the "Daily Mail"),

P-I-P.



THIS IS WHAT ONE HEARS!

First Wounded Tommy (to new arrival): "Blimey, mate; you've fair copped it!"  
Second Ditto (whose regimental name is "Stutters"): "Well, ye see, we was throwing them four-second bombs, and the G-g-g-germans bein' b-b-bloomin' close, we was ordered to c-c-count t-t-two afore we threw 'em. S-s-so 'ere I am."

## OUR UNPLEASANT COLUMN.

(All Unpleasant Contributions thankfully received).

Dress regulations will come so strongly into force that no man will be allowed to play football or baseball except in correct military costume. Belts to be worn outside of great coat. All N.C.O.'s scoring a goal will be reduced to the ranks.

Time and quarter-time will be paid to office staff on night work.

Cinema actors will have to grow beards or join the Army.

Fag-end fatigue.—Sacks to be examined every Tuesday, when all fag-ends and matches will be counted.

## WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW:

Who is the Sister who uses all the blankets to keep herself warm?

Who is the Night Sister who likes fresh-air at 4.30 a.m.?

Who is the Day Orderly that asked the patient with one hand why he couldn't wash his arm?

Who is the patient in Ward 19 who is swinging the lead?

Why did the young lady who had promised to visit a Canadian patient not fulfil her promise?

Who is the Night Orderly who keeps the patients awake by his continual snoring?

Who is the patient suffering from shell shock that is continually trotting after a certain Sister in the same ward? Were the effects of the explosion so great that they deprived him of his reason? Has he forgotten his matrimonial affairs at home? If so, why?

Who is the Sergeant who goes up to Ward 17 for a face massage every week-end? Why every week-end? Keel over!

Who is the Welshman in Ward 19 who is married and has three young ladies visiting him at once?

Why is Sergeant Jones looking so happy these days? We notice he visits the wards very frequently!

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