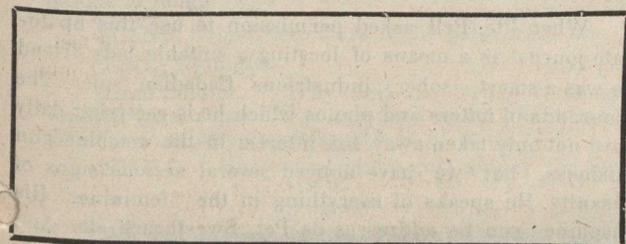


Smithie's Blighty

Nothing else but the proclamation of peace could have caused such uneasiness at Headquarters. On this particular morning the orderly room staff had good reason to wear the look of despondency which would deepen every time they looked outside. In a few more minutes "orderly room" would commence its daily duty of disfiguring pay books, fatiguing, C. B.-ing, and parental lecturing. Yet in the long line of closely guarded bad men, Pte. Smithie was missing. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies, (known in the Regiment as the S. M.) roared out the magic word "Shun", and made one grand Salaam.

By force of habit the S. M. announced to the surrounding country side, that Pte Smithie and escort would come to attention and quick march. Now although a S. M.'s chief asset is a voice which runs a close second to a high explosive shell both in speed and as a nerve destroyer, Pte Smithie was too far away to hear these requests. The question on everybody's lips was "Where is Smithie"? Telegraph and telephone, heliograph and megaphone, searched the entire British front. Orderlies actually ran, cyclists reluctantly searched every estaminet, policemen examined their hand-cuffs and leg-iron in preparation for the arrest. After every known means of locating Smithie had failed, and the brave bold Bobbies had hung up their Smithieless hand-cuffs and leg irons, the situation became critical. As a last resort the Medical Detail were consulted. Their blood stained books contained no information with regard to our hero, but a valuable clue was picked up when the searchers eager eye caught the following note. "Unknown man claimed to be shot whilst proceeding to the trenches. Escaping the Stretcher Bearers he disappeared presumably towards the nearest dressing station which faces an estaminet. M. O. at dressing station report's this patient as being much more than half shot when admitted.



This is our famous masterpiece entitled "Contemptible British Army" as it appears to the Kaiser. It will NOT be shown at the Royal Academy this year on account of the war.

Belgic Zoological Gardens

Extra Special Attraction Pigeonier Atkins and his Performing Doves, assisted by Prof. Ford.

Cpl. Babcock will go out nightly with his trained Rats. These intelligent creatures have been trained to sound the rapid fire alarm when their master goes to sleep.

Boy Scouts and Girl Guides (mostly Girl Guide Please) should not fail to see Bugler Foster and his Educated Mice.

No extra charge for admission to the Grotto (formally the Orderly Room). "The Rajah" will serve joy-water and smokes a la "Arf a Mo".

Admission Gentleman with lady. . . . 6 bits.

" " Gentleman with two ladies. . . FREE.

Bonhomie

Many of our good readers have no doubt heard that the Officers of the Canadian Forces mix very freely. On the strength of this "honest to goodness" knowledge we print the following dialogue which took place (we guess not) "somewhere in France."

Canadian Colonel addressing his men:— "Now boys we are going to be Inspected by an English General. Lets give him a good show. Get a shine on your huttons rub up your leathers. And for goodness sake dont call me "Charlie".

Wanted

Work wanted for several hundred able bodied men. At present employed only 20 hours each day. Would like profitable employment for remaining 4 hours. Digging or carrying preferred. Apply 7th Battalion.

A. Quiet Game of nap.

"I'll go one" said Austria.

"I'll go two", said France.

"I'll go three", said Russia.

"Because I've got a chance, I'll go four", said Germany, "and wipe you off the map".

But they all dropped dead when Britannia said: "Gawd blimey, I'll go NAP".

The song of the Brigade

There's a shallow wet trench near Messines,
'Tis the wettest there ever has been,
There are bullets that fly,
There are shells in the sky,
And it smells like a German "Has been".

My dug-out's a haven of rest,
Though it's only a tumbled-down nest,
But with "Johnsons" around
I must keep under ground
Till the golden sun sets in the West.

Answers to correspondents

Ameteur Cook and Plum Duff:— If you persist in trying to make a boiled pudding dont let your officer catch you taking the sand bags off the front line parapet. The ingredients will hold together just as well if packed tightly into a sock. N. B. If you have to share the pudding with anyone always use a clean sock. Pte Overs who is an authority on this subject has used both his smoke helmets and his Canadian tuque.

7th Battalion Regatta

Punting, Paddling and Pudding now in full swing.

Skating, Ski-ing and cussing Parties nightly.

Illuminations and fire works by Strafem-burg of Berlin.

Diving suits for ladies and Staff Officers.

Besides the above, there are trench digging and baling contests for which prizes will be given. There will be a race from Rossingdale to dead cow farm. (Competitors are warned against walking on the parapet. Anyone caught so doing may be sent to England for repairs). No person admitted without a copy of "The Listening Post".

Orderly Officer (at mess table). "Any complaints?"

Private M....., "No,"

Officer (with a glare) "No what?"

Private M..... "No complaints".

Sentry "Halt, Who goes there?"

Voice in the dark. "Working party"

Sentry. "Pass 7th Battalion".

Encountered by Censor

Dear Mag:—

"I puts in five francs so as you can git that new hat.

Your loving husband

JACK.

P. S. They tells me there's a Censor bloke what reads this letter so I sends no five francs.