

Wind and Kilts

With the passing of the winter comes the chilling wind of spring, and as the days grow longer the birds begin to sing. But even though the sun shines and the shades begin to tilt the fellows go on shaking in their gaudy Scottish kilt.

When they rise in early morning and rush to wash their knees, they cannot keep from shaking as they listen to the breeze. Then they grab their can of talcum and they dab it on galore until the tin is empty and then they wish for more.

When they double to their breakfast at the bugle's shrilling sound they find that the kilt has taken a sudden upward bound. Instead of hanging downward as it was meant to be, it meets their necks and collars instead of clinging to the knee.

Soon is heard the sound of swearing and they let a mighty roar and they wish for lengthy trousers and want the kilt no more—until the coming of the summer when the winds have died away. Then they'll wish again that the kilt may hold full sway.

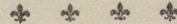


Apart he sits aloof from every joy  
His comrades pass without a word or  
sally.  
What is his crime? Why, he's the bugle  
boy  
Who blew "fall in" before "reveille."

Those Morning Lunches

The plan of serving tea and biscuits in the men's mess during the morning hours is being applauded on all sides. The lads who have spent a period of three hours on parade, especially in this March wind, can appreciate a cup of something hot before resuming their drill and the army biscuit, while not received with a great elation as a steady diet, is hailed with delight during the morning lunch.

The dry canteen is also open during the lunch period and the bakers employed there-in have been working overtime preparing pastries for the hungry lads. It is but fair to say that when the supply shows signs of exhaustion the fair attendants will not sell more than a small portion to any one man, thus giving all a chance to add a little something to the army ration.



Something stirred 'neath the seas—  
Fair course did the good ship make.  
Something saw 'neath the seas—  
Then turned and followed in her wake.  
Something crept 'neath the seas—  
Up, ever up, on its foe.  
Something struck 'neath the seas—  
Full and fair speed the blow.  
Something rose from the seas—  
Sailors and ship sank below.

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