

PATTER FROM PATS

Going! Go—! G——! Sorry.

We may be shy of potatoes, but the supply of "Lemons" is unfailing.

If four farthings make a penny, how many Sergeants does it take to make five shillings.

Why the gold bangle Eddie? Isn't a brass band good enough for your refined musical taste?

A hurry call—an eight-mile route march at 140 paces to the minute. We're not all "Young."

We're ready to go to Flanders.
We're ready to go to France.
We don't mind going to Hades
If we get just half a chance.
We're tired——(Deleted by the censor).

A strange sight: A Lance-Corporal, with an appointment and a midnight pass, but no girl.

If potatoes are served five days a week and meat once every day, how many deep apple pies does it take to produce gastritis.

No, the isolation of our N.C.O.'s is not due to any contagious disease. It is a mild attack of "familiaritis," not serious if checked in time.

Our peripatetic parson was preaching recently when a member of the congregation had a fit. We don't wonder. We felt a little that way ourselves.

Talk of a bunch of sports—listen to this: The married men challenged the single to a game of football. The single fellows suggested that Ramsgate ladies be invited to witness the match. The married men refused to play.

This page is devoted to raising smiles, yet it can be sympathetic. Our deepest sympathies are offered to Nursing Sister Quinn, and Corp. Curry, our popular Pay Corporal, each of whom has lost a brother in the recent heavy fighting.