



How about a little darkness-saving?
We have all the daylight we want just
now.

Who is the damsel with auburn looks
Who waits at the table in dainty frocks
And whose knowledge of English
sometimes shocks (?) Ginger.

Calling their Bluff. What?

One of the many correct pronuncia-
tions of Y-P-R-E-S rhymes with deep-
er. Poets please note; we are getting
tired of "snipers", "the breeze",
"sleeps", "I guess" and "chips."

There was a little man
And he made a little gun
To annoy the Kaiser's folks;
He took it to the —
But they soon had quite enough
Of the gun of Mr —.

Napoo Rum!!!!

What curious expressions these
Australians have. Fancy calling a
man a "bloke" or a "cove" instead
of saying "gink" as a guy naturally
would!!!!

Who is the owner of Jock's gas
baggie?

Our Hilaire-ious statistical expert
Has made it as clear as can be
That whenever we pull off the next
spurt

We cannot help reaching the Spree,
With which optimistic conceptions
The critics all haste to agree,
"With a few unimportant exceptions"
Including, unhappily, me.

Time: 3 a.m., a December morn-
ing. Place: a trench. Rain and

13TH BATT. SECTION

other seasonably un-
pleasant accessories.

Officer on duty:
"You seem cheerful,
Jones."

Jones (whistling ex-
uberantly): "You've
got to be cheerful,
Sir; if you aren't
cheerful you get de-
pressed, so you've got
to be cheerful."

The Lance Editor would like to re-
peat last month's request for copy and
also to thank all those who were good
enough to respond to it.—L.-Ed.



LIEUT. ALEXANDER WILLIAM AITCHISON

Died of Wounds 13-5-16.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough
the dross of earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he
from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and
clean mirth.

Lieut. Aitchison came to the R.H.C.
last September from the Divisional Am-
munition Column and quickly endeared
himself to his brother officers and men,
by whom he was held in universal
esteem. The deepest sympathy of the
Regiment goes out to his mother.
His only brother, who was a Lieu-
tenant in the 4th Royal Scots, was
killed in action in the Dardanelles last
summer.

BRIEF ESSAYS ON UNPOPULAR SUBJECTS

II—THE ARTILLERY

By special request of the Adjutant the
article on the Orderly Room is postponed till
next month.

In those far-away days "Before the
War," artillery like All Gaul was

divided into three parts: Horse, Field,
and Garrison. Now there are two main
divisions: "Ours" and "Theirs";
and even these are not so easily dis-
tinguishable as they might be. On
such occasions the only sure method
of deciding "whence they came and
whither wending" is by a careful
scrutiny of the fuses—unless "ours"
are using U.S. ammunition, which is
easily recognized by its silent burst.
Each of these classes is again divided
into more groups called "guns" and
"hows" after their respective inven-
tors, Colonel Gunn and Admiral
Howe. The chief difference between
them is in the comparative difficulty
experienced in anticipating and avoid-
ing their projectiles. That from a gun
gives scant warning but can be avoid-
ed by the simple method of getting be-
hind some impenetrable object. Try
it. A "how", on the other hand, is
fired seemingly at random into the
blue. You hear the report and when
you have presently forgotten all about
it, something suddenly drops out of
the sky with what the novelists call a
dull sickening thud. Of course it may
explode, in which case you wake up
later in the blightie-wagon wondering
what hit you.

Then there is the decorative artillery
technically known as the Anti-Aircraft
guns. Their uses are two-fold; first-
ly, to provide imitation clouds for
aeroplanes to hide behind, and sec-
ondly, to make those ostentatiously
visible shell-bursts the illustrated
papers delight in. And there are those
trench mortars; well—

Of course the great point about the
artillery is their sense of humour.
After having everyone cleared out of
the front line at 2.15 a.m., and
withdrawn through abysmal com-
munication trenches into a submerged
support line in anticipation of a com-
bined bombardment of heavies of all
calibres from six to sixteen inches, they
discover about lunch time that it is
impossible to shoot today as the aero-
plane is unfortunately lost. No
sooner are you comfortably asleep in
your dug-out again than they think
perhaps it might be as well to have a
little strafe after all. By the time you
have waded back again they are busy
having afternoon tea, and when that
is over it is just naturally too dark to
do anything. They accordingly pull
off a terrific three hours' bombardment
with 22-inch hows the next morning,

(Continued on Page 7.)